Six Sacred Pictures

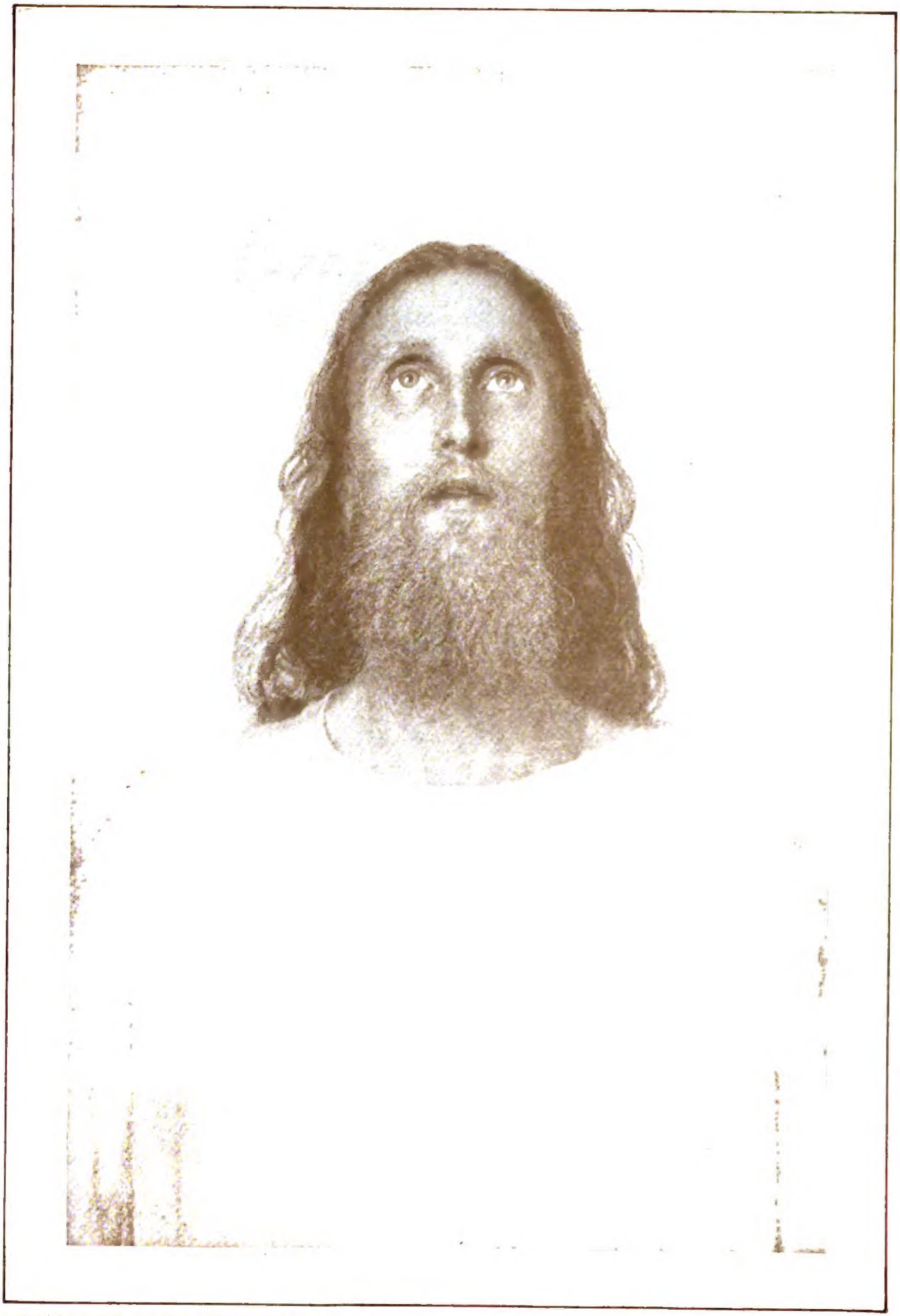
by

Eugène Burnand

With Text

by

Christian Brinton.



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HEAD OF THE CHRIST, BY EUGÈNE BURNAND.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. IX. DECEMBER, 1903. No. 6.

A Painter of Bible Scenes

By CHRISTIAN BRINTON

DURING the spring and golden summer there was an air of excitement among the simple peasants of the valley. Every Sunday they would walk or drive from miles around toward Moudon, which lay nestled among blossoming fruit-trees in the meadows of the Broye. They came from Oron, from Iverdon, and even from Lausanne. Their rumbling mountain carts filled the stables and overflowed into the courtyard. Sturdy men and red-faced women, maidens and laughing youngsters all dressed in holiday attire and bringing lunch-baskets literally camped out for the day about the grounds.

Though these plain folk knew nothing of art, and had never been inside a gallery, they came, strangely enough, to see a picture. It was a huge canvas depicting the "Flight of Charles the Bold After the Battle of Murten." One and all they looked with frank wonder at the defeated Duke and his retainers dashing along the narrow forest roadway.

Charles rode ahead on a black charger, his face a sinister mask of anger and growing revenge; the others plunged behind in mad fury. But the interest these honest peasants took in the painting was not confined to silent enthusiasm, for often local singing societies would come and sing patriotic songs in honor of the occasion. They were happy in their open way, these bands of visitors, but not more so than a certain quiet, bearded man, with strong, kind face and bright eyes. He usually remained at a distance, though now and then exchanged a modest greeting with those he happened to know or who insisted upon making his acquaintance. It was Eugène Burnand, the painter of the picture, and in all his career he had never been so proud as at this tribute paid him by his neighbors and countrymen. "The Flight of Charles the Bold" was later bought by the Swiss Government and placed in the historic Castle of Chillon. Yet this honor, great as it was, was not more prized by the painter than the naïve praise of those whose interest in art was largely colored by native pride and patriotism.

The artist so loved and respected by those who flocked about him was born some fifty years ago, in an old, picturesque, and typically Swiss house, at Moudon, in the Canton Vaud. His father was a colonel in the local militia, and the boy's early years were passed in the peaceful home about which clustered vines and fruit-trees, and above which beamed a sky radiantly blue through spring and summer but dull and snow-laden as winter approached. The love of art which later became his pleasure and his passion must have been absorbed as he wandered along quiet pathways leading toward the forest, or crossed fragrant meadows bathed in sunlight and brightened by myriads of Alpine flowers. It was thus that there entered into his soul a desire to imprison some of this outward beauty, to make others see what he saw and feel what he felt as he gazed across the valley toward glistening, snow-capped peaks. The world's beauty, he believed, belonged to others as well as to himself, to those who dwelt perhaps in distant, noisy towns. And it would be his life-work to bring it home and make it more real to them.

Yet the dream was not to be fulfilled without doubt and hesitation and even, at first, disappointment. There had never been a painter in this family of stolid Swiss farmers and rural officials, and the most the boy's father would do was to consent that his son

Burnand, the greatest living painter of sacred subjects, is almost unknown outside the Continent of Europe. The pictures here presented have not been reproduced before either in England or in America, and Mr. Brinton's narrative is the first introduction of the famous artist to the English-speaking world.—EDITOR.

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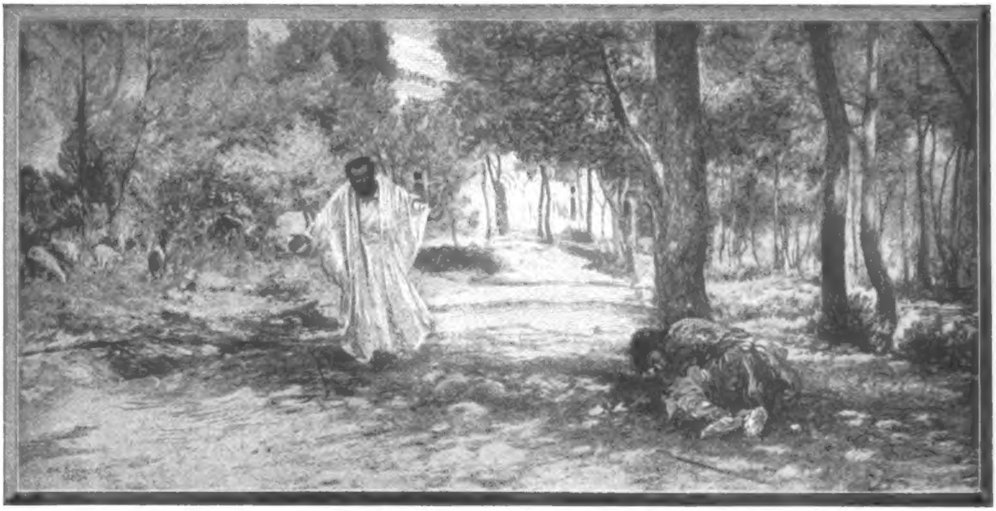


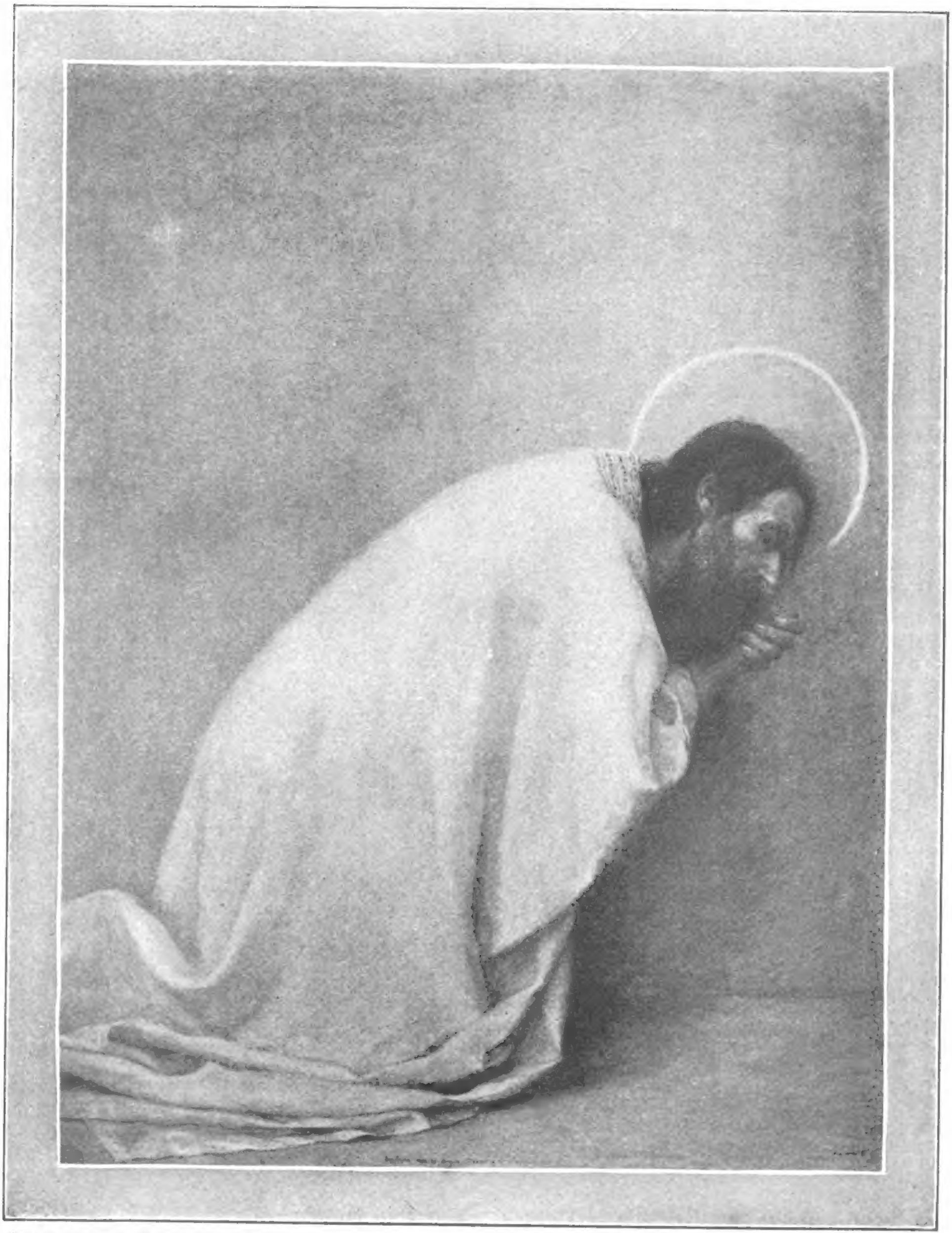
THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

study architecture. His early school days were spent at the Gymnasium at Schaffhausen, near where the Rhine takes its splendid plunges over the rocks and swirls down past the quaint town of Basel. It was a thoroughly German school, and gave the French-Swiss boy a training which later on stood him in good stead. After a few years he was ready to begin what was supposed to be his career, and to that end entered the Zürich Polytechnic.

It was here that the young student came under the influence of two men who did much to mould his taste and character. The rugged and unforgettable figure of Gottfried Semper, and the noble, high-minded Kinkel, with whom he studied art history, both left the deepest impression upon his maturing talent. Nevertheless, the youth was restless and unhappy; in his heart he preferred the palette to the tee-square, and at the end of three years decided to give over architecture for painting. Hence it was with a feeling of relief, and of promise as yet unfulfilled, that he left German Zürich for French Geneva, the definiteness of ground-plan and elevation for the richer, more colorful possibilities of canvas. The city of Rousseau proved more to his liking than the city of Lavater, and in the studio of quaint, academic, and old-fashioned Barthélemy Menn, he realized that at last he had started on the true path.

Barthélemy Menn had been a pupil of Ingres, and believed that faultless draughtsmanship was the chief end of art. He instilled in his pupil principles which were both sound and helpful, and Burnand gained not a little under this wise though restricted guidance. Yet subdued, lake-washed Geneva, sad with the gentle, resigned sadness of widowhood, was only a stopping-place on the road to Paris, whither Burnand now turned his eyes. He naturally sought a wider field and freer opportunities for the direction and exercise of powers which were developing rapidly and propitiously. The reposeful provincialism of Geneva was in turn replaced by the exhilarating stir of Paris. The placid bosom of the lake, in which were reflected far stars and towering, snow-crowned summits, was exchanged for a purple strip of Seine-water which swept under crowded bridges and wound through poplar-lined banks toward the open sea. The step proved a decisive one; there was no going back to Moudon to be a farmer or a local architect.

Once in Paris, Burnand entered Gérôme's studio and later attended the Beaux-Arts. The life the young Swiss now led was full of stimulating effort. He worked manfully and formed enduring friendships with such men as Paul Robert and Dagnan-Bouveret, and enjoyed the acquaintanceship of his celebrated countryman Gleyre, under whom the inimitable Whistler once studied. The wealth of incident along the streets and squares of the capital touched his fancy, and he began by contributing sketches to the leading papers, particularly *L'Illustration*. During vacations he often went on student trips to Provence, that luminous and sol-



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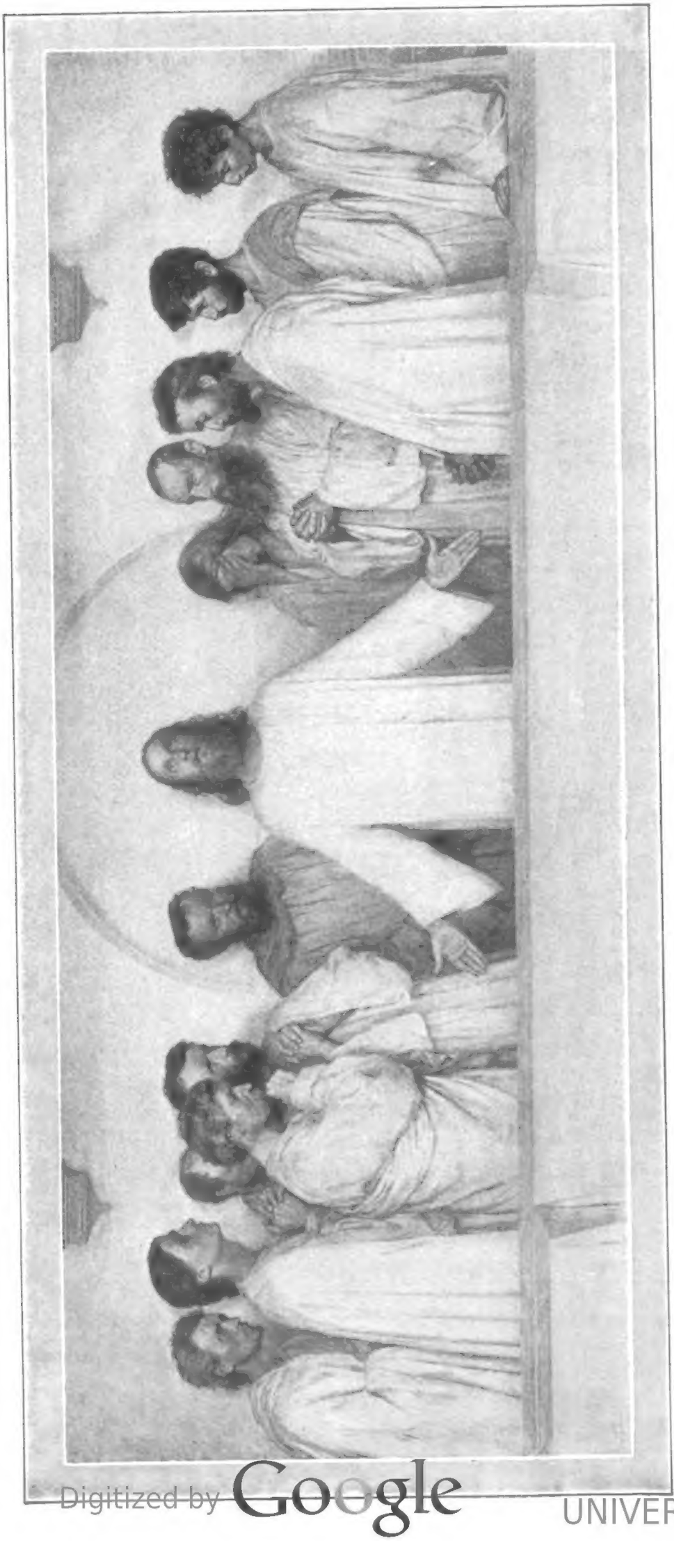
THE MAN OF SORROWS.

emnly beautiful land which was later to become the scene of his most serious and most important work.

The fulness of life and the fulness of art seemed to unfold before the young painter almost at the same moment, for he was hardly launched upon his career when he added to its enchantment by marrying the daughter of Paul Girardet, the distinguished etcher and engraver. His choice was of the best, for this accomplished woman proved a wife graced by devotion and delicate understanding. The happy couple settled first at Versailles, but later divided their time between Switzerland and Southern France, spending the summers at Sépey, near Moudon, and the winters at Fontfroide, in the vicinity of Montpellier. Though he had lived and studied in Paris, there remained in Burnand a strong touch of the rural patriarch. He loved the mountains and mountain-folk, and the charm which he felt as a boy he now had the power to render as man and as artist. Whenever he wandered through the meadows, which smiled as of old, or climbed rugged paths leading to the uplands, he would chance upon peasants working in the fields or resting before their doors. Cattle, too, he studied, as they quenched their thirst at rude troughs or bellowed in the loneliness of mountain solitude. These simple scenes he painted with new breadth



CHRIST'S PRAYER AFTER THE LAST SUPPER.

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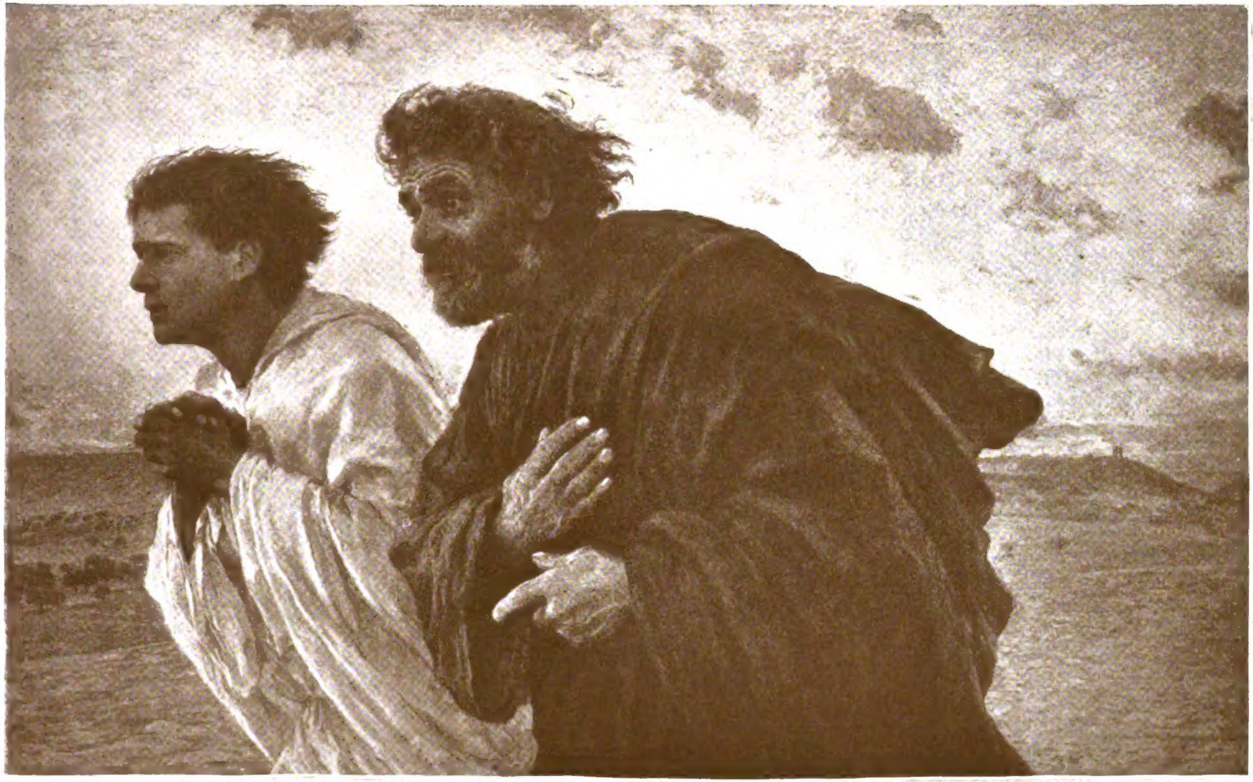
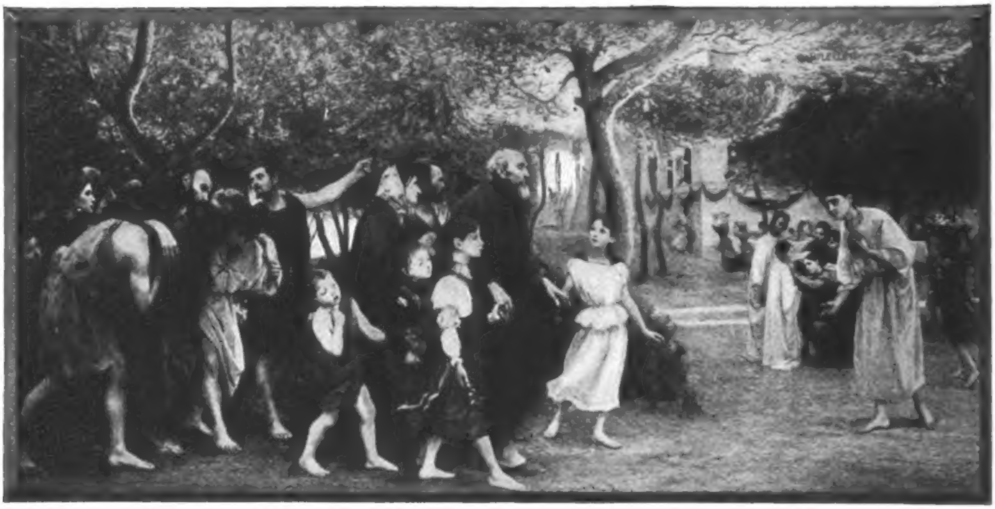


PETER AND JOHN HASTENING TO THE TOMB OF CHRIST.



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"GO YE THEREFORE INTO THE HIGHWAYS."

and vividness. It was an art full of honest, sterling reality, an art which, however, did not look beyond nor read the troubled heart of man. Life just as it was, and nature in her varying moods were for the time enough, though there must always have stirred within his being questions which demanded more definite answers. The painter-patriarch who so lovingly surveyed the changing panorama of mountain and valley as the seasons came and went could hardly remain content with a mere echo of outward things. Those upward shooting peaks seemed of themselves to point toward heights where not the drama of daily existence, but the sterner drama of the spirit was to be enacted. Like a still greater artist, Giovanni Segantini, who passed his days in the Alps, Burnand felt impelled to paint the unseen as well as the seen—that which appealed to the soul as well as to the eye. Yet it was not under clear Alpine skies, but in the mellow land of Provence where this deeper revelation was to take form and color.

During former visits to Southern France, Burnand made the acquaintance of Mistral, the Provençal poet, and illustrated with sympathy and poetic insight the latter's "Mireille." Chance now directed his attention to another and a more moving story. He was of a deeply religious nature, and in earlier days had striven to express his feelings in a youthful canvas entitled "The Interior of a Church." As he now wandered over that radiant land which had not only once been the seat of the Church, but which in parts is strangely like Palestine itself, his devout fancy peopled it with biblical scenes and characters. Maidens at the well, shepherds tending their flocks, and beggars by the roadside all suggested types which had become eternal. Each evening as he watched the sun sinking behind undulating hills, and listened to distant bells, he became poet as well as painter, prophet as well as patriarch. His "St. Francis of Assisi and the Sheep" showed the field that lay before him. The Provençal shepherd had become the mediæval shepherd, who was, in turn, to become the Good Shepherd. At the Fontfroide house, with its white walls gleaming among dark pine-trees, a spot bathed always in bright yet subdued beauty, Burnand painted with fresh conviction and graphic force Parable and Passion, the Prodigal Son and the Man of Sorrows, the youth who in lonely anguish fed upon husks, and those who gathered solemnly together and partook of the Last Supper.

The purely religious paintings which are carrying Burnand's name beyond a narrow circle of German and French enthusiasts have all been completed within less than ten years. Closely following his "St. Francis of Assisi" came the "Return of the Prodigal Son," his first strictly sacred canvas. The model for the father was the same he had used for St. Francis, and was a man of ascetic figure whom he had discovered by chance in the neighborhood of Montpellier. While the picture is in no way remarkable, it displays a genuinely ideal reconstruction of Palestine landscape, and signals the painter's predilection for biblical themes. His first effort was tender and idyllic, its successor was tense with tragic expectation. "Peter and John hastening to the Tomb of Christ" ranks in many respects as Burnand's greatest triumph. Its welcome was instantaneous; the day following the opening of the Salon, it was purchased by the French Government, and now hangs in the Luxembourg. The modest Swiss who cared so little for applause had won his place among modern immortals. It is easy to understand the vogue of this painting. The strongly contrasted temperaments, the suppressed wonder and even terror reflected on both faces, the wind-tossed hair and hurrying forms outlined against a rigidly simple background, all intensify the final effect. Burnand chose the most dramatic moment of that Easter morn, and rendered it in terms true to drama and true to art. The painter's next step was an attempt, wholly natural and straightforward, to depict the "Man of Sorrows." The conception he wished to embody, and one which he had long cherished, was that of a Christ who would be outwardly human and full of pity as well as piety. He is here depicted as a brother of brothers, bowed by the weight of the world's woe, yet gently resigned, not broken.

The place of honor in the exhibition of Swiss paintings at the Paris Exposition of 1900 was accorded Burnand's "Parable of the Marriage of the King's Son." In the foreground are seen the lame, the halt, and the blind, being welcomed to the feast by the king's son and servants. At the back, through dark foliage, glimmer the cream-white walls of a gayly festooned mansion. Young and old, rich and poor, those who trip lightly and those who shuffle feebly along are each presented with truth and distinctness. In all Burnand's later art Fontfroide has proved a second Palestine, a Beulah-land even, yet never more appropriately than in this poetic scene where the poor in body and in spirit are led with eager joy toward the abode of peace and plenty. Suffused by the soft glow of eventide, and touched by an indefinable note of mystic charm, the painting can but gladden and make a shade more tender the onlooker's heart.

Burnand's previous work leads inevitably toward his latest picture, which, as the outcome of mature thought and meditation, is certainly his most important effort. "Christ's Prayer after the Last Supper," or the "Sacerdotal Prayer," as the painter prefers to call it, represents years of faithful endeavor. The scene, which is that immediately following the Last Supper, shows Christ and the Disciples gathered about the table after Judas has left their presence. In the centre stands the Master with Peter, the sturdy Galilean fisherman on his right. John, "whom Jesus loved," is to the left of our Saviour, covering his face with his hand, overcome by grief. On each countenance, according to faltering or fervid heart, is written the story of what each Disciple feels, what each hopes or fears. Following his own words, the artist has sought to represent in this painting the spiritualized personality of Christ in contrast to those among his adherents who still cling to that which is human and earthly. The moment chosen by the painter and expressed with such conviction and such insight is when just after that noble prayer of exhortation and comfort, the Master says: "In the world ye shall all have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

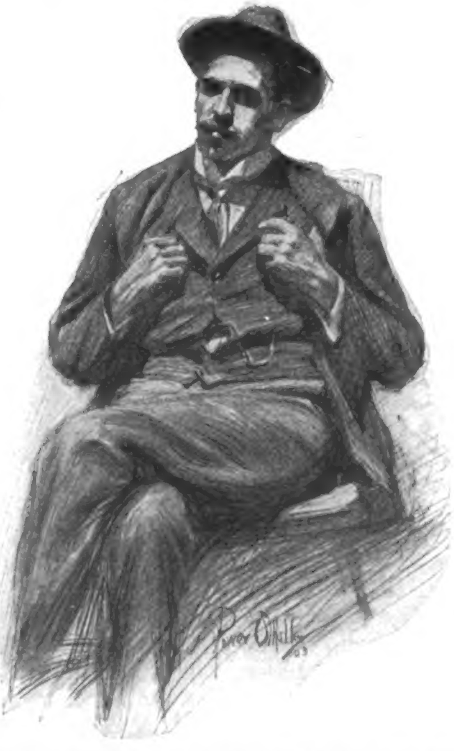
The kindly, straightforward man who has looked with such steady gaze into the heart of life, both sacred and secular, still lives in the roomy, vine-clad cottage at Sépey, near Moudon. Few artists work more consistently than Burnand. He paints almost entirely out of doors in the sunlight which he loves and which he has rendered so vividly on countless canvases. As before, peasants gather about him and visitors from nearby towns increase with each season. He is blessed by a numerous and happy family circle, many of whom he has painted with lingering fidelity. Though now, at the turn of his half century, sufficiently prosperous and famous, he is still aiming higher. He is still seeking to render more definite and more persuasive the beauty of the world and the beauty of the spirit.

BOSS GORGETT

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

With Illustrations by Power O'Malley

I GUESS I've been what you might call kind of an assistant boss pretty much all my life; at least, ever since I could vote; and I was something of a ward-heeler, even before that. I don't suppose there's any way a man of my disposition could have put in his time to less advantage and greater cost to himself. I've never got a thing by it, all these years, not a job, not a penny—nothing but injury to my business and trouble with my wife. *She* begins going for me, first of every campaign.



I'VE BEEN WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL KIND OF AN ASSISTANT BOSS ALL MY LIFE.

Yet I just can't seem to keep out of it. It takes a hold on a man that I never could get away from; and when I reach my second childhood and the boys have turned me out, I reckon I'll potter along trying to look knowing and secretive, like the rest of the has-beens, letting on as if I still had a place inside. Lord, if I'd put in the energy at my business that I've frittered away on small politics! But what's the use thinking about it?

Plenty of men go to pot horse-racing and stock-gambling; and I guess this has just been my way of working off some of my nature in another fashion. There's a good many like me, too; not out for office or contracts, nor anything that you can put your finger on in particular—nothing except the *game*. Of course it's a pleasure, knowing you've got more influence than some, but I believe the most you ever get out of it is in being able to help your friends, to get a man you like a job or a good contract, something he wants, when he needs it.

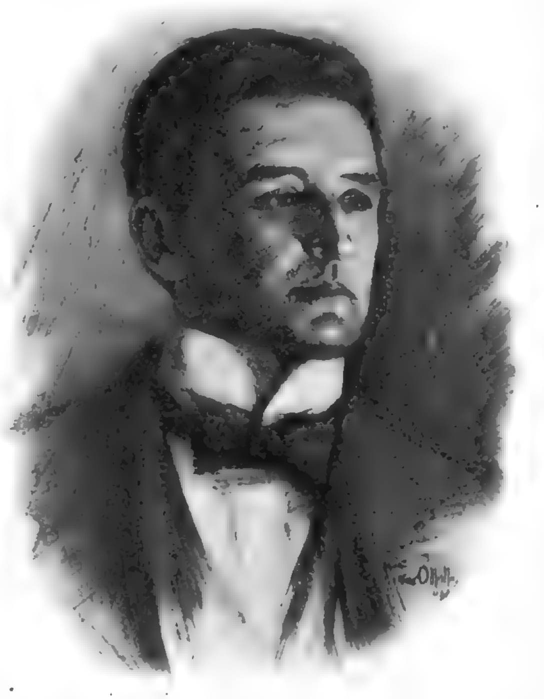
I tell you *then's* when you feel satisfied, and your time don't seem to have been so much thrown away. You go and buy a higher-priced cigar than you can afford, and sit and smoke it with your feet out in the sunshine on your porch railing, and watch your neighbor's children playing in their yard; and they look mighty nice to you; and you feel kind, and as if everybody else was.

But that wasn't the way I felt when I helped to hand over to a reformer the nomination for mayor; that was just selfish desperation and nothing else. We had to do it. You see, it was this way: The other side had had the city for four terms, and, naturally, they'd earned the name of being rotten by that time. Big Lafe Gorgett was their best, "Boss Gorgett," of course our papers called him when they went for him, which was all the time; and pretty considerable of a man he was, too. Most people that knew him liked Lafe. I did.

After finishing "The Two Vanrevels," eighteen months ago, Booth Tarkington entered actively into politics in Indianapolis and served a term in the Indiana Legislature. "Boss Gorgett" is the first story he has written since.—EDITOR.

But he'd got a bad name, as they say, by the end of his fourth term as Mayor—and who wouldn't? Of course the cry went up all round that he and his crowd were making a fat thing out of it, which wasn't so much the case as that Lafe had got to depending on humoring the gamblers and the brewers for campaign funds and so forth. In fact, he had the reputation of running a disorderly town, and the truth is, it was too wide open.

But *we* hadn't been much better when we'd had it, before Lafe beat us and got in; and everybody remembered that. The "respectable element" wouldn't come over to us strong enough for anybody we could pick of our own crowd; and so, after trying it on four times, we started in to play it another way, and nominated Farwell Knowles, who was already running on an independent ticket, got out by the reform and purity people. That is: we made him a fusion candidate, hoping to find some way to control him later. We'd never have done it if we hadn't thought it was our only hope. Gorgett was too strong, and he handled the darkeys better than any man I ever knew. He had an organization for it which we couldn't break; and the colored voters really held the balance of power with us, you know, as they do so many other places near the same size. They were getting pretty well on to it, too, and cost more every election. Our best chance seemed to be in so satisfying the "law-and-order" people that they'd do something to counterbalance this vote—which they never had.



FARWELL KNOWLES WAS MORE INTERESTED IN BEING THINGS THAN DOING THEM.

Well, sir, it was a mighty curious campaign. There never really was a day when we could tell where we stood, for certain. As anybody knows, the "better element" can't be depended on. There's too many of 'em forget to vote, and if the weather isn't just right they won't go to the polls. Some of 'em won't go anyway—act as if they looked down on politics; say it's only helping one boodler against another. So your true aristocrat won't vote for either. The real truth is, he don't *care*. Don't care as much about the management of his city, State, and country as about the way his club is run. Or he's ignorant about the whole business, and what between ignorance and indifference the worse and smarter of the two rings gets in again and old Mr. Aristocrat gets soaked some more on his sewer assessments. *Then* he'll holler like a stabbed hand-organ; but he'll keep on talking about politics being too low a business for a gentleman to mix in, just the same!

Somebody said a pessimist is a man who has a choice of two evils and takes both. There's your man that don't vote.

And the best-dressed wards are the ones that fool us oftenest. We're always thinking they'll do something, and they don't. But we thought, when we took Farwell Knowles, that we had 'em at last. Fact is, they did seem stirred up, too. They called it a "moral victory" when we were forced to nominate Knowles to have any chance of beating Gorgett. That was because it was *their* victory.

Farwell Knowles was a young man, about thirty-two, an editorial writer on the *Herald*, an independent paper. I'd known him all his life and his wife, too, a mighty sweet-looking lady she was. I'd always thought Farwell was kind of a dreamer, and too excitable; he was always reading papers to literary clubs, and on the speech-making side he wasn't so bad—he liked it; but he hadn't seemed to me to know any more about politics and people than a royal family would. He was always talking about life and writing about corruption, when, all the time, so it struck me, it was only books he was really interested in; and he saw things along book lines. Of course he was a tin god, politically.

He was for "stern virtue" only, and everlastingly lashed compromise and temporizing; called politicians all the elegant hard names there are, in every one of his editorials, especially Lafe Gorgett, whom he'd never seen. He made mighty free with Lafe, referred to him habitually as "Boodler Gorgett," and never let up on him from one year's end to another.

I was against our adopting him, not only for our own sakes—because I knew he'd be a hard man to handle—but for Farwell's, too. I'd been a friend of his father's and I liked his wife—everybody liked his wife. But the boys overruled me, and I had to turn in and give it to him.

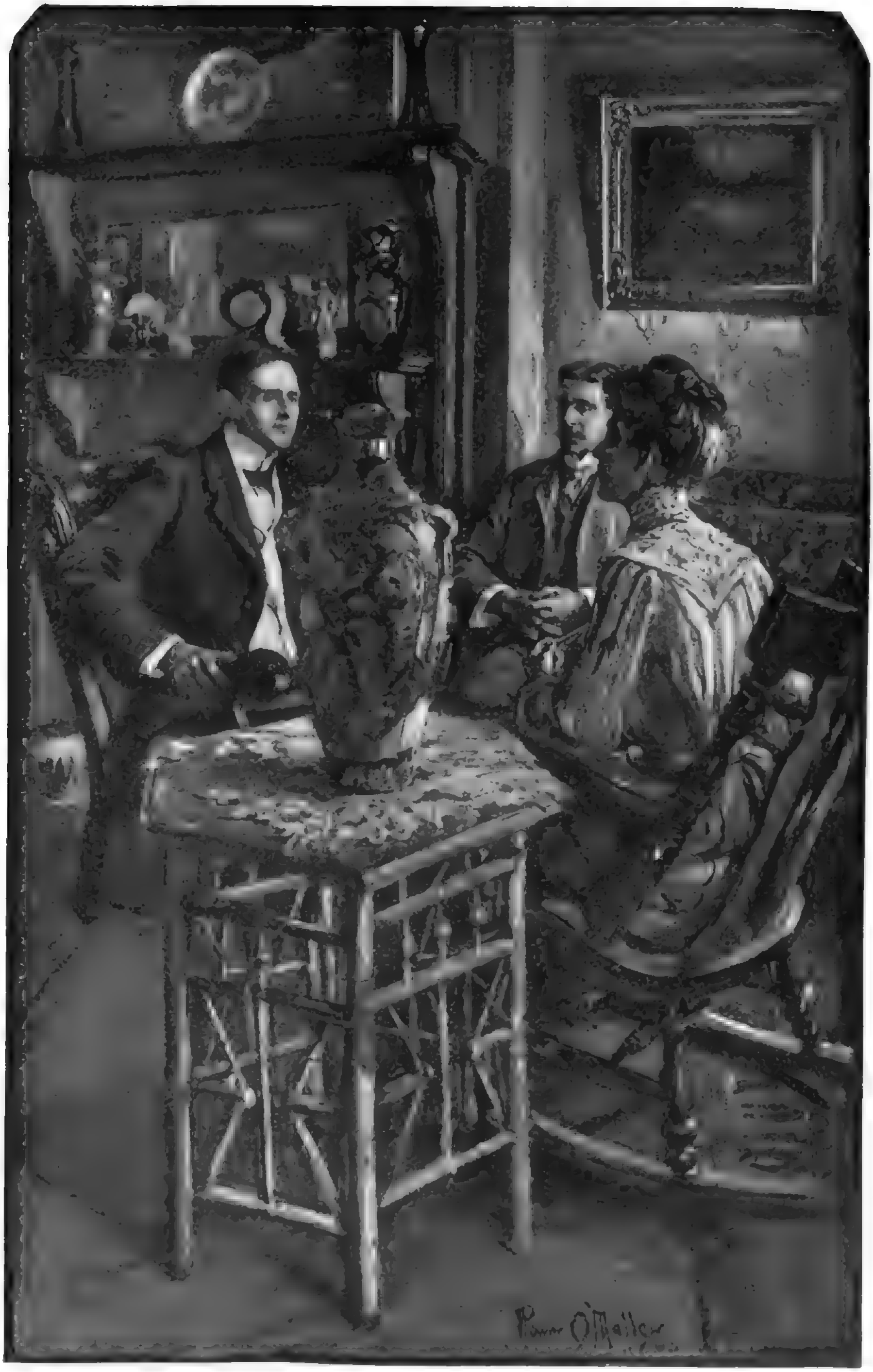
Not without a lot of misgivings, you can be sure. I had one little experience with him right at the start that made me uneasy and got me to thinking he was what you might call too literary, or theatrical, or something, and that he was more interested in being things than doing them. I'd been aware, ever since he got back from Harvard, that *I* was one of his literary interests, so to speak. He had a way of talking to me in a quizzical, condescending style, in the belief that he was drawing me out, the way you talk to some old book-peddler in your office when you've got nothing to do for a while; and it was easy to see he regarded me as a "character" and thought he was studying me. Besides, he felt it his duty to study the wickedness of politics in a Parkhurstian fashion, and I was one of the lost.

One day, just after we'd nominated him, he came to me and said he had a friend who wanted to meet me. Asked me couldn't I go with him right away. It was about five in the afternoon; I hadn't anything to do and said "Certainly," thinking he meant to introduce me to some friend of his who thought I'd talk politics with him. I took that for granted so much that I didn't ask a question, just followed along up street, talking weather. He turned in at old General Buskirk's, and may I be shot if the person he meant wasn't Buskirk's daughter, Bella. He'd brought me to call on a girl young enough to be my daughter. Maybe you won't believe I felt like a fool!

I knew Buskirk, of course (he didn't appear), but I hadn't seen Bella since she was a child. She'd been "highly educated" and had been living abroad a good deal, but I can't say that my visit made me *for* her—not very strong. She was good-looking enough, in her thinnish, solemn way, but it seemed to me she was kind of over-dressed and too grand. You could see in a minute that she was intense and dreamy and theatrical with herself and superior, like Farwell; and I guess I thought they thought they'd discovered they were "kindred souls," and that each of them understood (without saying it) that both of them felt that Farwell's lot in life was a hard one because Mrs. Knowles wasn't up to him. Bella gave him little, quiet, deep glances, that seemed to help her play the part of a person who understood everything—especially him, and reverenced greatness—especially his. I remember a fellow who called the sort of game it struck me they were carrying on "those soully flirtations."

Well, sir, I wasn't long puzzling over why he had brought *me* up there. It stuck out all over, though they didn't know it, and would have been mighty astonished to think that I saw. It was in their manner, in her condescending ways with me, in her assumption of serious interest, and in his going through the trick of "drawing me out" and exhibiting me to her. I'll have to admit that these young people viewed me in the light of a "character." That was the *rôle* Farwell had me there to play.

I can't say I was too pleased with the notion, and I was kind of sorry for Mrs. Knowles, too. I'd have staked a good deal that my guess was right, for instance: that Farwell had gone first to this girl for her congratulations when he got the nomination, instead of to his wife; that she felt—or pretended she felt—a soully sympathy with his ambitions; that she wanted to be, or to play the part of, a woman of affairs, and that he talked over everything he knew with her. I imagined they thought they were studying political reform together, and she, in her novel-reading way, wanted to pose to herself as the brilliant lady diplomat, kind of a Madam Roland, advising statesmen, or something of that sort. And I was there as


Power O'Malley

I HAD TO SIT THERE LIKE A NINNY BETWEEN THEM.

part of their political studies, an object-lesson, to bring her "more closely in touch" (as Farwell would say) with the realities he had to contend with. I was one of the "evils of politics," because I knew how to control a few wards and get out the darkey vote, almost as well as Gorgett. Gorgett would have been better, but Farwell couldn't very easily get at him.

I had to sit there for a little while, of course, like a ninny between them; and I wasn't the more comfortable because I thought Knowles looked like a bigger fool than I did. Bella's presence seemed to excite him to a kind of exaltation; he had a dark flush on his face and his eyes were large and shiny.

I got out as soon as I could, naturally, wondering what my wife would say if she knew; and while I was fumbling around among the knick-knacks and fancy things in the hall for my hat and coat, I heard Farwell get up and cross the room to a chair nearer Bella, and then she said, in a sort of pungent whisper, that came out to me distinctly:

"My knight!" That's what she called him. "My knight!" That's what she said.

I don't know whether I was more disgusted with myself for hearing or with old Buskirk who spent his whole time frittering around the club library and let his daughter go in for the sort of soulliness she was carrying on with Farwell Knowles.

Trouble in our ranks began right away. Our nominee knew too much, and did all the wrong things from the start; he began by antagonizing most of our old wheel-horses; he wouldn't consult with us, and advised with his own kind. In spite of that, we had a good organization working for him and by a week before election I felt pretty confident that our show was as good as Gorgett's. It looked like it would be close.

Just about then things happened. We had dropped onto one of Lafe's little tricks mighty smartly. We got one of his heelers fixed (of course we usually tried to keep all that kind of work dark from Farwell Knowles), and this heeler showed the whole business up for a consideration. There was a precinct certain to be strong for Knowles, where the balloting was to take place in the office-room of a hook-and-ladder company. In the corner was a small closet with one shelf, high up toward the ceiling. It was in the good old free and easy Hayes and Wheeler times, and when the polls closed at six o'clock it was planned that the election officers should set the ballot-box up on this shelf, lock the closet-door, and go out for their suppers, leaving one of each side to watch in the room so that nobody could open the closet-door with a pass-key and tamper with the ballots before they were counted. Now, the ceiling over the shelf in the closet wasn't plastered, and it formed, of course, part of the flooring in the room above. The boards were to be loosened by a Gorgett man upstairs, as soon as the box was locked in; he would take up a piece of planking—enough to get an arm in—and stuff the box with Gorgett ballots till it grunted. Then he would replace the board and slide out. Of course, when they began the count our people would know there was something wrong, but they would be practically up against it, and the precinct would be counted for Gorgett.

They brought the heeler up to me, not at headquarters (I was city chairman) but at a hotel room I'd hired as a convenient place for the more important conferences and to keep out of the way of every Tom-Dick-and-Harry grafter. Bob Crowder, a ward committee-man, brought him up and stayed in the room, while the fellow—his name was Genz—went over the whole thing.

"What do you think of it?" says Bob, when Genz finished. "Ain't it worth the money? I declare, it's so neat and simple and so almighty smart, besides, I'm almost ashamed some of our boys hadn't thought of it for us."

I was just opening my mouth to answer when there was a signal knock at the door and a young fellow we had as a kind of watcher in the next room (opening into the one I used) put his head in and said Mr. Knowles wanted to see me.

"Ask him to wait a minute," said I, for I didn't want him to know anything about Genz. "I'll be there right away."

Then came Farwell Knowles's voice from the other room, sharp and excited. "I believe I'll not wait," says he. "I'll come in there now."

And that's what he did, pushing by our watcher before I could hustle Genz out into the hall through an outer door, though I tried to. There's no denying it looked a little suspicious.

Farwell came to a dead halt in the middle of the room.

"I know that person!" he said, pointing at Genz, his brow mighty black. "I saw him and Crowder sneaking into the hotel by the back way, half an hour ago, and I knew there was some devilish——"

"Keep your shirt on, Farwell," said I.

He was pretty hot. "I'll be obliged to you," he returned, "if you'll explain what you're doing here in secret with this low hound of Gorgett's. Do you think you can play with me the way you do with your petty committee-men? If you do I'll *show* you! You're not dealing with a child, and I'm not going to be tricked or sold out of this elec——"

I took him by the shoulders and sat him down hard on a cane-bottomed chair. "That's a dirty thought," said I, "and if you knew enough to be responsible I reckon you'd have to account for it. As it is—why, I don't care whether you apologize or not."

He weakened right away, or, at least, he saw his mistake. "Then won't you give me some explanation," he asked in a less excitable way, "why you're closeted here with a notorious member of Gorgett's ring?"

"No," said I, "I won't."

"Be careful," said he. "This won't look well in print."

That was just so plumb foolish that I began to laugh at him; and when I got to laughing I couldn't keep up being angry. It *was* ridiculous, his childishness and suspiciousness. Right there was where I made my mistake.

"All right," says I to Bob Crowder, giving way to the impulse. "He's a candidate. Tell him."

"Do you mean it?" asks Bob, surprised.

"Yes. Tell him the whole thing."

So Bob did, helped by Genz, who was more or less sulky, of course; and it wasn't long till I saw how stupid I'd been. Knowles went straight up in the air.

"I knew it was a dirty business, politics," he said, jumping out of his chair, "but I didn't *realize* it before. And I'd like to know," he went on, turning to me, "how you learn to sit there so calmly and listen to such iniquities. How do you dull your conscience so that you can do it? And what course do you propose to follow in the matter of this confession?"

"Me?" I answered. "Why, I'm going to send supper in to our fellows, and the box'll never see that closet. The man upstairs may get a little tired. I reckon the laugh's on Gorgett; it's his scheme and——"

Farwell interrupted me; his face was outrageously red. "*What!* You actually mean you hadn't intended to expose this infamy?"

"Steady," I said. I was getting a little hot, too, and talked more than I ought. "Mr. Genz here has our pledge that he's not given away, or he'd never have——"

"*Mister* Genz!" sneered Farwell. "*Mister* Genz has your pledge, has he? Allow me to tell you that I represent the people, the *honest* people, in this campaign, and that the people and I have made no pledges to *Mister* Genz. You've paid the scoundrel——"

"*Here!*" says Genz.

"The scoundrel!" Farwell repeated, his voice rising and rising, "paid him for his information, and I tell you by that act and your silence on such a matter you make yourself a party to a conspiracy."

"Shut the transom," says I to Crowder.

"*I'm* under no pledge, I say," shouted Farwell, "and I do not compound felonies. You're not conducting my campaign. I'm doing that, and I don't conduct it along such lines. It's precisely the kind of fraud and corruption that I intend to stamp out in this town, and this is where I begin to work."

"How?" said I.

"You'll see—and you'll see soon! The penitentiaries are built for just this——"

"Sh, sh!" said I, but he paid no attention.

"They say Gorgett owns the Grand Jury," he went on. "Well, let him! Within a week I'll be Mayor of this town—and Gorgett's Grand Jury won't outlast his defeat very long. By his own confession this man Genz is party to a conspiracy with Gorgett, and you and Crowder are witnesses to the confession. I'll see that you have the pleasure of giving your testimony before a Grand Jury of determined men. Do you hear me? And to-morrow afternoon's *Herald* will have the whole infamous story to the last word. I give you my solemn oath upon it!"

All three of us, Crowder, Genz, and I, sprang to our feet. We were considerably worked up, and none of us said anything for a minute or so, just looked at Knowles.

"Yes, you're a little shocked," he said. "It's always shocking to men like you to come in contact with honesty that won't compromise. You needn't talk to me; you can't say anything that would change me to save your lives. I've taken my oath upon it, and you couldn't alter me a hair's-breadth if you burned me at a slow fire. Light, light, that's what you need, the light of day and publicity! I'm going to clear this town of fraud, and if Gorgett don't wear the stripes for this my name's not Farwell Knowles! He'll go over the road, handcuffed to a deputy, before three months are gone. Don't tell me I'm injuring *you* and the party by it. Pah! It will give me a thousand more votes. I'm not exactly a child, my friends! On my honor, the whole thing will be printed in to-morrow's paper."

"For God's sake—" Crowder broke out, but Knowles cut him off.

"I bid you good-afternoon," he said, sharply. We all started toward him, but before we'd got half across the room he was gone, and the door slammed behind him.

Bob dropped into a chair; he was looking considerably pale; I guess I was, too, but Genz was ghastly.

"Let me out of here," he said in a sick voice. "Let me out of here!"

"Sit down!" I told him.

"Just let me out of here," he said again. And before I could stop him, he'd gone, too, in a blind hurry.

Bob and I were left alone, and not talking any.

Not for a while. Then Bob said: "Where do you reckon he's gone?"

"Reckon who's gone?"

"Genz."

"To see Lafe."

"What?"

"Of course he has. What else can he do? He's gone up any way. The best he can do is to try to square himself a little by owning up to the whole thing. Gorgett will know it all any way, to-morrow afternoon, when the *Herald* comes out."

"I guess you're right," said Bob. "We're done up along with Gorgett; but I believe that idiot's right, he won't lose votes by playing hob with *us*. What's to be done?"

"Nothing," I answered. "You can't head Farwell off. It's all my fault, Bob."

"Isn't there any way to get hold of him? A crazy man could see that his best friend couldn't *beg* it out of him, and that he wouldn't spare any of us; but don't you know of some bludgeon we could hang up over him?"

"Nothing. It's up to Gorgett."

"Well," said Bob, "Lafe's mighty smart, but it looks like God-help-Gorgett now!"

Well, sir, I couldn't think of anything better to do than to go around and see Gorgett; so, after waiting long enough for Genz to see him and get away, I went. Lafe was always cool and slow; but I own I expected to find him flustered, and was astonished to see right away that he wasn't. He was smoking as usual and wearing his hat, as he always did, indoors and out, sitting with his feet up on his desk, and a pleasant look of contemplation on his face.

"Oh," says I, "then Genz hasn't been here?"

"Yes," says he, "he has. I reckon you folks have 'most spoiled Genz's usefulness for me."

"You're taking it mighty easy," I told him.

"Yep. Isn't it all in the game? What's the use of getting excited because you've blocked us on one precinct? We'll leave that closet out of our calculations, that's all."

"Almighty powers, I don't mean *that!* Didn't Genz tell you——"

"About Mr. Knowles and the *Herald?* Oh, yes," he answered, knocking the ashes off his cigar quietly. "And about the thousand votes he'll gain? Oh, yes. And about incidentally showing you and Crowder up as bribing Genz and promising to protect him —making your methods public? Oh, yes. And about the Grand Jury? Yes, Genz told me. And about me and the penitentiary. Yes, he told me. Mr. Knowles is a rather excitable young man. Don't you think so?"

"Well?"

"Well, what's the trouble?"

"Trouble!" I said. "I'd like to know what you're going to do?"

"What's Knowles going to do?"

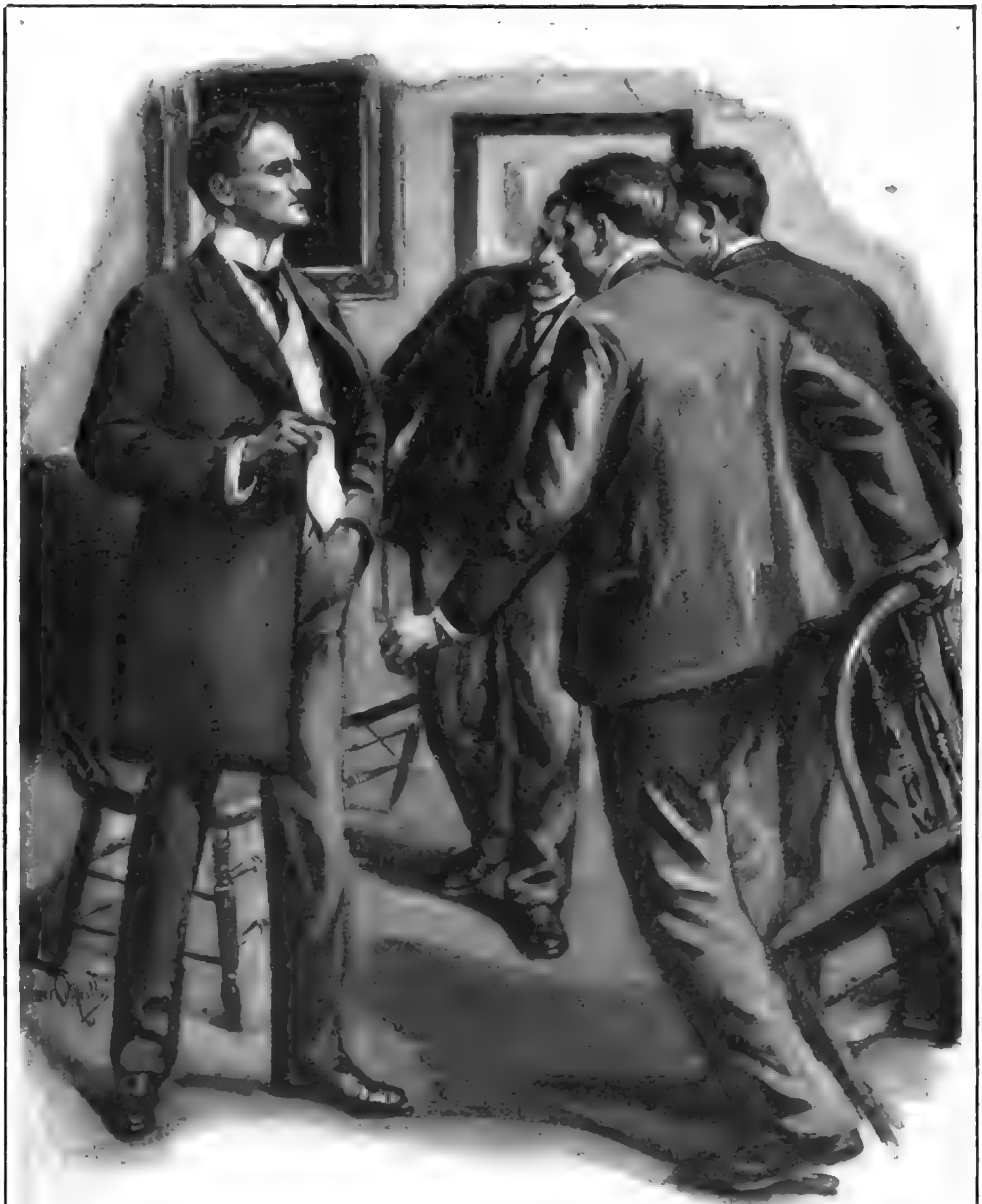
"He's sworn to expose the whole deal, as you've just told me you knew; one of the preliminaries to having us all up before the next Grand Jury and sending you and Genz over the road, that's all."

Gorgett laughed that old, fat laugh of his, tilting farther back with his hands in his pockets and his eyes twinkling under his last summer's straw hat-brim.

"He can't hardly afford it, can he," he drawled, "he being the representative of the law and order and purity people? They're mighty sensitive, those folks. A little thing turns 'em."

"I don't understand," said I.

"Well, I hardly reckoned you would," he



"TO-MORROW AFTERNOON'S *HERALD* WILL HAVE THE WHOLE INFAMOUS STORY."

returned. "But I expect if Mr. Knowles wants it warm all round, *I'm* willing. We may be able to do some of the heating up, ourselves."

This surprised me, coming from him, and I felt pretty sore. "You mean, then," I said, "that you think you've got a line on something our boys have been planning—like the way we got onto the closet trick—and you're going to show *us* up because we can't control Knowles; that you hold that over me as a threat unless I shut him up? Then I tell you plainly I know I can't shut him up, and you can go ahead and do us the worst you can."

"Whatever little tricks I may or may not have discovered," he answered, "that isn't what I mean, though I don't know as I'd be above making such a threat if I thought it was my only way to keep out of the penitentiary. I know as well as you do that such a threat would only give Knowles pleasure. He'd take the credit for forcing me to expose you, and he's convinced that everything of that kind he does makes him solider with the people and brings him a step nearer this chair I'm sitting in, which he regards as a step itself to the governorship and Heaven knows what not. He thinks he's detached himself from you and your organization till he stands alone. *That* boy's head was turned even before you fellows nominated him. He's a wonder. I've been noticing him long before he turned up as a candidate, and I believe the great surprise of his life was that John the Baptist didn't precede and herald *him*. Oh, no, going for you wouldn't stop him—not by a thousand miles. It would only do him good."

"Well, what *are* you going to do? Are you going to see him?"

"No, sir!" Lafe spoke sharply.

"Well, well! What?"

"I'm not bothering to run around asking audiences of Farwell Knowleses; you ought to know that!"

"Given it up?"

"Not exactly. I've sent a fellow around to talk to him."

"What use will that be?"

Gorgett brought his feet down off the desk with a bang.

"*Then* he can come to see *me*, if he wants to. D'you think I've been fool enough not to know what sort of man I was going up against? D'you think that, knowing him as I do, I've not been ready for something of this kind? And that's all you'll get out of *me*, this afternoon!"

And it was all I did.

It may have been about one o'clock, that night, or perhaps a little earlier, as I lay tossing about, unable to sleep because I was too much disturbed in my mind—too angry with myself—when there came a loud, startling ring at the front door-bell. I got up at once and threw open a window over the door, calling out to know what was wanted.

"It's I," said a voice I didn't know—a queer, hoarse voice. "Come down."

"Who's I?" I asked.

"Farwell Knowles," said the voice. "Let me in."

I started, and looked down.

He was standing on the steps where the light of a street-lamp fell on him, and I saw even by the poor glimmer that something was wrong; he was white as a dead man. There was something wild in his attitude; he had no hat, and looked all mixed up and disarranged.

"Come down, come down!" he begged thickly, beckoning me with his arm.

I got on some clothes, slipped downstairs without wakening my wife, lit the hall light, and took him into the library. He dropped in a chair with a quick breath like a sob, and when I turned from lighting the gas I was shocked by the change in him since afternoon. I never saw such a look before. It was like a rat you've seen running along the gutter side of the curbstone with a terrier after it.

"What's the matter, Farwell?" I asked.

"Oh, my God!" he whispered.

"What's happened?"

"It's hard to tell you," said he. "Oh, but it's hard to tell."

"Want some whiskey?" I asked, reaching for a decanter that stood handy. He nodded and I gave him good allowance.

"Now," said I, when he'd gulped it down, "let's hear what's turned up."

He looked at me kind of dimly, and I'll be shot if two tears didn't well up in his eyes and run down his cheeks. "I've come to ask you," he said slowly and brokenly, "to ask you—if you won't intercede with Gorgett for me; to ask you if you won't beg him to —to grant me—an interview before to-morrow noon."

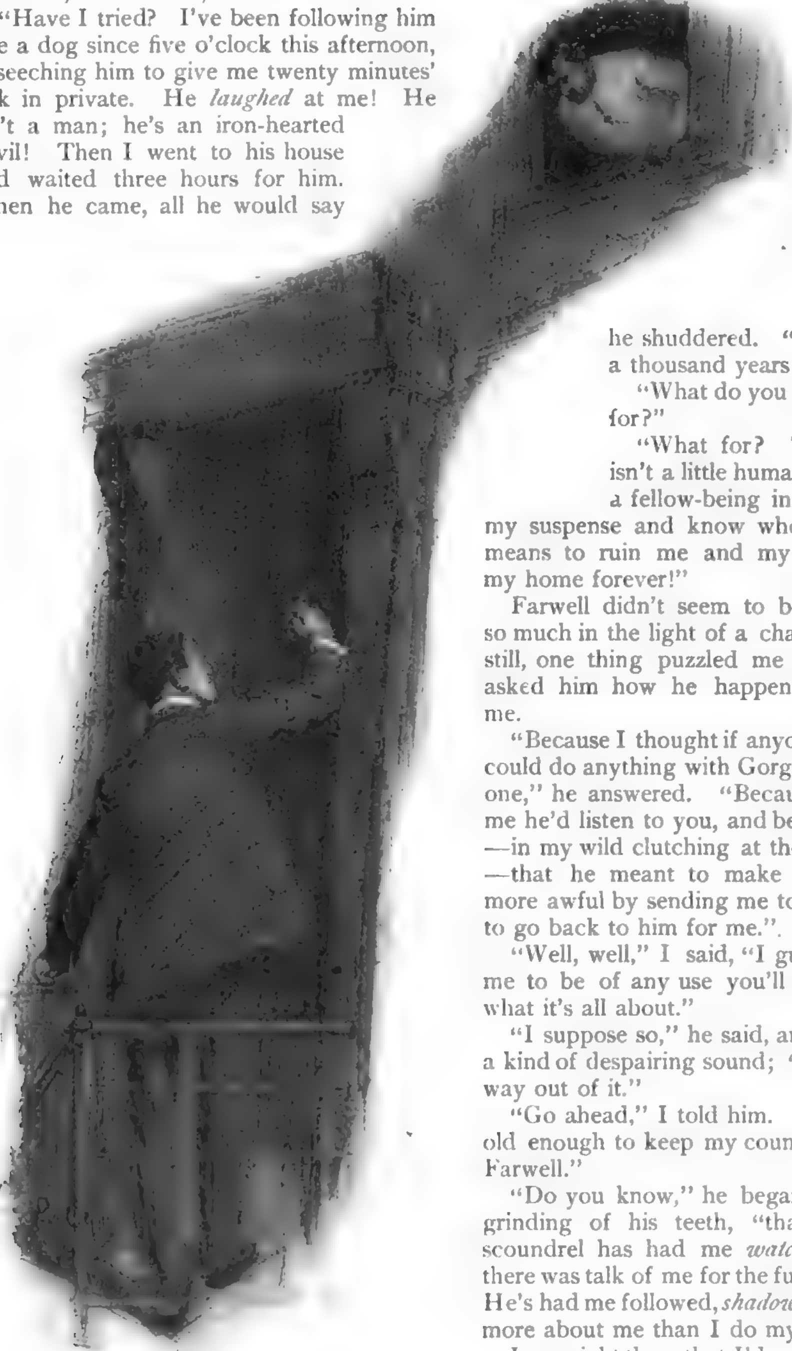
"*What!*"

"Will you do it?"

"Certainly. Have you asked for an interview with him yourself?"

He struck the back of his hand across his forehead, struck hard, too.

"Have I tried? I've been following him like a dog since five o'clock this afternoon, beseeching him to give me twenty minutes' talk in private. He *laughed* at me! He isn't a man; he's an iron-hearted devil! Then I went to his house and waited three hours for him. When he came, all he would say was that you were supposed to be running this campaign for me and I'd better consult with you. Then he turned me out of his house."



I SAW THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG; HE WAS AS WHITE AS A DEAD MAN.

"You seem to have altered a little since this afternoon." I couldn't resist that.

"This afternoon!" he shuddered. "I think that was a thousand years ago!"

"What do you want to see him for?"

"What for? To see if there isn't a little human pity in him for a fellow-being in agony—to end my suspense and know whether or not he means to ruin me and my happiness and my home forever!"

Farwell didn't seem to be regarding me so much in the light of a character as usual; still, one thing puzzled me though, and I asked him how he happened to come to me.

"Because I thought if anyone in the world could do anything with Gorgett, you'd be the one," he answered. "Because it seemed to me he'd listen to you, and because I thought—in my wild clutching at the remotest hope—that he meant to make my humiliation more awful by sending me to you to ask you to go back to him for me.".

"Well, well," I said, "I guess if you want me to be of any use you'll have to tell me what it's all about."

"I suppose so," he said, and choked, with a kind of despairing sound; "I don't see any way out of it."

"Go ahead," I told him. "I reckon I'm old enough to keep my counsel. Let it go, Farwell."

"Do you know," he began, with a sharp grinding of his teeth, "that dishonorable scoundrel has had me *watched*, ever since there was talk of me for the fusion candidate? He's had me followed, *shadowed*, till he knows more about me than I do myself."

I saw right there that I'd never really measured Gorgett for as tall as he really was. "Have a cigar?" I asked Knowles, and lit one myself. But he shook his head and went on:

"You remember my taking you to call on General Buskirk's daughter?"

"Quite well," said I, puffing pretty hard.

"An angel! A white angel! And this beast, this *boodler* has the mud in his hands to desecrate her white garments!"

"Oh," says I.

The angel's knight began to pace the room as he talked, clinching and unclinching his hands, while the perspiration got his hair all scraggly on his forehead. You see Farwell was doing some suffering and he wasn't used to it.

"When she came home from abroad, a year ago," he said, "it seemed to me that a light came into my life. I've got to tell you the whole thing," he groaned, "but it's hard! Well, my wife is taken up with our little boy and housekeeping—I don't complain of her, mind that!—but she really hasn't entered into my ambitions, my inner life. She doesn't often read my editorials, and when she does she hasn't been serious in her consideration of them and of my purposes. Sometimes she differed openly from me and sometimes greeted my work for truth and light with laughter! I had learned to bear this, and more; to save myself pain I had come to shrink from exposing my real self to her. Then, when this young girl came, for the first time in my life I found real sympathy and knew what I thought I never should know; a heart attuned to my own, a mind that sought my own ideals, a soul of the same aspirations—and a perfect faith in what I was and in what it was my right to attain. She met me with open hands, and lifted me to my best self. What, unhappily, I did not find at home, I found in her—encouragement. I went to her in every mood, always to be greeted by the most exquisite perception, always the same delicate receptiveness. She gave me a sister's love!"

I nodded; I knew he thought so.

"Well, when I went into this campaign, what more natural than that I should seek her ready sympathy at every turn, than that I should consult with her at each crisis, and, when I became the fusion candidate, that I should go to her with the news that I had taken my first great step toward my goal and had achieved thus far in my struggle for the cause of our hearts, reform?"

"You went up to Buskirk's after the convention?" I asked.

"No; the night before." He took his head in his hands and groaned, but without pausing in his march up and down the room. "You remember, it was known by ten o'clock, after the primaries, that I would receive the nomination. As soon as I was sure, I went to her; and I found her in the same state of exaltation and pride that I was experiencing myself. There was *always* the answer in her, I tell you, always the response that such a nature as mine craves. She took both my hands and looked at me just as a proud sister would. 'I *read* your news,' she said. 'It is in your face!' Wasn't that touching? Then we sat in silence for a while, each understanding the other's joy and triumph in the great blow I had struck for the right. I left very soon, and she came with me to the door. We stood for a moment on the step—and—for the first time, the only time in my life—I received a—a sister's caress."

"Oh," said I. I understood how Gorgett had managed to be so calm that afternoon.

"It was the purest kiss ever given!" Farwell groaned again.

"Who was it saw you?" I asked.

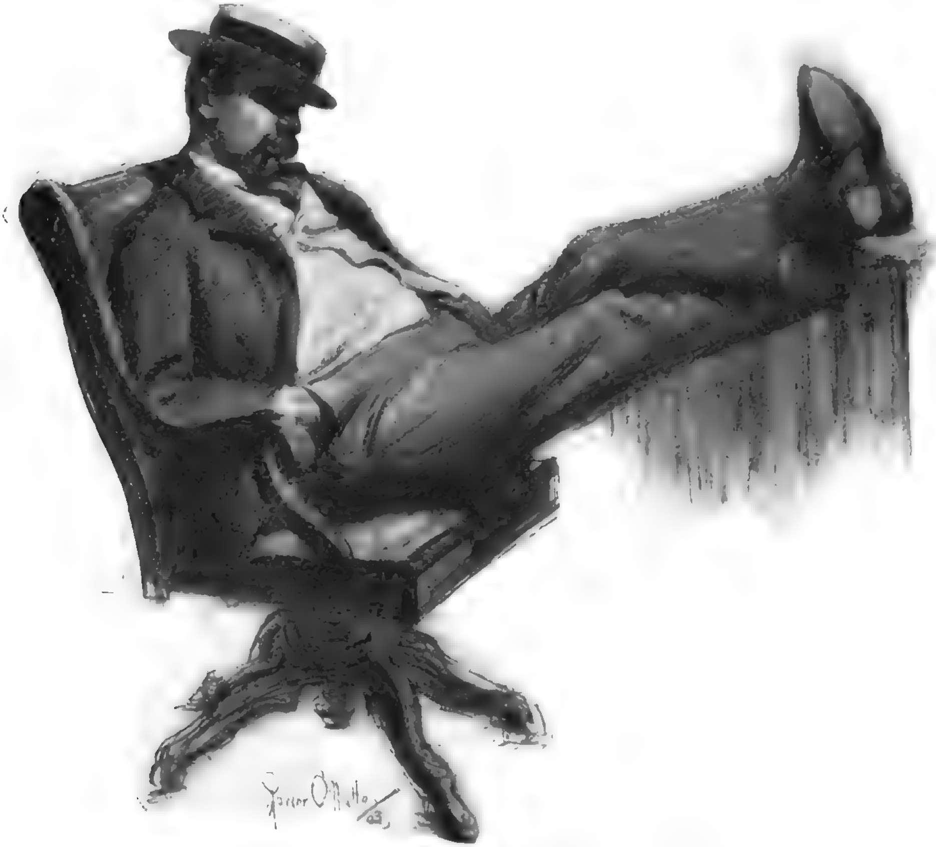
He dropped into a chair and I saw the tears of rage and humiliation welling up again in his eyes.

"We might as well have been standing up by the footlights in a theatre!" he burst out, brokenly. "Who saw it? Who *didn't* see it? Gorgett's sleuth-hound, the man he sent to me this afternoon, for one; the policeman on the beat that he'd stopped for a chat in front of the house, for another; a maid in the hall behind us, the policeman's sweetheart *she* is, for another! Oh!" he cried, "the desecration! That one caress, one that I'd thought a sacred secret between us forever—and in plain sight of those three hideous vulgarians, all belonging to my enemy, Gorgett! Ah, the horror of it—what *horror!*"

Farwell wrung his hands and sat, gulping as if he were sick, without speaking for several moments.

"What terms did the man he sent offer from Gorgett?" I asked.

"*No* terms! He said to go ahead and print my story about the closet; it was a matter of perfect indifference to him; that he meant to print this about me in their damnable party-organ to-morrow, in any event, and only warned me so that I should have time to prepare Miss Buskirk. Of course he don't care. *I'll* be ruined, that's all. Oh, the hideous injustice of it, the unreason! Don't you see the frightful irony of it? The best thing in my life, the widest and deepest; my friendship with a good woman becomes a joke and a horror! Don't you see that the personal scandal about me absolutely undermines me and nullifies the political scandal of the closet affair. Gorgett will come in again and the Grand Jury would laugh at any attack on him. I'm ruined for good, for good and all, for good and all!"



"COME IN, GENTLEMEN," SAYS HE, NOT MOVING.

"Have you told Miss Buskirk?"

He uttered a kind of a shriek. "*No!* I can't! How could I? What do you think I'm made of? And there's her father—and all her relatives, and mine, and my wife—my wife! If she leaves me——"

A fit of nausea seemed to overcome him and he struggled with it, shivering. "My God! Do you think I can *face* it? I've come to you for help in the most wretched hour of my life—all darkness, darkness! Just on the eve of triumph to be stricken down—it's so cruel, so devilish! And to think of the horrible comic-weekly misery of it, caught kissing a girl by a policeman and his sweetheart, the chambermaid! Ugh! The vulgar ridicule—the hideous laughter!" He raised his hands to me, the most grovelling figure of a man I ever saw.

"Oh, for God's sake, help me, help me . . ."

Well, sir, it was sickening enough, but after he had gone, and I'd tumbled into bed again, I thought of Gorgett and laughed myself to sleep with admiration.

When Farwell and I got to Gorgett's office, fairly early the next morning, Lafe was sitting there alone, expecting us, of course, as I knew he would be, but in the same characteristic, lazy attitude I'd found him in the day before; feet up on the desk, hat-brim tilted 'way forward, cigar in the right-hand corner of his mouth, his hands in his pockets, his double-chin mashing down his limp collar. He didn't even turn to look at us as we came in and closed the door.

"Come in, gentlemen, come in," says he, not moving. "I kind of thought you'd be along about this time."

"Looking for us, were you?" I asked.

"Yes," said he. "Sit down."

We did; Farwell looking pretty pale and red-eyed, and swallowing a good deal.

There was a long, long silence. We just sat and watched Gorgett. *I* didn't want to say anything; and I believe Farwell couldn't. It lasted so long that it began to look as if the little blue haze at the end of Lafe's cigar was all that was going to happen. But by and by he turned his head ever so little, and looked at Knowles.

"Got your story for the *Herald* set up yet?" he asked.

Farwell swallowed some more and just shook his head.

"Haven't begun to work up the case for the Grand Jury yet?"

"No," answered Farwell, in almost a whisper, his head hanging.

"Why," Lafe said, in a tone of quiet surprise; "you haven't given all that up, have you?"

"Yes."

"Well, ain't that strange?" said Lafe. "What's the trouble?"

Knowles didn't answer. In fact, I felt mighty sorry for him.

All at once, Gorgett's manner changed; he threw away his cigar, the only time I ever saw him do it without lighting another at the end of it. His feet came down to the floor and he wheeled round on Farwell.

"I understand your wife's a mighty nice lady, Mr. Knowles."

Farwell's head sank lower till we couldn't see his face, only his fingers working kind of pitifully.

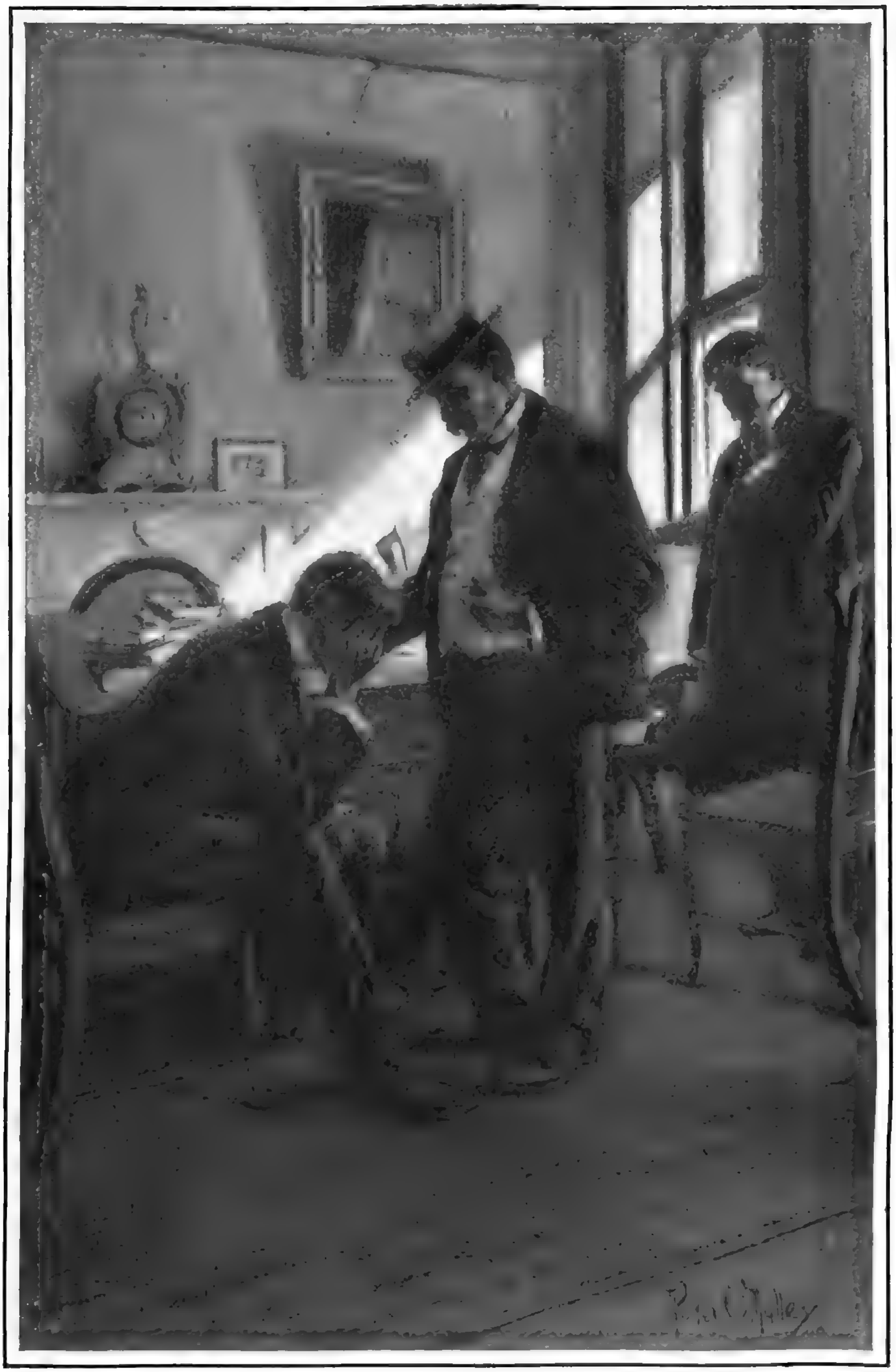
"I guess you've had rather a bad night?" said Gorgett, inquiringly.

"Oh, my God!" The words came out in a whisper from under Knowles's tilted hat-brim.

"I believe I'd advise you to stick to your wife," Gorgett went on, quietly, "and let politics alone. Somehow, I don't believe you're the kind of man for it. I've taken considerable interest in you for some time back, Mr. Knowles, though I don't suppose you've noticed it until lately; and I don't believe you understand the game. You've said some pretty hard things in your paper about me; you've been more or less excitable in your statements; but that's all right. What I don't like altogether, though, is that it seems to me you've been really tooting your own horn all the time—calling everybody dishonest and scoundrels, to shove *yourself* forward. That always ends in sort of a lonely position. I reckon you feel considerably lonely, just now? Well, yesterday, I understand you were talking pretty free about the penitentiary. Now, that ain't just the way to act, according to my notion. It's a bad word. Here we are, he and I"—he pointed to me—"carrying on our little fight according to the rules, enjoying it and blocking each other, gaining a point here and losing one there, everything perfectly good-natured, when *you* turn up and begin to talk about the penitentiary! That ain't quite the thing. You see words like that are liable to stir up the passions. It's dangerous. You were trusted, when they told you the closet story, to regard it as a confidence—though they didn't go through the form of pledging you—because your people had given their word not to betray Genz. But you couldn't see it and there you went, talking about the Grand Jury and stripes and so on, stirring up passions and ugly feelings. And I want to tell you that the man who can afford to do that has to be mighty immaculate himself. The only way to play politics, whatever you're *for*, is to learn the game first. Then you'll know how far you can go and what your own record will stand. There ain't a man alive whose record will stand too much, Mr. Knowles—and when you get to thinking about that and what your own is, it makes you feel more like treating your fellow-sinners a good deal gentler than you would otherwise. Now *I've* got a wife and two little girls, and my old mother's proud of me (though you wouldn't think it)—and they'd hate it a good deal to see me sent over the road for playing the game the best I could as I found it."

He paused for a moment, looking sad and almost embarrassed. "It ain't any great pleasure to me," he said, "to think that the people have let it get to be the game that it is. But I reckon it's good for *you*. I reckon the best thing that ever happened to you is having to come here this morning to ask mercy of a man you looked down on."

Farwell shifted a little in his chair, but he didn't speak, and Gorgett went on:



"GO ON HOME TO YOUR WIFE," HE SAID, IN A LOW VOICE.

"I suppose you think it's mighty hard that your private character should be used against you in a political question by a man you call a public corruptionist. But I'm in a position where I can't take any chances against an antagonist that won't play the game my way. I had to find your vulnerable point to defend myself, and, in finding it, I find that there's no need to defend myself any longer, because it makes all your weapons ineffective. I believe the trouble with you, Mr. Knowles, is that you've never realized that politicians are human beings. But we are: we breathe and laugh and like to do right, like other folks. And, like most men, you've thought you were different from other men, and you aren't. So here you are. I believe you said you'd had a hard night?"

Knowles looked up at last, his lips working for a while before he could speak. "I'll resign now—if you'll—if you'll let me off," he said.

Gorgett shook his head. "I've got the election in my hand," he answered, "though you fellows don't know it. You've got nothing to offer me, and you couldn't buy me if you had."

At that, Knowles just sank into himself with a little, faint cry, in a kind of heap. There wasn't anything but anguish and despair *to* him. Big tears were sliding down his cheeks.

I didn't say anything. Gorgett sat looking at him for a good while; and then his fat chin began to tremble a little and I saw his eyes shining in the shadow under his old hat-brim.

He got up and went over to Farwell with slow steps and put his hand gently on his shoulder.

"Go on home to your wife," he said, in a low voice that was the saddest I ever heard. "I don't bear you any ill-will in the world. Nobody's going to give you away."

The Northern Trail

By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK

NOW I know how the woods on the hill are standing,
Bare and black on the deep and drifted snow,
With the waves of wind in their sounding branches stranding,
While the ice-edged rapids fret on the rocky landing,
And the wind may cry and the stream flow on forever
Where I no more shall go.

Out from the city's reek and fume and thunder
My heart goes back, O woods of the North, to you;
To the chill gray days with the gun, and the woodland plunder,
The voice of the hounds afar that the shot breaks sharp in sunder—
Now the trail leads long, but for me no more forever
Through the Northland that I knew.

Not as I knew you in June with shade and singing,
Not thus on your ways the desire of my heart is set,
But bleak and silent save for the bare boughs swinging,
And bound in dreams that the low sky hangs enringing,
That the wind runs through and the gray sun watches ever,
And snow-whirls stir and fret.

The wild ducks splash and whirr from the marshy cover;
Through the frozen thicket the grouse's pinions roar;
The buck slips past, and the hawk swings circling over,
And high in the clouds the great gray eagles hover,
And these my brothers may hunt and roam forever,
But I hunt there no more!

The Sphinx Apple

By O. HENRY

With illustrations by J. A. Williams

TWENTY miles out from Paradise, and fifteen miles short of Sunrise City, Bildad Rose, the stage-driver, stopped his team. A furious snow had been falling all day. Eight inches it measured now, on a level. The remainder of the road was not without peril in daylight, creeping along the ribs of a bijou range of cragged mountains. Now, when both snow and night masked its dangers, further travel was not to be thought of, said Bildad Rose. So he pulled up his four stout horses, and delivered to his five passengers oral deductions of his wisdom.

Judge Menefee, to whom men granted leadership and the initiatory as upon a silver salver, sprang from the coach at once. Four of his fellow-passengers followed, inspired by his example, ready to explore, to objurgate, to resist, to submit, to proceed according as their prime factor might be inclined to sway them. The fifth passenger, a young woman, remained in the coach.

Bildad had halted upon the shoulder of the first mountain-spur. Two rail-fences, ragged-black, hemmed the road. Fifty yards above the upper fence, showing a dark blot in the white drifts, stood a small house. Upon this house descended—or rather ascended—Judge Menefee and his cohorts with boyish whoops born of the snow and stress. They called; they pounded at window and door. At the inhospitable silence they waxed restive; they assaulted and forced the pregnable barriers, and invaded the premises.

The watchers from the coach heard stumblings and shoutings from the interior of the ravaged house. Before long a light within flickered, glowed, flamed high and bright and cheerful. Then came running back through the driving flakes the exuberant explorers. More deeply pitched than the clarion—even orchestral in volume—the voice of Judge Menefee proclaimed the succor that lay in apposition with their state of travail. The one room of the house was uninhabited, he said, and bare of furniture; but it contained a great fire-place; and they had discovered an ample store of chopped wood in a lean-to at the rear. Housing and warmth against the shivering night were thus assured. For the placation of Bildad Rose there was news of a stable, not ruined beyond service, with hay in a loft, near the house.

"Gentlemen," cried Bildad Rose from his seat, swathed in coats and robes, "tear me down two panels of that fence, so I can drive in. That is old man Redruth's shanty. I thought we must be nigh it. They took him to the foolish house in August."

Cheerfully the four passengers sprang at the snow-capped rails. The exhorted team tugged the coach up the slant to the door of the edifice from which a midsummer madness had ravished its proprietor. The driver and two of the passengers began to unhitch. Judge Menefee opened the door of the coach, and removed his hat.

"I have to announce, Miss Garland," said he, "the enforced suspension of our journey. The driver asserts that the risk in travelling the mountain road by night is too great even to consider. It will be necessary to remain in the shelter of this house until morning. I beg that you will feel that there is nothing to fear beyond a temporary inconvenience. I have personally inspected the house, and find that there are means to provide against the rigor of the weather, at least. You shall be made as comfortable as possible. Permit me to assist you to alight."

To the Judge's side came the passenger whose pursuit in life was the placing of the Little Goliath windmill. His name was Dunwoody; but that matters not much. In travelling merely from Paradise to Sunrise City one needs little or no name. Still, one who would seek to divide honors with Judge Madison L. Menefee deserves a cognomenal peg upon which Fame may hang a wreath. Thus spake, loudly and buoyantly, the aërial miller:

"Guess you'll have to climb out of the ark, Mrs. McFarland. This wigwam ain't exactly the Palmer House, but it turns snow, and they won't search your grip for souvenir spoons when you leave. *We've* got a fire going; and *we'll* fix you up with dry Trilbys and keep the mice away, anyhow, all-right, all-right."

One of the two passengers who were struggling in a *mêlée* of horses, harness, snow, and the sarcastic injunctions of Bildad Rose, called loudly from the whirl of his volunteer duties: "Say! some of you fellows get Miss Solomon into the house, will you? Whoa, there! you confounded brute!"

Again must it be gently urged that in travelling from Paradise to Sunrise City an accurate name is prodigality. When Judge Menefee—sanctioned to the act by his gray hair and wide-spread repute—had introduced himself to the lady passenger, she had, herself, sweetly breathed a name, in response, that the hearing of the male passengers had variously interpreted. In the not unjealous spirit of rivalry that eventuated, each clung stubbornly to his own theory. For the lady passenger to have reasseverated or corrected would have seemed didactic if not unduly solicitous of a specific acquaintance. Therefore the lady passenger permitted herself to be Garlanded and McFarlanded and Solomoned with equal and discreet complacency. It is thirty-five miles from Paradise to Sunrise City. *Compagnon de voyage* is name enough, by the gripsack of the Wandering Jew! for so brief a journey.

Soon the little party of wayfarers were happily seated in a cheerful arc before the roaring fire. The robes, cushions, and removable portions of the coach had been brought in and put to service. The lady passenger chose a place near the hearth at one end of the arc. There she graced almost a throne that her subjects had prepared. She sat upon cushions, and leaned against an empty box and barrel, robe bespread, which formed a defence from the invading draughts. She extended her feet, delectably shod, to the cordial heat. She ungloved her hands, but retained about her neck her long fur boa. The unstable flames half revealed, while the warding boa half submerged, her face—a youthful face, altogether feminine, clearly moulded and calm with beauty's unchallenged confidence. Chivalry and manhood were here vieing to please and comfort her. She seemed to accept their devoirs—not piquantly, as one courted and attended; nor preeningly, as many of her sex unworthily reap their honors; nor yet stolidly, as the ox receives his hay; but concordantly with nature's own plan—as the lily ingests the drop of dew foreordained to its refreshment.

Outside the wind roared mightily, the fine snow whizzed through the cracks, the cold besieged the backs of the immolated six; but the elements did not lack a champion that night. Judge Menefee was attorney for the storm. The weather was his client, and he strove by special pleading to convince his companions in that frigid jury-box that they sojourned in a bower of roses beset only by benignant zephyrs. He drew upon a fund of gayety, wit, and anecdote, sophistical, but crowned with success. His cheerfulness communicated itself irresistibly. Each one hastened to contribute his quota toward the general optimism. Even the lady passenger was moved to expression.

"I think it is quite charming," she said, in her slow, crystal tones.

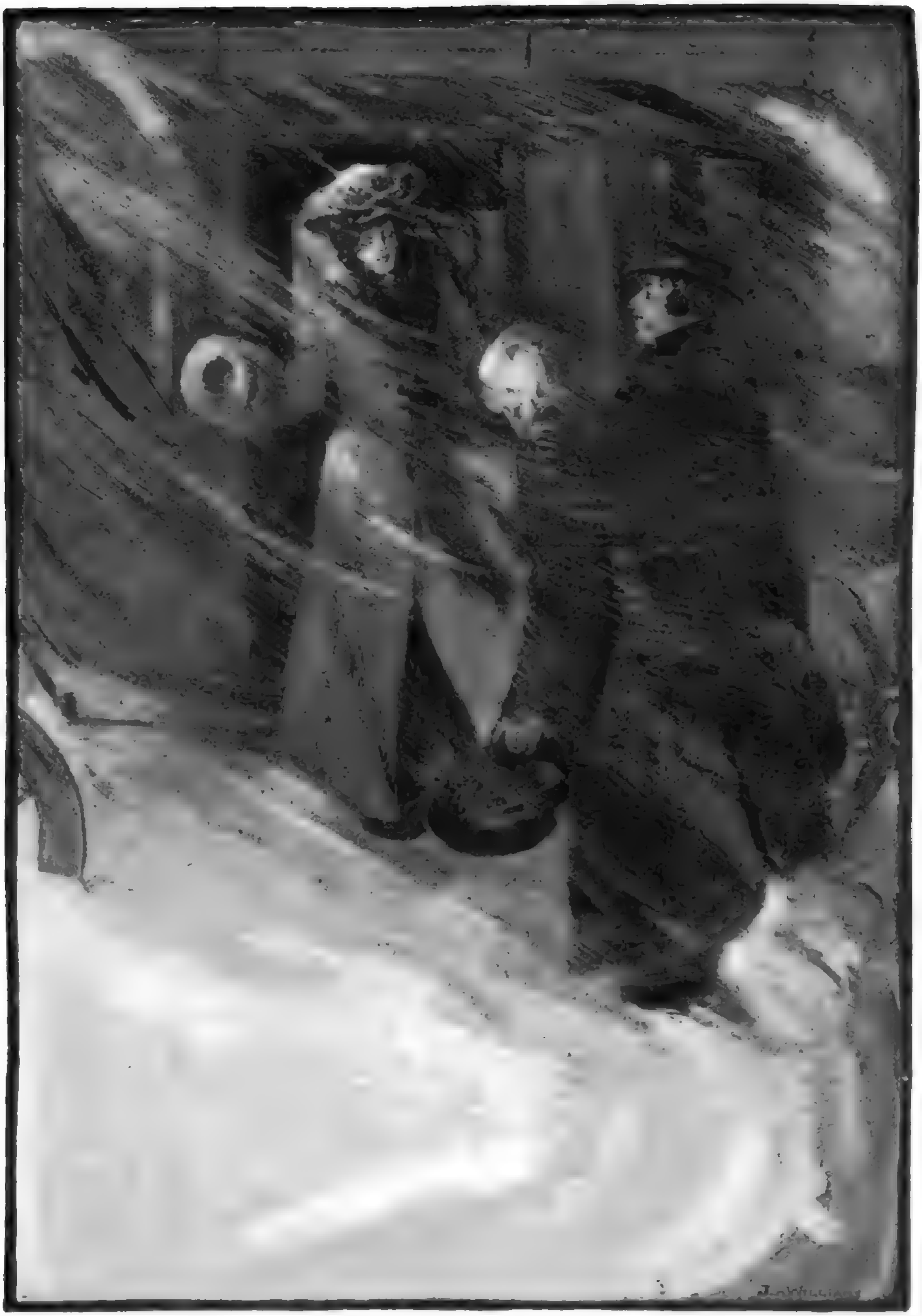
At intervals some one of the passengers would rise and humorously explore the room. There was little evidence to be collected of its habitation by old man Redruth.

Bildad Rose was called upon vivaciously for the ex-hermit's history. Now, since the stage-driver's horses were fairly comfortable and his passengers appeared to be so, peace and comity returned to him.

"The old didapper," began Bildad, somewhat irreverently, "infested this here house about twenty year. He never allowed nobody to come nigh him. He'd duck his head inside and slam the door whenever a team drove along. There was spinning-wheels up in his loft, all right. He used to buy his groceries and tobacco at Sam Tilly's store, on the Little Muddy. Last August he went up there dressed in a red bedquilt, and told Sam he was King Solomon, and that the Queen of Sheba was coming to visit him. He fetched along all the money he had—a little bag full of silver—and dropped it in Sam's well. 'She won't come,' says old man Redruth to Sam, 'if she knows I've got any money.'

"As soon as folks heard he had that sort of a theory about women and money they knowed he was crazy; so they sent down and packed him to the foolish asylum."

"Was there a romance in his life that



J. A. Williams

"GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO CLIMB OUT OF THE ARK, MRS. McFARLAND" drove him to a solitary existence?" asked one of the passengers, a young man who had an Agency.

"No," said Bildad, "not that I ever heard spoke of. Just ordinary trouble. They say he had had unfortunateness in the way of love derangements with a young lady when he was young; before he contracted red bedquilts and had his financial conclusions disqualified. I never heard of no romance."

"Ah!" exclaimed Judge Menefee, impressively; "a case of unrequited affection, no doubt."

"No, sir," returned Bildad, "not at all. She never married him. Marmaduke Mulligan, down at Paradise, seen a man once that come from old Redruth's town. He said Redruth was a fine young man, but when you kicked him on the pocket all you could hear jingle was a cuff-fastener and a bunch of keys. He was engaged to this young lady—Miss Alice—something was her name; I've forgot. This man said she was the kind of a girl you like to have reach across you in a car to pay the fare. Well, there come to the town a young chap all affluent and easy, and fixed up with buggies and mining stock and leisure time. Although she was a staked claim, Miss Alice and the new entry seemed to strike a mutual kind of a clip. They had calls and coincidences of going to the post-office and such things as sometimes make a girl send back the engagement ring and other presents—'a rift within the loot,' the poetry man calls it.

"One day folks seen Redruth and Miss Alice standing talking at the gate. Then he lifts his hat and walks away, and that was the last anybody in that town seen of him, as far as this man knew."

"What about the young lady?" asked the young man who had an Agency.

"Never heard," answered Bildad. "Right there is where my lode of information turns to an old spavined crowbait, and folds its wings, for I've pumped it dry."

"A very sad"—began Judge Menefee, but his remark was curtailed by a higher authority.

"What a charming story!" said the lady passenger, in flute-like tones.

A little silence followed, except for the wind and the crackling of the fire.

The men were seated upon the floor, having slightly mitigated its inhospitable surface with wraps and stray pieces of boards. The man who was placing Little Goliath windmills arose and walked about to ease his cramped muscles.

Suddenly a triumphant shout came from him. He hurried back from a dusky corner of the room, bearing aloft something in his hand. It was an apple—a large, red-mottled, firm pippin, pleasing to behold. In a paper bag on a high shelf in that corner he had found it. It could have been no relic of the love-wrecked Redruth, for its glorious soundness repudiated the theory that it had lain on that musty shelf since August. No doubt some recent bivouackers, lunching in the deserted house, had left it there.

Dunwoody—again his exploits demand for him the honors of nomenclature—flaunted his apple in the faces of his fellow marooners. "See what I found, Mrs. McFarland!" he cried, vaingloriously. He held the apple high up in the light of the fire, where it glowed a still richer red. The lady passenger smiled calmly—always calmly.

"What a charming apple!" she murmured, clearly.

For a brief space Judge Menefee felt crushed, humiliated, relegated. Second place galled him. Why had this blatant, obtrusive, unpolished man of windmills been selected by Fate instead of himself to discover the sensational apple? He could have made of the act a scene, a function, a setting for some impromptu, fanciful discourse or piece of comedy—and have retained the rôle of cynosure. Actually, the lady passenger was regarding this ridiculous Dunboddy or Woodbundy with an admiring smile, as if the fellow had performed a feat! And the windmill man swelled and gyrated like a sample of his own goods, puffed up with the wind that ever blows from chorus land toward the domain of the star.

While the transported Dunwoody, with his Aladdin's apple, was receiving the fickle attentions of all, the resourceful jurist formed a plan to recover his own laurels.

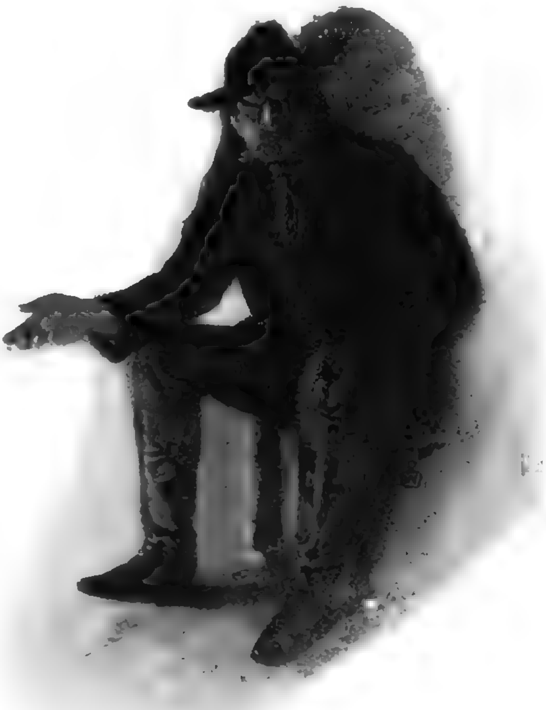
With his courtliest smile upon his heavy but classic features, Judge Menefee advanced, and took the apple, as if to examine it, from the hand of Dunwoody. In his hand it became Exhibit A.

"A fine apple," he said, approvingly. "Really, my dear Mr. Dudwindy, you have eclipsed all of us as a forager. But I have an idea. This apple shall become an emblem, a token, a symbol, a prize bestowed by the mind and heart of beauty upon the most deserving."

The audience, except one, applauded. "Good on the stump, ain't he?" commented the passenger who was nobody in particular to the young man who had an Agency.

The unresponsive one was the windmill man. He saw himself reduced to ranks. Never would the thought have occurred to him to declare his apple an emblem. He had intended, after it had been divided and eaten, to create diversion by sticking the seeds against his forehead and naming them for young ladies of his acquaintance. One he was going to name Mrs. McFarland. The seed that fell off first would be—but 'twas too late now.

"The apple," continued Judge Menefee, charging his jury, "in modern days occupies, though undeservedly, a lowly place in our esteem. Indeed it is so constantly associated with the culinary and the commercial that it is hardly to be classed among the polite fruits. But in ancient times this was not so. Biblical, historical, and mythological lore abounds with evidences that the apple was the aristocrat of fruits. We still say 'the apple of the eye' when we wish to describe something superlatively precious. We find in Proverbs the comparison to 'apples of silver.' No other product of tree or vine has been so utilized in figurative speech. Who has not heard of and longed for the 'apples of the Hesperides'? I need not call your attention to the most tremendous and significant instance of the apple's ancient prestige when its consumption by our first parents occasioned the fall of man from his state of goodness and perfection."



"THE OLD DIDAPPER," BEGAN BILDAD, "INFESTED THIS HERE HOUSE ABOUT TWENTY YEAR"

"Apples like them," said the windmill man, lingering with the objective article, "are worth $3.50 a barrel in the Chicago market."

"Now, what I have to propose," said Judge Menefee, conceding an indulgent smile to his interrupter, "is this: We must remain here, perforce, until morning. We have wood in plenty to keep us warm. Our next need is to entertain ourselves as best we can, in order that the time shall not pass too slowly. I propose that we place this apple in the hands of Miss Garland. It is no longer a fruit, but, as I said, a prize, an award, representing a great human idea. Miss Garland, herself, shall cease to be an individual—but only temporarily, I am happy to add"—(a low bow, full of the old-time grace). "She shall represent her sex; she shall be the embodiment, the epitome of womankind—the heart and brain, I may say, of God's masterpiece of creation. In this guise she shall judge and decide the question which follows.

"But a few minutes ago our friend, Mr. Rose, favored us with an entertaining but fragmentary sketch of the romance in the life of the former possessor of this habitation. The few facts that we have learned seem to me to open up a fascinating field for conjecture, for the study of human hearts, for the exercise of the imagination—in short, for story-telling. Let us make use of the opportunity. Let each one of us relate his own version of the story of Redruth, the hermit, and his lady-love, beginning where Mr. Rose's narrative ends—at the parting of the lovers at the gate. This much should be assumed and conceded—that the young lady was not necessarily to blame for Redruth's becoming a crazed and world-hating hermit. When we have done, Miss Garland shall render the JUDGMENT OF WOMAN. As the Spirit of her Sex she shall decide which version of the story best and most truly depicts human and love interest, and most faithfully estimates the character and acts of Redruth's betrothed according to the feminine view. The apple shall be bestowed upon him who is awarded the decision. If you are all agreed, we shall be pleased to hear the first story from Mr. Dinwiddie."

The last sentence captured the windmill man. He was not one to linger in the dumps.

"That's a first-rate scheme, Judge," he said, heartily. "Be a regular short-story vaudeville, won't it? I used to be correspondent for a paper in Springfield, and when there wasn't any news I faked it. Guess I can do my turn all right."

"I think the idea is charming," said the lady passenger, brightly. "It will be almost like a game."

Judge Menefee stepped forward, and placed the apple in her hand impressively.

"In olden days," he said, orotundly, "Paris awarded the golden apple to the most beautiful."

"I was at the Exposition," remarked the windmill man, now cheerful again, "but I never heard of it. And I was on the Midway, too, all the time I wasn't at the machinery exhibit."

"But now," continued the Judge, "the fruit shall translate to us the mystery and the wisdom of the feminine heart. Take the apple, Miss Garland. Hear our modest tales of romance, and then award the prize as you may deem it just."

The lady passenger smiled sweetly. The apple lay in her lap beneath her robes and wraps. She reclined against her protecting bulwark, brightly and cosily at ease. But for the voices and the wind one might have listened hopefully to hear her purr. Someone cast fresh logs upon the fire. Judge Menefee nodded suavely. "Will you oblige us with the initial story?" he asked.

The windmill man sat as sits a Turk, with his hat well back on his head on account of the draughts.

"Well," he began, without any embarrassment, "this is about the way I size up the difficulty: Of course Redruth was jostled a good deal by this duck who had money to play ball with who tried to cut him out of his girl. So he goes around, naturally, and asks her if the game is still square. Well, nobody wants a guy cutting in with buggies and gold bonds when he's got an option on a girl. Well, he goes around to see her. Well, maybe he's hot, and talks like the proprietor, and forgets that an engagement ain't always a lead-pipe cinch. Well, I guess that makes Alice warm under the lace yoke. Well, she answers back sharp. Well, he——"

"Say!" interrupted the passenger who was nobody in particular, "if you could put up a windmill on every one of them 'wells' you're using, you'd be able to retire from business, wouldn't you?"

The windmill man grinned good-naturedly.

"Oh, I ain't no *Guy de Mopassong*," he said, cheerfully. "I'm giving it to you in straight American. Well, she says something like this: 'Mr. Gold Bonds is only a friend,' says she; 'but he takes me riding and buys me theatre tickets, and that's what you never do. Ain't I to never have any pleasure in life while I can?' 'Pass this chatfield-chatfield thing along,' says Redruth;—'hand out the mitt to the Willie with creases in it or you don't put your slippers under my wardrobe.'

"Now that kind of train orders don't go with a girl that's got any spirit. I bet that girl loved her honey all the time. Maybe she only wanted, as girls do, to work the good thing for a little fun and caramels before she settled down to patch George's other pair, and be a good wife. But he is glued to the high horse, and won't come down. Well, she hands him back the ring, proper enough; and George goes away and hits the booze. Yep. That's what done it. I bet that girl fired the cornucopia with the fancy vest two days after her steady left. George boards a freight and checks his bag of crackers for parts unknown. He sticks to Old Booze for a number of years; and then the aniline and aquafortis gets the decision. 'Me for the hermit's hut,' says George, 'and the long whiskers, and the buried can of money that isn't there.'

"But that Alice, in my mind, was on the level. She never married, but took up typewriting as soon as the wrinkles began to show, and kept a cat that came when you said 'weeny—weeny—weeny!' I got too much faith in good women to believe they throw down the fellow they're stuck on every time for the dough."

The windmill man ceased.

"I think," said the lady passenger, slightly moving upon her lowly throne, "that that is a char——"

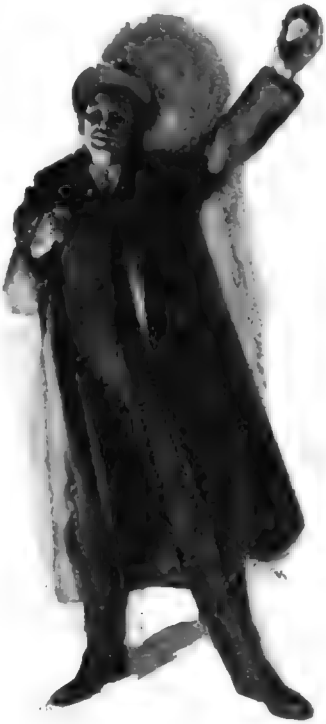
"Oh, Miss Garland!" interposed Judge Menefee, with uplifted hand, "I beg of you—no comments! It would not be fair to the other contestants. Mr. —er—will you take the next turn?" The Judge addressed the young man who had an Agency.

"My version of the romance," began the young man, diffidently clasping his hands, "would be this: They did not quarrel when they parted. Mr. Redruth bade her good-by and went out into the world to seek his fortune. He knew his love would remain true to him. He scorned the thought that his rival could make an impression upon a heart so fond and faithful. I would say that Mr. Redruth went out to the Rocky Mountains in Wyoming to seek for gold. One day a crew of pirates landed and captured him while at work, and——"

"Hey! what's that?" sharply called the passenger who was nobody in particular—"a crew of pirates landed in the Rocky Mountains! Will you tell us how they sailed——"

"Landed from a train," said the narrator, quietly and not without some readiness. "They kept him prisoner in a cave for months, and then they took him hundreds of miles away to the forests of Alaska. There a beautiful Indian girl fell in love with him, but he remained true to Alice. After another year of wandering in the woods, he set out with the diamonds——"

"What diamonds?" asked the unimportant passenger, almost with acerbity.



"SEE WHAT I FOUND!" HE CRIED, VAINGLORIOUSLY.

"The ones the saddlemaker showed him in the Peruvian temple," said the other, somewhat obscurely. "When he reached home, Alice's mother led him, weeping, to a green mound under a willow tree. 'Her heart was broken when you left,' said her mother. 'And what of my rival—of Chester McIntosh?' asked Mr. Redruth, as he knelt sadly by Alice's grave. 'When he found out,' she answered, 'that her heart was yours, he pined away day by day until, at length, he started a furniture store in Grand Rapids. We heard lately that he was bitten to death by an infuriated moose near South Bend, Ind., where he had gone to try to forget scenes of civilization.' With which, Mr. Redruth forsook the face of mankind and became a hermit, as we have seen.

"My story," concluded the young man with an Agency, "may lack the literary quality; but what I want it to show is that the young lady remained true. She cared nothing for wealth in comparison with true affection. I admire and believe in the fair sex too much to think otherwise."

The narrator ceased, with a sidelong glance at the corner where reclined the lady passenger.

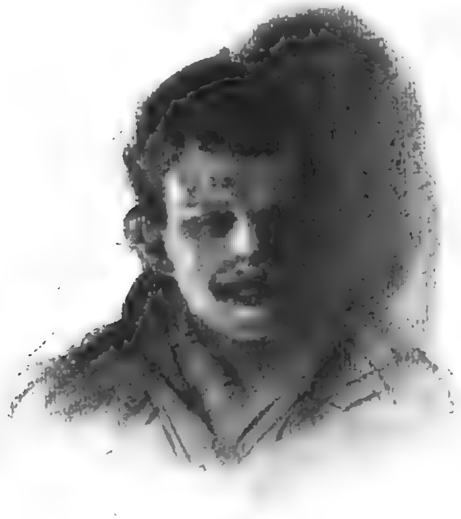
Bildad Rose was next invited by Judge Menefee to contribute his story in the contest for the apple of judgment. The stage-driver's essay was brief.

"I'm not one of them lobo wolves," he said, "who are always blaming on women the calamities of life. My testimony in regards to the fiction story you ask for, Judge, will be about as follows: What ailed Redruth was pure laziness. If he had up and slugged this Percival De Lacey that tried to give him the outside of the road, and had kept Alice in the grapevine swing with the blind-bridle on, all would have been well. The woman you want is sure worth taking pains for.

"'Send for me if you want me again,' says Redruth, and hoists his Stetson, and walks off. He'd have called it pride, but the nixycomlogical name for it is laziness. No woman don't like to run after a man. 'Let him come back, hisself,' says the girl; and I'll be bound she tells the boy with the pay ore to trot; and then spends her time watching out the window for the man with the empty pocket-book and the tickly mustache.

"I reckon Redruth waits about nine year expecting her to send him a note by a nigger asking him to forgive her. But she don't. 'This game won't work,' says Redruth; 'then, so won't I.' And he goes in the hermit business and raises whiskers. Yes; laziness and whiskers was what done the trick. They travel together. You ever hear of a man with long whiskers and hair striking a bonanza? No. Look at the Duke of Marlborough and this Standard Oil snoozer. Have they got 'em?

"Now this Alice didn't never marry, I'll bet a hoss. If Redruth had married somebody else she might have done so too. But he never turns up. She has these here things they call fond memories, and maybe a lock of hair and a corset steel that he broke, treasured up. Them sort of articles is as good as a husband to some women. I'd say she played out a lone hand. I don't blame no woman for old man Redruth's abandonment of barber shops and clean shirts."



"A BEAUTIFUL INDIAN GIRL FELL IN LOVE WITH HIM," SAID THE YOUNG MAN WHO HAD AN AGENCY.

Next in order came the passenger who was nobody in particular. Nameless to us, he travels the road from Paradise to Sunrise City.

But him you shall see, if the firelight be not too dim, as he responds to the Judge's call.

A lean form, in rusty-brown clothing, sitting like a frog, his arms wrapped about his legs, his chin resting upon his knees. Smooth, oakum-colored hair; long nose; mouth like a satyr's, with upturned, tobacco-stained corners. An eye like a fish's; a red necktie with a horseshoe pin. He began with a rasping chuckle that gradually formed itself into words.

"Everybody wrong so far. What! a romance without any orange blossoms! Ho, ho! My money on the lad with the butterfly tie and the certified checks in his trouserings.

"Take 'em as they parted at the gate? All right. 'You never loved me,' says Redruth, wildly, 'or you wouldn't speak to a man who can buy you the ice-cream.' 'I hate him,' says she. 'I loathe his side-bar buggy; I despise the elegant cream bonbons he sends me in gilt boxes covered with real lace; I feel that I could stab him to the heart when he presents me with a solid medallion locket with turquoises and pearls running in a vine around the border. Away with him! 'Tis only you I love.' 'Back to the cosey corner!' says Redruth. 'Was I bound and lettered in East Aurora? Get platonic, if you please. No jack-pots for mine. Go and hate your friend some more. For me the Nickerson girl on Avenue B, and gum, and a trolley ride.

"Around that night comes John W. Crœsus. 'What! tears?' says he, arranging his pearl pin. 'You have driven my lover away,' says little Alice, sobbing; 'I hate the sight of you.' 'Marry me, then,' says John W., lighting a Henry Clay. 'What!' she cries, indignantly, 'marry you! Never,' she says, 'until this blows over, and I can do some shopping, and you see about the license. There's a telephone next door if you want to call up the county clerk.'"

The narrator paused to give vent to his cynical chuckle.

"Did they marry?" he continued. "Did the duck swallow the June-bug? And then I take up the case of Old Boy Redruth. There's where you are all wrong again, according to my theory. What turned him into a hermit? One says laziness; one says remorse; one says booze. I say women did it. How old is the old man now?" asked the speaker, turning to Bildad Rose.

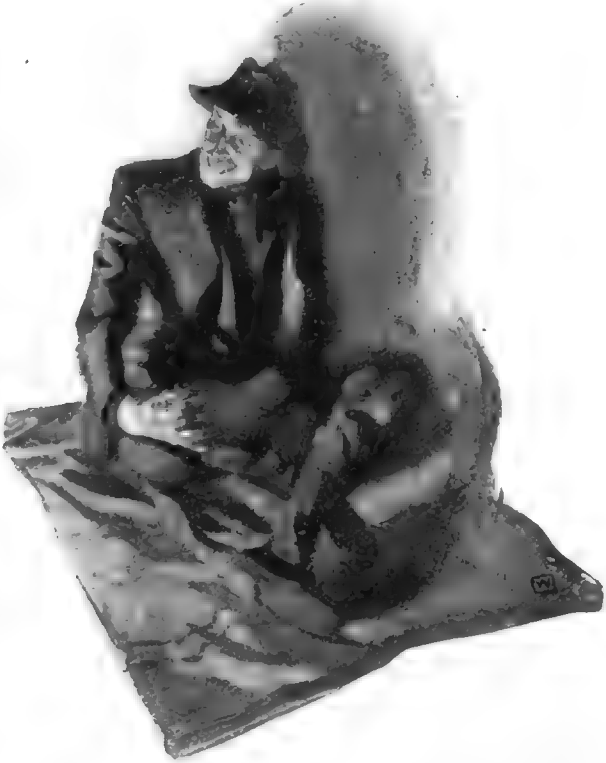
"I should say about sixty-five."

"All right. He conducted his hermit shop here for twenty years. Say he was twenty-five when he took off his hat at the gate. That leaves twenty years for him to account for, or else be docked. Where did he spend that ten and two fives? I'll give you my idea. Up for bigamy. Say there was the fat blonde in Saint Jo, and the panatela brunette at Skillet Ridge, and the gold tooth down in the Kaw valley. Redruth gets his cases mixed, and they send him up the road. He gets out after they are through with him, and says: 'Any line for me except the crinoline. The hermit trade is not overdone, and the stenographers never apply to 'em for work. The jolly hermit's life for me. No more long hairs in the comb or dill pickles lying around in the cigar tray.' You tell me they pinched old Redruth for the noodle villa just because he said he was King Solomon? Figs! He *was* Solomon. That's all of mine. I guess it don't call for any apples. Enclosed find stamps. It don't sound much like a prize winner."

Respecting the stricture laid by Judge Menefee against comments upon the stories, all were silent when the passenger who was nobody in particular had concluded. And then the ingenious originator of the contest cleared his throat to begin the ultimate entry for the prize. Though seated with small comfort upon the floor, you might search in vain for any abatement of dignity in Judge Menefee. The now diminishing firelight played softly upon his face, as clearly chiselled as a Roman emperor's on some old coin, and upon the thick waves of his honorable gray hair.

"A woman's heart!" he began, in even, but thrilling tones—"who can hope to fathom it? The ways and desires of men are various; I think that the hearts of all women beat with the same rhythm, and to the same old tune of love. Love, to a woman, means sacrifice. If she be worthy of the name, no gold or rank will outweigh with her a genuine devotion.

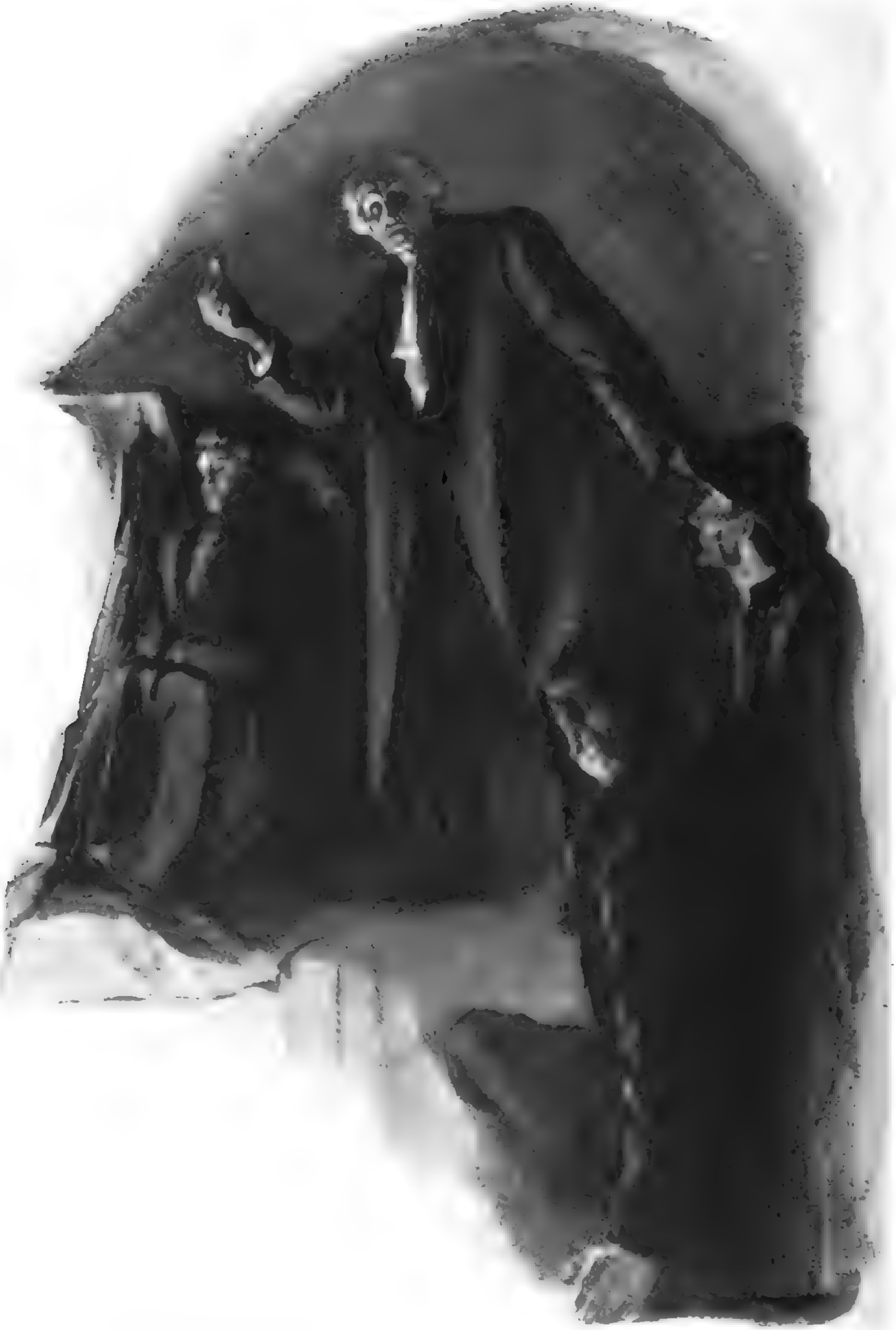
"Gentlemen of the—er—I should say, my friends, the case of Redruth *versus* love and affection has been called. Yet, who is on trial? Not Redruth, for he has been punished. Not those immortal passions that clothe our lives with the joy of the angels. Then who? Each man of us here to-night stands at the bar to answer if chivalry or darkness inhabits his bosom. To judge us sits womankind in the form of one of its fairest flowers. In her hand she holds the prize, intrinsically insignificant, but worthy of our noblest efforts to win as a guerdon of approval from so worthy a representative of feminine judgment and taste.



"HEY! WHAT'S THAT?" SHARPLY CALLED THE PASSENGER WHO WAS NOBODY IN PARTICULAR.

"In taking up the imaginary history of Redruth and the fair being to whom he gave his heart, I must, in the beginning, raise my voice against the unworthy insinuation that the selfishness or perfidy or love of luxury of any woman drove him to renounce the world. I have not found woman to be so unspiritual or venal. We must seek elsewhere, among man's baser nature and lower motives for the cause.

"There was, in all probability, a lovers'



"SHE HAS EATEN THE APPLE," ANNOUNCED JUDGE MENEFEE IN AWED TONES.

quarrel as they stood at the gate on that memorable day. Tormented by jealousy, young Redruth vanished from his native haunts. But had he just cause to do so? There is no evidence for or against. But there is something higher than evidence; there is the grand, eternal belief in woman's goodness, in her steadfastness against temptation, in her loyalty even in the face of proffered riches.

"I picture to myself the rash lover wandering, self-tortured, about the world. I picture his gradual descent, and, finally, his complete despair when he realizes that he has lost the most precious gift life had to offer him. Then his withdrawal from the world of sorrow and the subsequent derangement of his faculties becomes intelligible.

"But what do I see on the other hand? A lonely woman fading away as the years roll by; still faithful, still waiting, still watching for a form and listening for a step that will come no more. She is old now. Her hair is white and smoothly banded. Each day she sits at the door and gazes longingly down the dusty road. In spirit she is waiting there at the gate, just as he left her—his forever, but not here below. Yes; my belief in woman paints that picture in my mind. Parted forever on earth, but waiting! She in anticipation of a meeting in Elysium; he in the Slough of Despond."

"I thought he was in the bughouse," said the passenger who was nobody in particular.

Judge Menefee stirred, a little impatiently. The men sat, drooping, in grotesque attitudes. The wind had abated its violence; coming now in fitful, virulent puffs. The fire had burned to a mass of red coals which shed but a dim light within the room. The lady passenger in her cosey nook looked to be but a formless dark bulk, crowned by a mass of coiled, sleek hair and showing but a small space of snowy forehead above her clinging boa.

Judge Menefee got stiffly to his feet.

"And now, Miss Garland," he announced, "we have concluded. It is for you to award the prize to the one of us whose argument—especially, I may say, in regard to his estimate of true womanhood—approaches nearest to your own conception."

No answer came from the lady passenger. Judge Menefee bent over solicitously. The passenger who was nobody in particular laughed low and harshly. The lady was sleeping sweetly. The Judge essayed to take her hand to awaken her. In doing so he touched a small, cold, round, irregular something in her lap.

"She has eaten the apple," announced Judge Menefee, in awed tones, as he held up the core for them to see.

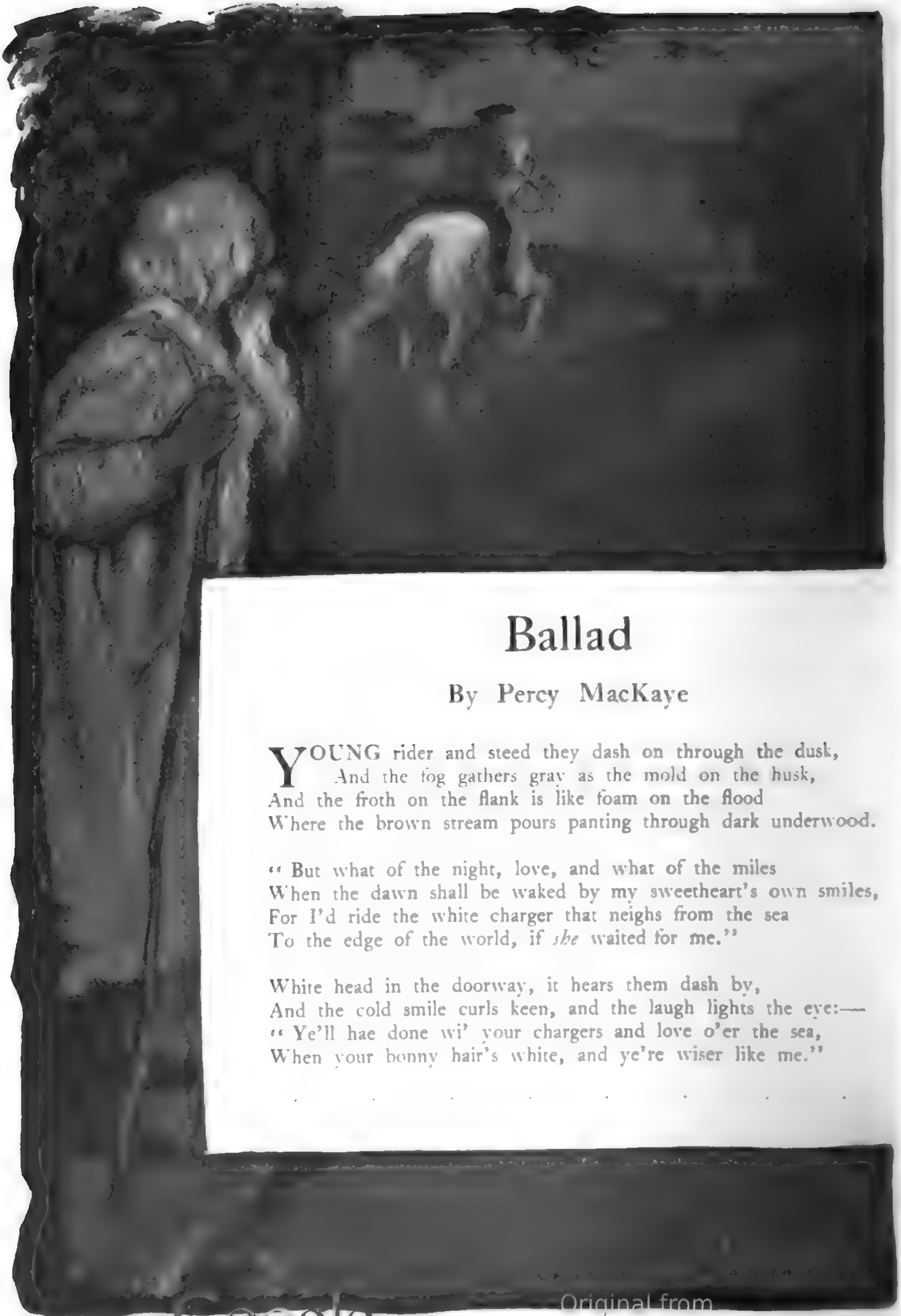
The Star Alpha Centauri

By LLOYD MIFFLIN

O FAIRER than bands of Orion,
  Than Vega, and Vesper the sweet,
Than brilliants that live in the Lion,
  Or glow at Andromeda's feet!

More sought than Aldebaran, beaming;
  Better loved than Polaris, or Mars,
Or Capella the yellow, gold-gleaming,
  Or Mira—coquette of the stars!

And why do I place none above her
  In all the blue heavens unfurled?
Oh, this is the reason I love her—
  Because she is nearest the World!



Ballad

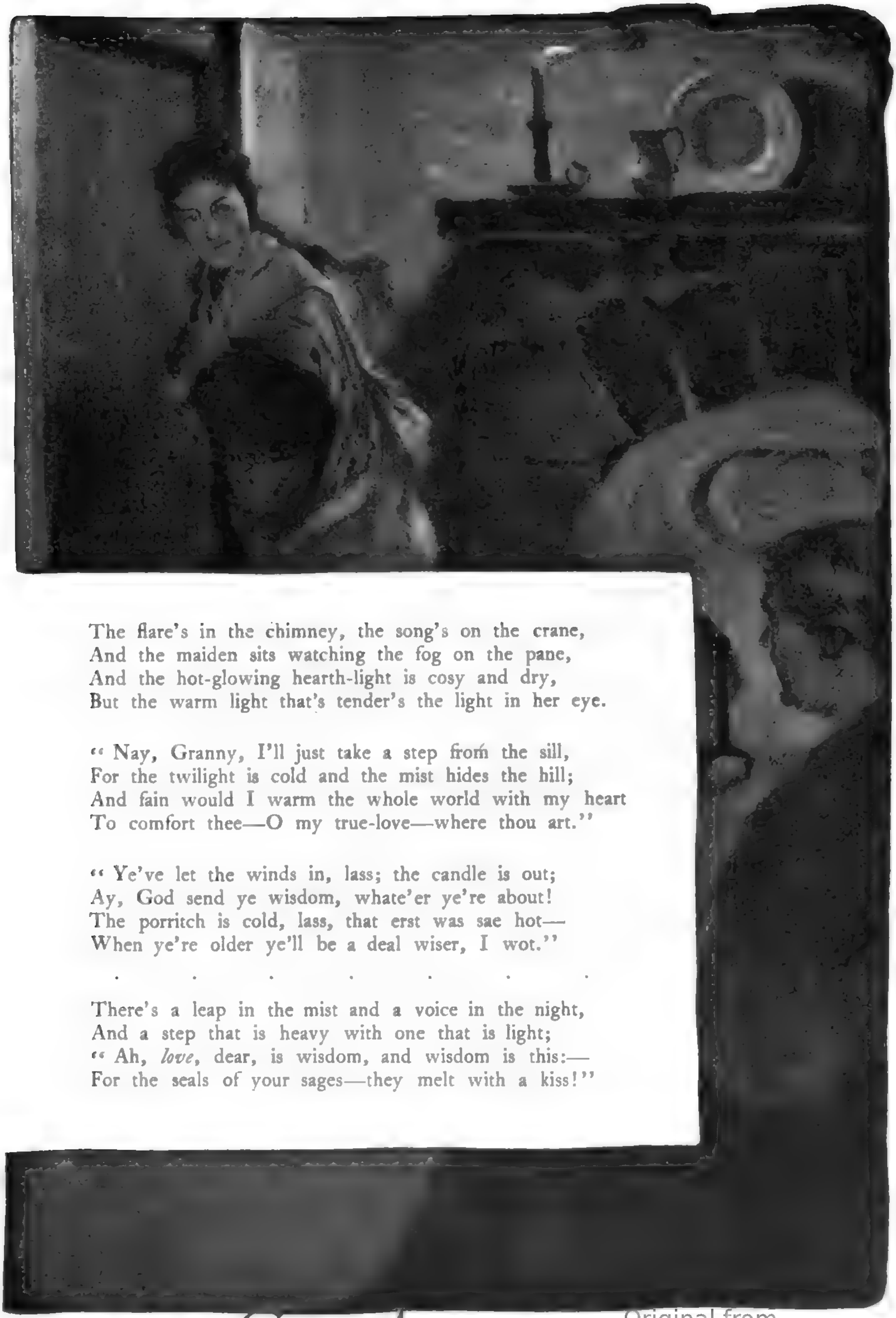
By Percy MacKaye

YOUNG rider and steed they dash on through the dusk,
And the fog gathers gray as the mold on the husk,
And the froth on the flank is like foam on the flood
Where the brown stream pours panting through dark underwood.

"But what of the night, love, and what of the miles
When the dawn shall be waked by my sweetheart's own smiles,
For I'd ride the white charger that neighs from the sea
To the edge of the world, if *she* waited for me."

White head in the doorway, it hears them dash by,
And the cold smile curls keen, and the laugh lights the eye:—
"Ye'll hae done wi' your chargers and love o'er the sea,
When your bonny hair's white, and ye're wiser like me."

. . . .



The flare's in the chimney, the song's on the crane,
And the maiden sits watching the fog on the pane,
And the hot-glowing hearth-light is cosy and dry,
But the warm light that's tender's the light in her eye.

" Nay, Granny, I'll just take a step from the sill,
For the twilight is cold and the mist hides the hill;
And fain would I warm the whole world with my heart
To comfort thee—O my true-love—where thou art."

" Ye've let the winds in, lass; the candle is out;
Ay, God send ye wisdom, whate'er ye're about!
The porritch is cold, lass, that erst was sae hot—
When ye're older ye'll be a deal wiser, I wot."

. . . .

There's a leap in the mist and a voice in the night,
And a step that is heavy with one that is light;
" Ah, *love*, dear, is wisdom, and wisdom is this:—
For the seals of your sages—they melt with a kiss!"

A Hero of the Lakes

By THEODORE WATERS

THE wind was blowing a hurricane, and along the beach Lake Erie was churning up great waves that rivalled the mighty rollers of the Atlantic. Below the harbor of Buffalo, far out in the mist, two scows were tossing about threatening to demolish each other as the waves drove them together. On one of these, dimly outlined, the figure of a man suddenly appeared to the stragglers along the beach: he poised there a second, then plunged forward into the boiling sea.

CAPTAIN GRIESSER

The plucky Lake Erie life-saver who made a thrilling rescue by swimming with a line through waves that had swamped his life-boat.

The knot of watchers grew to an excited crowd as the man struggled helplessly with the great combers that tossed him about like a chip. They could see him only when he rose upon their crests, bravely striving against the currents, but it soon became evident that the terrible fight was rapidly exhausting him. Presently he stopped struggling altogether, and the crowd waited to see him sink; but he reappeared again and again, floating as best he could amid such a sea. There were some moments of terrible suspense; then a mounting crest hurled the unfortunate headlong toward the remains of an old pier that thrust its battered stumps above the surges. Then the wave receded, and the man, instead of sinking with it, was seen clinging desperately to one of the slippery posts. Another wave lifted him still higher, and before it could drag him down again he had scrambled up out of its grasp. A cry of jubilation arose from the spectators, but it was evident the exhausted swimmer could cling there but for a brief space. It was a respite, however. The next moment help came.

Farther down the beach Captain Griesser and his crew of life-savers had seen the struggling scows and had launched the life-boat in a vain attempt to rescue them. The mountainous surges overcame them, the life-boat was swamped in a few seconds and the crew had to swim to shore. They had emerged, dripping, nearly half a mile from the disaster. A locomotive stood on the track near at hand; its engineer volunteered its services, and a moment or two later was whistling encouragement to the man clinging like a bit of wreckage to the pile, while the life-savers dropped down from the cab and made for the beach.

Captain Griesser took in the situation at a glance. He motioned the ablest of his men, Surfman Greenland. Ropes were pro-cured and a line was tied to the wrist of each, and after waiting until the retreat of a huge wave had swept the beach far out, the intrepid Captain and his follower ran down and plunged into the surf. They had passed the first line of breakers when a huge comber picked them up and flung them almost to the feet of the crowd. Greenland was disabled, but the Captain raced in again after the very wave that had thrown them back.

It was a terrible fight. The plucky swimmer met a great billow face to face and just as it was about to break upon him, dived beneath it and came up beyond. The men on shore paid out the line or hauled in the slack as Griesser made way or was forced back. When about sixty yards from shore he caught hold of a piece of piling and stopped to rest. The crowd waited impatiently. The scowman, farther out, waved a hand despairingly toward his rescuer. It was to signal that he must soon let go his hold. Griesser dived from the pile and when he came up he had made a dozen yards. But the next comber lifted him on its crest like a feather, and those on shore saw him roll over and over before he got sufficient grip upon the water to check his rush shoreward. Fifty feet had been wasted.

But not for one instant did he cease battling. When the next big comber bore down upon him Griesser dived under it and gained half of what he had lost. In that way he took advantage of the undertow to carry him out. But the slowness of his progress was disheartening. Again and again was he thrown back, sometimes fifty, sometimes a hundred feet or more, until at times he seemed to make no headway at all; and there was yet 500 feet to go. Once, when he had disappeared under a big comber, he did not come up for a long time and the line slackened perceptibly.

It was an anxious moment.

Suddenly those on shore saw the cause, with a sharp breath of fright for what might have happened. Floating in the water, on the very spot where Griesser was last seen, was a telegraph pole. The waves were flirting it forward and backward with vicious thrusts and a pause between that made it the very symbol of annihilation. If the brave rescuer had met it, then there was nothing left to do but to haul in the line, for with the power of the sea behind it, not even the armored side of a cruiser might withstand such a battering-ram. But just as the men on the beach were about to pull, the line tightened and the head and shoulders of the swimmer appeared, yards beyond the pole. He had indeed been grazed, as the pole swished over him and injured severely, but he had slipped away before it could get him at greater disadvantage, and his long immersion was merely the means he took to evade it. A roar of admiration went up as he dived under the next comber and rose to the surface opposite the man on the piling.

Approaching as near the piles as he dared, Griesser, who had taken the rope from his wrist, threw it to the man. The latter, trembling in every limb, slowly tied it to his wrist. Having accomplished his task, Griesser relaxed his efforts. At that moment a big roller carried him 100 feet away. When he came up again the man was pointing to the line and the piles in despair. Griesser understood, and for the first time, as he afterwards explained, the thought entered his heart that after all he might fail. The wave which had carried him off had fouled the rope among the piles.

What should he do? He had succeeded at the cost of the greatest possible effort. To have to do it all over again was heart-rending. Divining his hesitancy the unfortunate man began to beg piteously not to be left to perish. Griesser started forward once more. On shore the waiting crowd, ignorant of what had happened, saw the gallant rescuer clinging to a pole now visible, now submerged. They lived an age in the space of minutes. He struggled on to the piles. Another moment, and then came the glad cry:

"Pull! Pull!"

Griesser was away from the piles and the man had dropped into the water. There was not an available inch of rope that did not feel the heft of strong arms as the burden came shoreward with a rush, landing unconscious, but alive. Captain Griesser, his work done, swam ashore unaided, reaching the beach so exhausted that he could not stand, while his men rushed to meet him, cheering long and lustily for their captain.

Out of this day's work came a gold medal from the Secretary of the Treasury, Lyman J. Gage, and also an official letter of commendation, containing a detailed account of as brave a rescue as the annals can show.

Personally Captain Griesser is a big, broad-shouldered, unassuming man, who cannot be persuaded to talk of his deeds.

The World's Babies

By MARIAN WEST

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THE babies sat in solemn conclave on the floor of heaven. Without the gate the stork waited patiently, dozing on one leg. The scroll he had brought was being untied by an important-looking infant with a bumpy forehead, who spread it on the floor in front of him.

"Seventeen applications," he announced, and a little shiver of excitement went through the assembly: there were just seventeen babies ready. Wriggle sat absolutely still for the moment, and even Pudding took her toe out of her mouth. "First case," went on Bumps: "'Young couple, ages twenty-eight and twenty-five, living in a well-kept and sanitary apartment. Income fifty dollars weekly; layette plain but serviceable. No nurse. Preferred, a girl-baby of a reasonable disposition. Methods of care and training entirely modern; baby will not be held unnecessarily, will be expected to eat and sleep at regular hours. No night-walking, no baby-talk; the titles Father and Mother will be used. From earliest infancy the child will be taught to depend on itself for amusement; later, plays, stimulating or instructive, will be encouraged, stories from history and mythology will be told in place of the usual misleading and time-wasting nursery tales. Punishment will never be arbitrary, but always the logical outcome of the offence. Perfect and instant obedience will be taught, by means of kindness and firmness. We are determined that our child shall not be spoilt, like most of the children we know. We cannot put up with anything but a quiet and orderly household, and shall expect the child to comform to our ways. We are prepared to give it great affection and all the advantages in our power.'"

Bumps laid down the parchment, and a little sigh ran round the assembly. All the girl-babies eyed one another uneasily, except Pudding, who had gone to sleep.

"It doesn't sound exactly — hilarious," murmured Curly, the prettiest one there.

"Oh, it's just theory," said Bumps, consolingly. "They will get over it, after the first. People never send up that way twice, I'll bet."

"But it's pretty hard on the first one," said Curly, kicking impatiently at the parchment. "There is enough that first year—teeth and language and all that—without having to reform your parents, too. Let Pudding go—nothing would bother her."

The eyes of all turned to the unconscious Pudding, who lay curled up like a pink kitten, breathing repose. Bumps shook his head.

"Pudding wouldn't teach them enough; there would be too much work left for the next," he objected. Then his gaze met the little twinkling brown eyes of Wriggle. He smiled suddenly. "Say, Wriggs, I think you would fit in rather well here—better than any girl," he suggested. Wriggle looked surprised, then interested. "I am sure you would prove—a liberal education," Bumps added, significantly.

A gleam of dawning mischief spread over Wriggle's impish little brown face. He leaned down on the parchment, the girls watching him eagerly, and presently he began to chuckle as his finger followed the various items.

"'To conform to our ways'—oh, my!" he murmured. Everybody laughed, and Wriggle sprang up with a gleeful whoop. "Oh, won't I show them!" he said. A moment later he was swinging in a cloak from the stork's beak and the wings were spread. All the way down he giggled softly to himself.

Bumps recovered his gravity first and pounded for order till the laughing, rolling babies sat up again and pulled their faces straight.

"Second application," read Bumps; "from a young woman of twenty-one, husband thirty-seven. "'I want a dear little cuddly baby that likes to be petted and to be dressed up in lovely clothes, and it *must* have blue eyes. If it isn't pretty I shall die. There is the sweetest hand-made layette ready, and a pink bassinet. I shall have a nurse in a cap with broad white strings. I should like a boy, because it would be such fun when he goes to college and brings home fellows in the vacations, but a girl could wear such dear clothes, and have curls, and I could give her a coming-out party—I think it had better be a girl. Don't forget the blue eyes.'"

"Yes, I think it had better be a girl," said Golucky, in a tone of disgust. Bumps nudged him sharply.

"That ought to be a very pleasant home for the right person," he said. "Ducky, you are affectionate and all that—how would you like it?" Ducky, a rose-and-white darling, with a mouth that curled into little smiles at the corners, looked uneasy.

"But my eyes are brown," she said, hastily.

"Pudding's are blue," said Golucky. Pudding opened them, smiled, and fell to clutching at a butterfly.

THE SPANISH FISHERMAN'S BABY.

"So are mine," put in Curly, with some sharpness.

"That's so," exclaimed Bumps, in a relieved tone. "And it is evidently a very handsome house, Curly; you will have the best of everything."

"Then why don't the others want it?" Curly demanded, suspiciously.

"But she asks for such a very pretty one,"

IN THE HEART OF MEXICO

suggested Ducky. "It would be too bad to disappoint her."

"That is true," Curly assented, getting hesitatingly to her plump feet. "I don't know, though. I might do much better if I——"

"Perhaps Ducky would be pretty enough!" said Bumps, thoughtfully.

"Oh, I'll go," said Curly, and a moment later the gate had clanged behind her. Bumps and Ducky exchanged glances, and he hastily went on with the reading.

"The next is a woman thirty-two, husband thirty-five; not well off," he announced. "'I have five children already, and I don't know just how I am going to take care of another; but I will do the best I can. I don't care what it is so long as it is healthy—and oh, don't let it be a nervous, fractious baby. I am so tired. I shall love it dearly when I have it, I know, and not mind the work. If I could just have a little help, and once get really rested. I will do my very best, but oh, kind Heaven, let it be a comfortable baby!"

The little faces were very grave, and Ducky's eyes were full of tears.

"Shall I go, Bumps?" she whispered. He hesitated and glanced toward Pudding, who lay on her back sucking her thumb and kicking contentedly.

"It is her chance," he said, and all the others nodded approval, and led Pudding to the gate, kissing her for good luck. She went off smiling, and before the stork had fairly started was sound asleep.

"The next is from an artist's studio," Bumps went on. "The woman writes, 'I want a baby that won't interfere with my career.'" There was a sudden giggle, quickly suppressed under Bumps's frown. "'It must be a picturesque, well-formed one that my husband and I can use as a model; boy preferred. Our studio is on the fifth floor—no elevator, but there is a pleasant, sunny fire-escape where a child can get plenty of fresh air. I want

THE SMALL TAGALOG CITIZEN.

IN THE STREETS OF JERICHO.

THE NORTH CAROLINA SAND-BELT BABY.

one with temperament and imagination, sensitive to every form of beauty. I have taken great pains to collect cast sand pictures that will develop this in him from his earliest days—even his toys are to have good lines and pure color. I have also a few of his clothes ready, and will get more as soon as I have time. I expect to be passionately fond of him.'"

Most of the babies were round-eyed as Bumps paused, but there was an amused pucker on Golucky's face.

"That wouldn't be so bad," he said. "Don't you see, one would be in the thick of everything—not everlastingly shut off in a tame room where nothing happens."

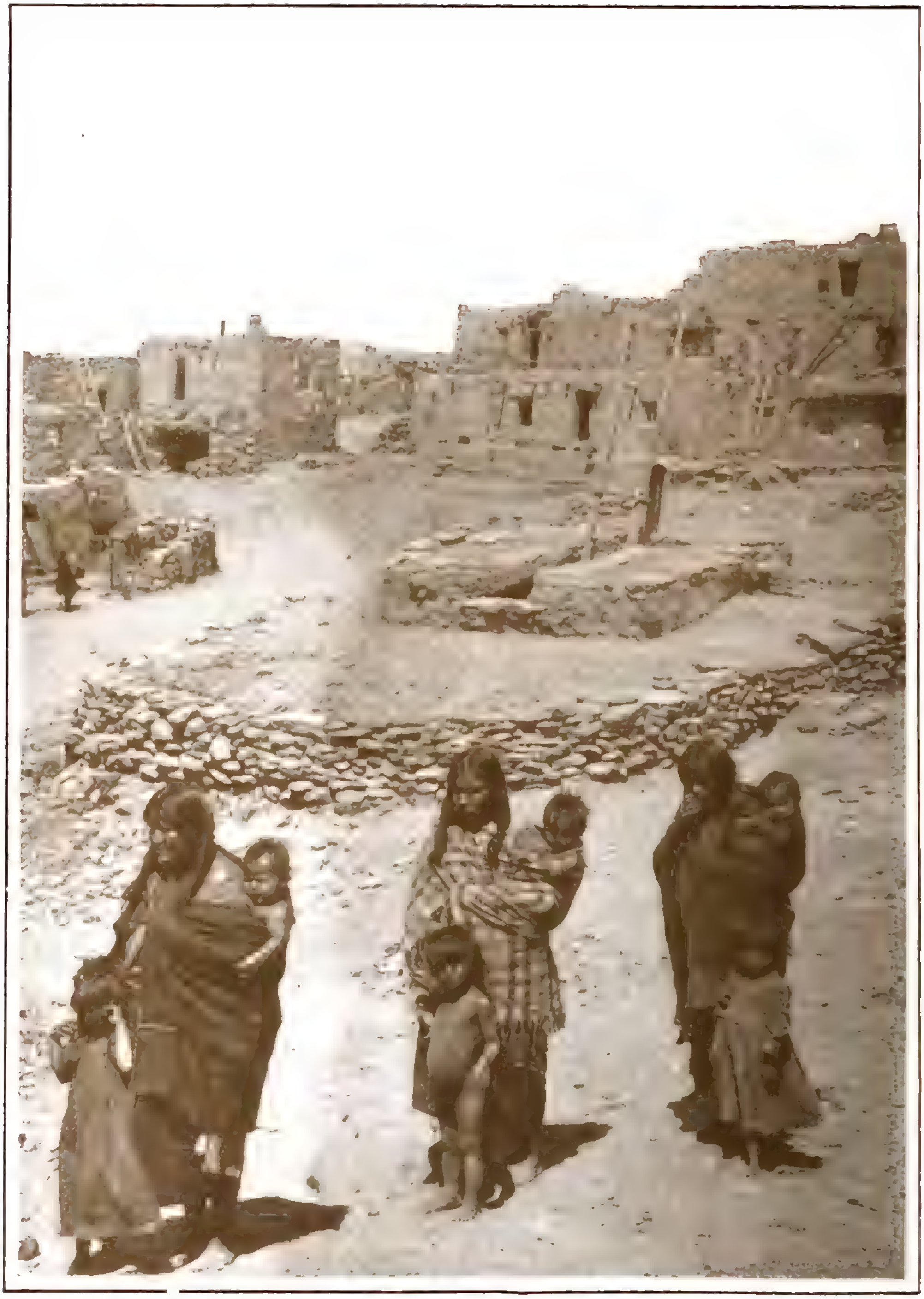
"The meals might be rather irregular," suggested Podgy, pensively.

"Oh, who cares! There would be plenty of people about all the time; and one could put up with the high-art rattles and Botticelli Bo-Peeps." And Golucky scrambled to his feet. "Me for Bohemia," he announced, gayly, and skipped off to the gate. Bumps, who had been studying the scroll, looked up with a rather scared expression when he had gone.

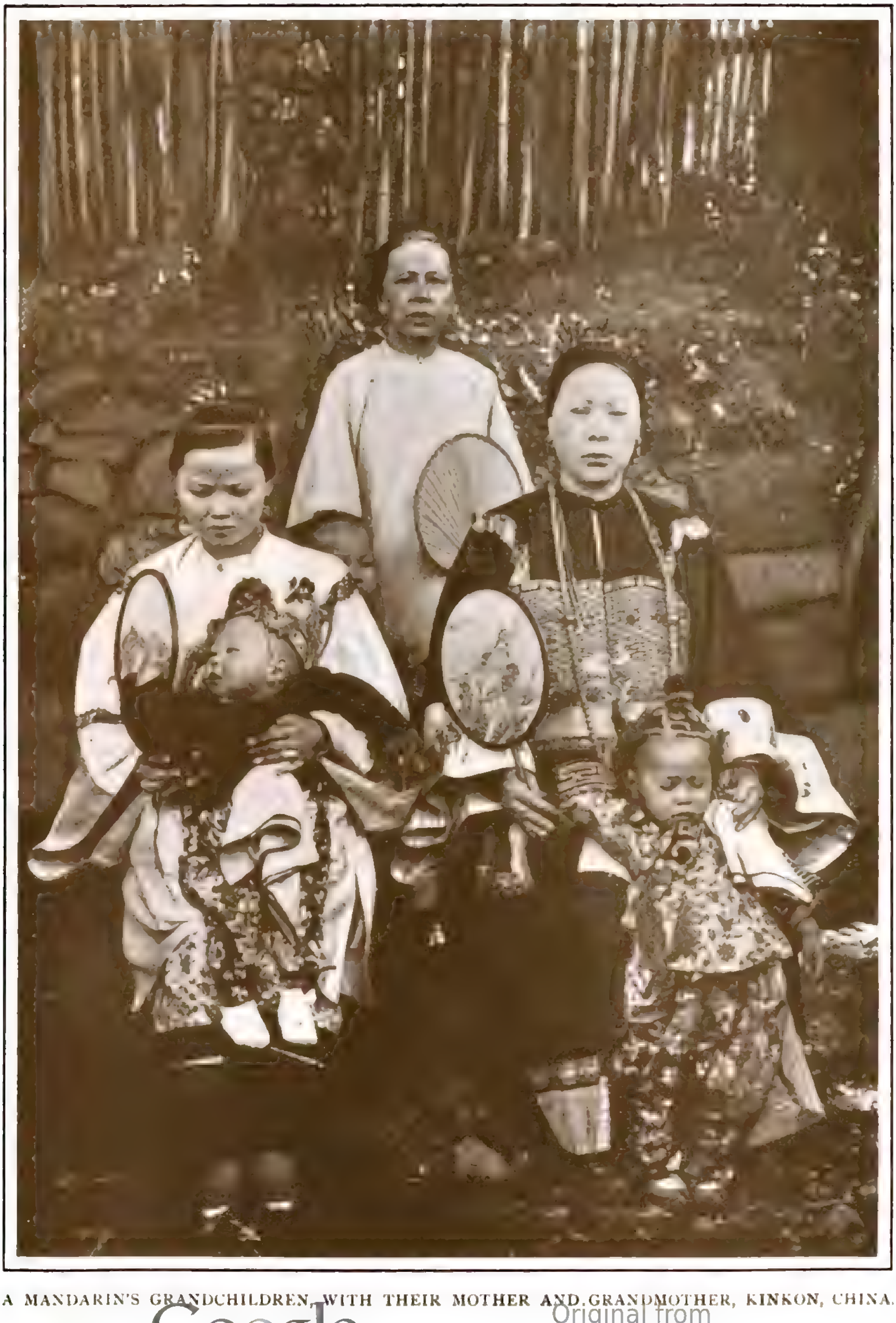
"Where do you think the next application is from?" he demanded.

"A candy store?" suggested Podgy, hopefully.

"Listen!" Bumps held



INDIAN BABIES OF THE ORAIBI HOPI RESERVATION.



A MANDARIN'S GRANDCHILDREN, WITH THEIR MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER, KINKON, CHINA.

OKE-MA-QUAH—A GENUINE AMERICAN BABY.

up an impressive hand. "'Wanted, an heir to a great throne!'" A soft "Oh!" went round the circle, and the babies drew closer. "'A male child, sound physically and, if possible, mentally; discreet, amenable to influence, not given to original thought or discontent with existing conditions. The royal nursery is equipped with every appliance for his welfare, and every advantage suited to his position will be his.'" Bumps laid down the paper, and they eyed one another dubiously. Ducky finally put their thought into words:

"He'd be a king, but he wouldn't be anyone's baby!"

"It sounds like—a collar and chain," added Runaway, with a shudder. "Let's send a girl, Bumps: it would serve them right."

"I'll go," said five little girls, at once.

"No; if it isn't a boy, they will have to send up all over again," Bumps protested. "Might as well fill the order right." And he felt thoughtfully of his forehead, as though to see how a crown would feel.

"Of course, I'd hate it, but—"

"One would have good things to eat," put in Podgy, suddenly.

"Loads of them," agreed Bumps.

"Well, I'd just as soon be a king as not," and Podgy got deliberately to his feet. Bumps glanced about the circle.

"I don't know," he said, hesitatingly. "Of course it takes a good deal of head to be a king."

"Oh, Podgy will do all right," said Runaway, comfortably.

"Oh, very well then," said Bumps, with a shrug. "I should hate it myself."

Podgy made for the gate. "Good-by, all you," he called, complacently. "I sha'n't be able to know you, down there."

"Good-by," they answered, rather sulkily. One may not wish to be a king, but one likes to be considered as good as the next—especially when the next is Podgy. Bumps began to read in an annoyed tone, but it quickly changed:

THE BEDOUIN BABY.

"'Nothing can ever take the place of my poor little boy, but that is the only thing that will be held back from this dear baby—a girl, I hope. I shall give every inch of me to making her good and happy, and she will comfort me till the ache really goes, and I shall be inwardly happy as well as outwardly cheerful. Oh, she will be so much to me—I can hardly wait. I don't stipulate a thing; I can love and find comfort in any little child. We have kept the house bright, that she should not find the shadow of this bitter year over it; so she has helped us already. Everything is in readiness for you, little comfort. Don't delay.'"

There was silence as Bumps laid down the scroll. The babies sat with downcast eyes, and Ducky's face was hidden in her arm. Bumps went over to her and took her hand.

AN ARAB FAMILY ENTERING EGYPT.

"Ducky, you are the only one of us who is good enough for that," he said. She looked up eagerly.

"Oh, do you think I can do it?" Then she sprang joyfully to her feet and a second later the great gate had clanged behind her.

The applications were filled out rapidly after that. Davy and Johnny wanted to go as twins, but nobody had asked for more than one; so finally the two consented to take houses in the same street. One home was much grander than the other, but that was better than being separated. "And if my mother won't let you play in my yard, I'll run away to yours," promised Davy, who was to be the rich one. Runaway grumbled at being sent into a clergyman's family, and Nifty declared she would not spend her whole life in a suburb, but on the whole they went off satisfied, and finally Bumps was left alone on the floor of heaven with the last application.

"'I am only nineteen, and I fear I am not wise

A BLACK DIAMOND OF ZULULAND.

or good enough to take charge of a human soul,'" he read. "'The responsibility frightens me so, I lie awake nights thinking about it. I have always been just gay and silly and had a good time, and I never dreamed of listening to the sermon or reading history and forming my mind. I should like a boy, but I don't suppose I ought to be trusted with anything but a girl. I sha'n't know how to make it turn out right, and Will just laughs when I try to tell him. I don't know what to do!"

Bumps smiled patronizingly.

"Rather helpless," he commented. "Well, I fancy I am the one to pull her through; I can bring myself up, if necessary. I don't mind if she isn't clever. If she makes me comfortable and doesn't fuss too much, I sha'n't complain." He sauntered over to the gate. "She really is rather sweet," he added. "She will think I am the greatest thing that ever happened; I can do what I like with her. I wonder—how about Will?"

A SHOP-KEEPER'S BABY IN CEYLON

HEAVEN'S HIGHEST GIFT IN KOREA—A SON

CHILDREN OF THE PHILIPPINES

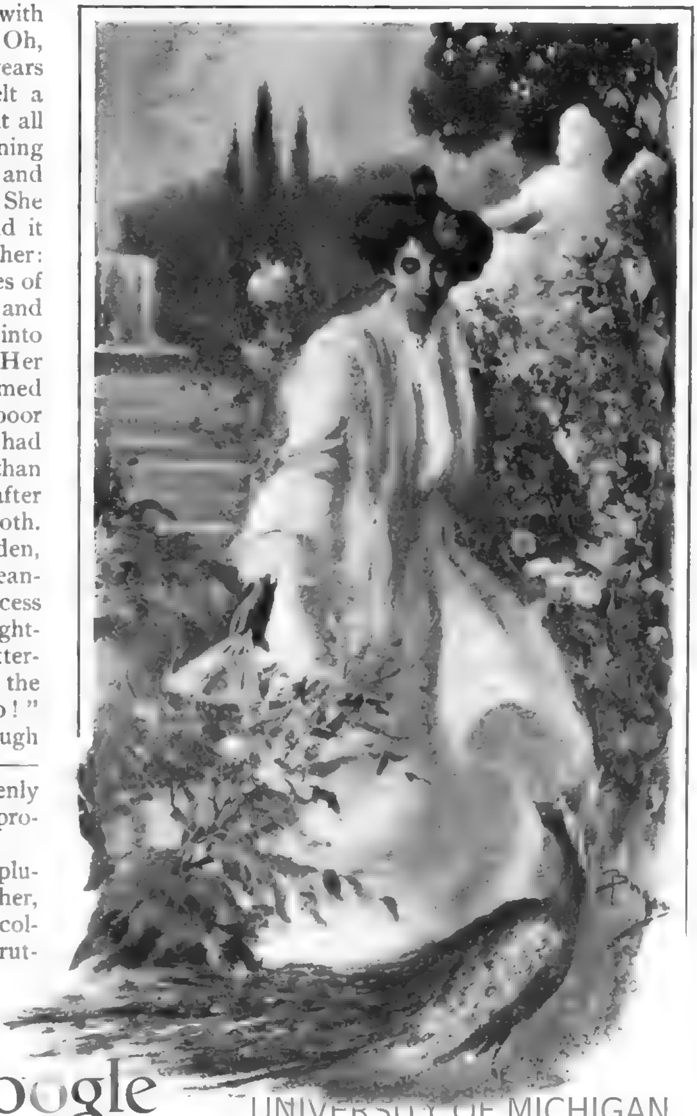
A Spoiled Child

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

THE Princess stood on the terrace in the sun, holding up her arm so that the full, soft sleeve fell away from it and hung, a bit of transparent lavender, between her and the light. She swung it gently back and forth, her brown eyes alight with satisfaction, then lifted the lavender folds of her skirt and swept them out with her head over her shoulder. Oh, but it was good, after the years of black! The Princess felt a sudden impulse to bring out all those armfuls of dull mourning and pile them on the terrace and burn them to the last shred. She loved color, luxuriously, and it was always being denied her: her girlhood had been a series of crapes, softening to black and white, only to plunge back into deeper sable than before. Her radiant trousseau had seemed like a final escape—her poor trousseau! Putting it away had cost her a deeper pang than putting away the Prince, after four months' experience of both.

Below, through the garden, stretched a rosy blaze of oleanders. Everything the Princess gathered about her was bright-hued, even to the peacock uttering his melancholy cry on the terrace wall. "Help! Help!" he said, quite distinctly, though Patty Barrett insisted it was—— The Princess laughed suddenly at the recollection. Patty's profanity was always a delight.

The bird, with stiffening plumage, came mincing toward her, and she in return spread her colors for him. Then, tired of strutting with no audience but an aged peacock who could do it much better himself, she caught up her skirts and went quickly down the crumbling steps of the terrace: so quickly that the man lurking in the shadow of a clematis-draped Apollo had not time to make his escape, but stammered guiltily, apology on his lips, and about his eyes traces of recent amusement.



"*Mi perdoni, signora,*" he labored. The Princess stopped short, indignant and ashamed. How foolish she must have looked! The first glance recognized him as a fellow-countryman, but she relieved her feelings by accosting him in haughty and unnecessarily fluent Italian, demanding whom he sought in these private grounds. He stood helplessly before her: at all events, he no longer looked amused!

"*Ich*—oh, confound it—*je ne*—*Signora, non capisco Italiano!*" It came with a desperate rush. Then he extracted a card and glanced inquiringly up to the white stucco walls of the villa above. "*Je cherche* Signorina Barrett of Boston," he said firmly. Her slow gaze swept the card, then rested a moment on the man, gathering an impression of lean, muscular shoulders and friendly gray eyes that might easily look amused again. The Princess was not used to being laughed at. She affected a haughty non-comprehension, glad for once of the brown eyes and dusky hair that made her seem part of her surroundings. He stood his ground manfully.

"Miss Barrett, Signorina — Patty — Barrett," he explained patiently. "Visiting here—villa—*ecco!*"

A Hindu must have caught his meaning. The Princess coldly inclined her head and led the way up the sloping lawn into the sudden cool of the white stucco walls.

Patty Barrett was half dozing over a book, and glanced up sleepily as her hostess came in.

"Marcia, you look pretty enough to eat in that gown," she said, a smile on her sharp little face. The Princess did not seem to enjoy the comment, glancing down at her draperies with a faint frown.

"Patty, there is a most unpleasant person asking for you," she said. "His name seems to be Phillips, Walter Phillips."

Miss Barrett straightened up with a little jerk and put her hands hastily to her hair. "Walter Phillips here!" she exclaimed. "My dear, he is the nicest man in Boston. *Unpleasant!*"

"Well, I did not like him;" and the Princess dropped discontentedly into a chair.

"He caught you at something," said Miss Barrett shrewdly. "Walter Phillips belongs to the almost extinct salt of the earth: he is one of *the* Phillipses, too, which means something, my dear. He is rather ingenuous—good, you know, but one doesn't mind it in him: everyone adores him. I am always terribly flattered that he likes me—oh, well enough to look me up, that is. I have no real hopes." Her thin lips took an amused line, making her seem more than ever like a sharp, hard, bright little hatchet. Patty was usually explained by veiled references to a dreadful childhood—"You know what her father was, my dear!"—she being one who must be explained to the sort of people it was fitting she should meet: these listened, hesitated, then in time took her to themselves and shared her with their best—also with explanations. She now fastened a stiff, ugly little collar on her boyish white linen shirt, calmly facing the contrast of her image with that of the softly swathed Princess frowning in the deep chair.

"What were you doing?" she asked. "Flirting with the grubby Apollo below the terrace?"

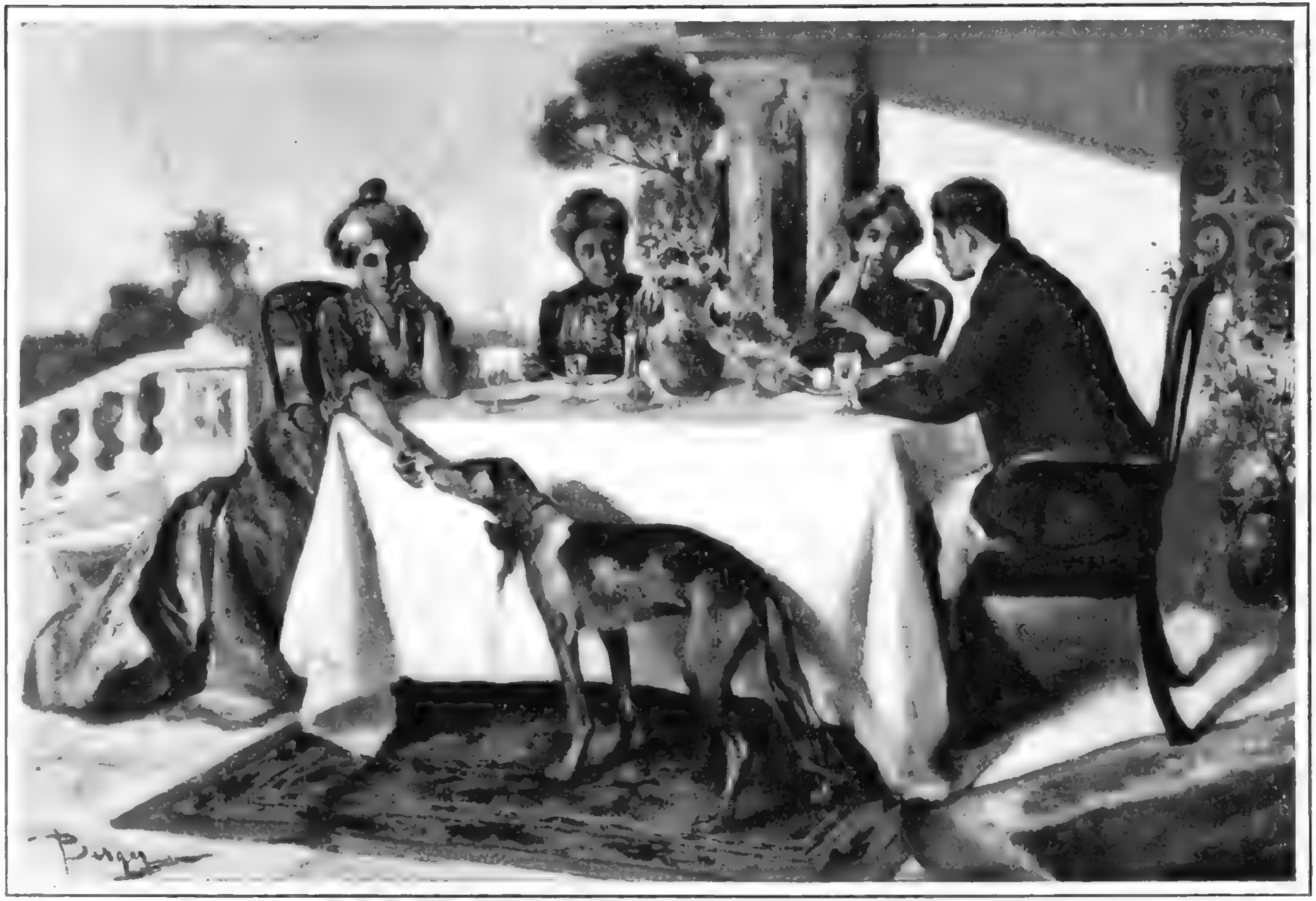
The Princess replied only with lifted eyebrows. "I let him think I was a native and did not understand English, Patty," she added. "Kindly do not undeceive him."

"My dear, any barrier between you two will be welcome to me," said Patty, turning to go.

For a long hour the voices came up dimly from the leafy pergola, broken with sudden laughs. The Princess had had many guests at her villa that season, brilliant men who spoke all languages, and paid elaborate homage to their exquisite hostess; but this simple, muscular, straightforward American, of a type she had almost forgotten—"good, you know, but one doesn't mind it in him"—left her disturbed and irritated. She flushed as she remembered the last flaunting courtesy she had offered the peacock—purely for the pleasure of seeing the blue shadows fall into her lavender folds. An Italian observer would have found it charming, but an American would know she was a little fool!

"I shall not appear till he is gone; and I hope he never comes again!" said the Princess.

With the tea-table appeared a stately figure, trailing lavender, a white greyhound stalking at her side. The Princess acknowledged the introduction of Phillips with chilly gravity, and allowed him the privilege of contemplating her over his tea. The American was plainly interested; he could not keep his eyes away. But to her resentful consciousness it seemed the interest one would give to an amusing little foreigner whom one had



SHE WAS PERHAPS RATHER MORE PRINCESS THAN THE OCCASION DEMANDED caught making love to herself in the sun, rather than homage to a lovely and exalted lady; and so she was perhaps rather more princess than the occasion demanded, leaning back indolently and feeding her hound bits of cake, with drooping lids that hid a growing determination to punish—hid it from the stranger, at least. Patty bit off a little smile and gave her a cup of tea.

"Il Signor Phillips has been admiring your beautiful place, Princess," she said in formal Italian. The American caught the meaning, and smiled as the brown eyes rested on him for a moment.

"Bello!" he ventured, with a gesture to the spreading valley below, and a laugh for his own temerity.

"If il Signor Phillips enjoys it he must come often," said the Princess gravely, through her interpreter.

. . . .

"Marcia, why do you keep up this farce?"

"Because it amuses me," said the Princess from the mirror, where she was rearranging the draped strings of pearls that crossed the front of her bodice. Patty, whose inevitable white linen shirt was replaced with one equally severe of white silk, in honor of a guest for dinner, eyed with detached appreciation the figure in pale heliotrope frosted over with white lace.

"He will be indignant when he finds out," she went on: "also his feelings will be hurt."

"Possibly;" the Princess shrugged. "But it is very good for him," she added. "He has been studying Italian five hours a day for three weeks; he can almost say 'Good day' now if one does not frighten him."

"I don't see why you wish to make him ridiculous." Patty was reflective, not resentful.

"My dear, he irritates me—he is so elemental! Bread and butter is his daily diet; it is offensive."

"Well, if one prefers garlic," interposed Patty with a shrug.

"One need not be literal," frowned the Princess. "Besides, he finds me an amusing curiosity. I dare say he takes notes on me! So why not? A mere translated American would not interest him at all. I am going to a great deal of trouble for your friend."

"Exhibit A: dago princess," murmured Patty as their guest appeared in the doorway.

Phillips came in with an expression of concentrated purpose.

"*Buon' sera, Eccelenza,*" he began, valiantly. "*Haben sie*—oh, the deuce!" And he stood laughing joyously over his breakdown. "I recited it all the way up," he complained. "It was several yards long and entirely correct. I have it here." And he drew out a scribbled paper, from which he read a long and flowery greeting that made the Princess laugh in spite of herself. "Now, if she would ask me how I have spent the day, I could go on," he said to Patty. The Princess waited for the suggestion to be interpreted, then put the desired question with an air of gentle inquiry—somewhat to the surprise of the others. A princess of the blood royal could not have held herself more coldly aloof than had Marcia during the three weeks in which the unsuspecting American had been trying to make friends with her through the medium of broken phrases and Patty's translations. Her favor had been wooed often enough before; but never on just this basis. Evidently he wanted nothing for himself, felt no gulf between them, this assured young Bostonian! He was simply interested and friendly. "American men are not amusing!" scolded the Princess in the privacy of her own apartment.

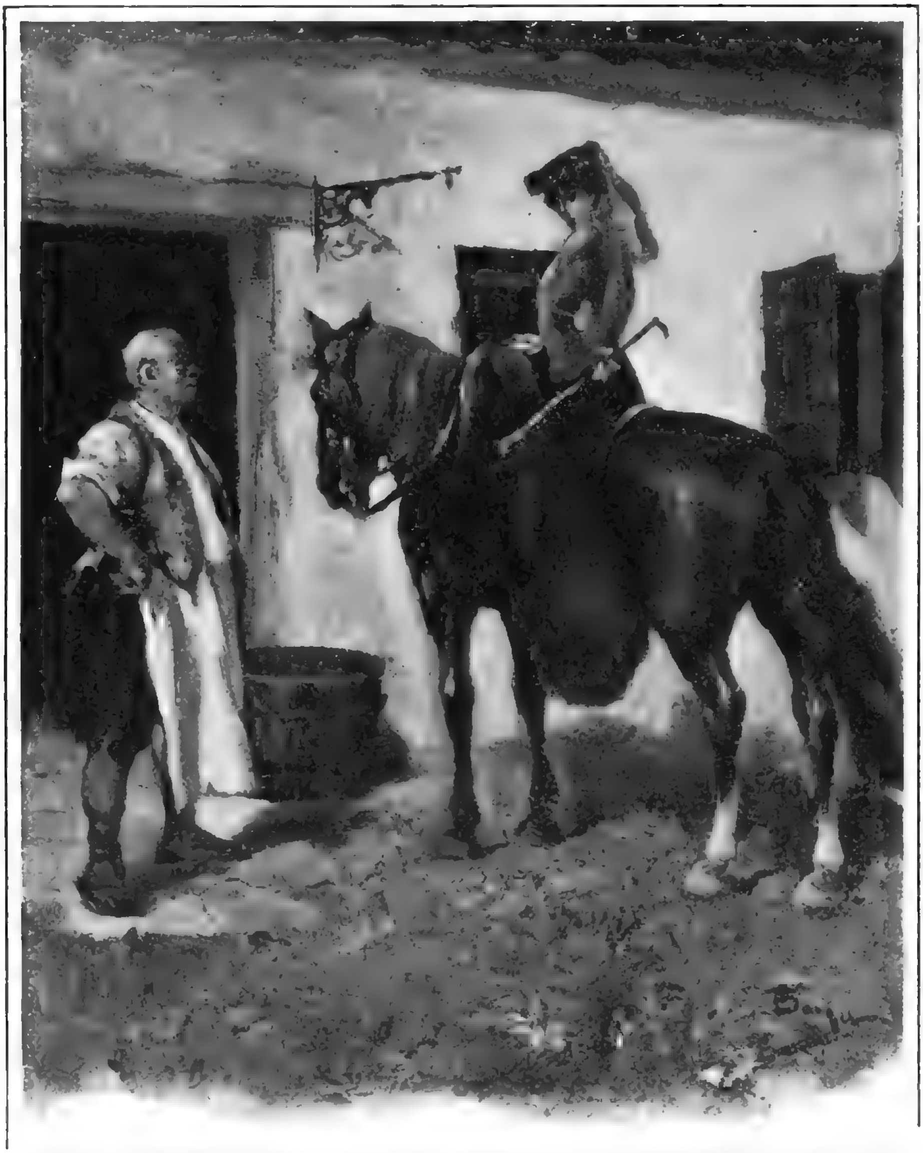
Phillips was frankly delighted at her unbending. He plunged into an Ollendorfian answer, and Patty, moving away unnoticed, devoted herself to the melancholy dowager, aunt of the late Prince, who represented propriety in the establishment. Her eyes turned back occasionally to the two by the window: Marcia had thrown off her reserve with bewildering suddenness. Phillips brought out further written conversations and they went through them in great formality, with little interruptions of laughter from the Princess.

"See then, Princess, how the olive trees are dull gray till the breeze touches them, when they ripple into sudden silver," Phillips declaimed, with one eye on his paper and a gesture toward the misty slopes beneath.

"Yes; only those are vineyards," said the Princess. He frowned and shook his head, breaking out in English: "You mustn't say that! If you do I can't go on. You must say," with a laborious return to Italian, "'Have you any tree in your native land as beautiful as the olive, Signor?' and I say——"

"You say, 'We have beautiful women, so we do not notice the trees,'" put in the Princess, demurely. A heavy spray of honeysuckle had thrust itself through the window and she pulled it across her mouth, smiling up at him.

"The beautiful women are all here," he answered, smiling back at her. The honeysuckle, released, brushed his cheek; he caught it and twisted his fingers into it. "Ah, if I could only talk to you in my own tongue!" he added impetuously in English.



THE LANDLORD CAME OUT AND SHE MADE AN EXCUSE OF WANTING WATER FOR HER HORSE.

She laughed. "Now what must I say?" His eyes left her reluctantly to search his papers.

"Try this: 'Let us take a short stroll in the garden, as it is still too early for dinner.'" She repeated it obediently, and when he had accomplished his, "That would be enchanting!" they slipped laughing through the long window into the last faint glory of the departing day. The mood of gaiety vanished as the curtains fell behind them, for they seemed to have stepped out into some great amethyst enclosed between the green valley and the rippled gold above. The soft air poured over them, untouched yet by the chill that was nevertheless waiting in the shadows. They went slowly down to the terrace and leaned on the balustrade in a silence that seemed as marvellously tinted as the amethyst world. From far below them came a sound of bells, mellowed by age, uttering some peaceful message. The last note died away, then there was a little stir in the branches under the terrace, and, sweet and sudden, a nightingale's call. It came up to them again and again as they stood in this still tide of beauty, supremely conscious of each other, though their eyes kept to the rim of the hills. Then, at the height of the miracle, a dry, sharp little voice shattered the amethyst and left them in bald reality, feeling strangely uncovered and ashamed.

"Dinner has been announced four times, my dear Marcia. Do we eat to-night?"

The Princess moved away with a slight flush, but Phillips stared at his old friend with half-dazed eyes as though he had come back to earth through long spaces. He made a quick attempt at lightness.

"Do tell her that she ought to learn one little English conversation for me, after all this," he urged, thrusting the papers he still held into his pocket; "but don't tell her that she is the most beautiful thing that ever moved," he added with a deep breath, impelled by something in her look.

Patty carried the dinner on her shoulders, for the Princess was ultra royal and Phillips incoherent, and the Dowager never talked when it was a question of food. Patty was very amusing—more like a sharp, hard, bright little hatchet than ever. When they rose from the table, she drew the Princess aside.

"My dear Marcia," she complained, "this farce is getting on my nerves. You may have enjoyed your dinner-party, but I thought it a frightful bore myself. Don't you really think the joke has—gone far enough?"

"Why, certainly: tell him, if you like," was the indifferent answer.

"No; I will leave that pleasant moment to you, I think." Marcia looked up with a quick flash of resentment.

"Well, he laughed at me," she protested.

"Very well, then; now you will laugh at him and the affair will be safely over. I—think I would do it to-night, Marcia."

"I have no objection. It really does not amuse me any more." And she led the way to the terrace, where the coffee and liqueurs were awaiting them. Phillips talked gaily to Patty in English over his coffee, but his eyes never left the figure sitting silently a little apart with bare arms resting on the balustrade. Presently Patty rose and strolled down the steps toward the oleander walk, with a meaning glance at Marcia as she passed. The Princess moved impatiently. "So much seriousness about nothing!" she muttered.

Phillips came and took a seat beside her, throwing away his cigar; but her friendliness seemed to have vanished, and after several rebuffs he lapsed into discouraged silence. The footsteps of Miss Barrett could be heard on the gravel below, and presently the white hound came stalking up to rest an adoring head on his mistress's knee. Phillips bent forward to pat the slim sides.

"Here is your first English lesson, Princess," he urged in his stumbling Italian, naïvely anxious for her favor again. "We call this a 'greyhound' in Boston, 'grey—hound.'"

"So do we in New York," said the Princess coolly, in his own tongue. He started, looking at her in bewilderment.

"Did—did someone teach you that?" he stammered.

"No doubt; but I don't remember the interesting occasion. One learns to talk at about two, doesn't one?" she asked with a short laugh. The color rushed suddenly up to his forehead.

"I—don't quite understand," he said stiffly.

"What? That I was born and brought up in New York?" she asked, irritably. "You assumed I was a foreigner; I never told you so."

"Quite true;" Phillips had risen and was staring off over the balustrade. "May I ask just why you did it?" The Princess shrugged her white shoulders.

"Did what?"

He turned away with an angry gesture. "Perhaps I ought to laugh; Heaven knows, I can generally take a joke on myself. If you had told me—yesterday, I might have seen the funny side of it. But now—well, I am glad to have amused you. If you will excuse me, I will say good-night."

The Princess watched his black silhouette cross the lawn and disappear into the shadows beyond. It was her turn to laugh; but she rested her forehead on her bare arm and sat very still until she heard Patty returning through the shrubbery. Then she started up and escaped softly to the house.

. . . .

It was three weeks since a formal note had announced the departure of Phillips. Without, the sun was radiant, the garden a blaze of color. Within, the Princess was charming in deep violet, seated before a luncheon that looked all that could be desired, but that turned unaccountably to dust and ashes in her mouth. She lifted her new chain of sapphires to the light, letting them slip through her fingers, but eyed them coldly; they bored her. There was a feverish misery in the air; Patty's tranquil interest in a caviar sandwich amazed and repelled her.

"Oh, by the way," Patty looked up suddenly after a prolonged silence, as though she had just recollected; "I had a note from Walter Phillips this morning. He wanted an address."

For an instant the room whirled about the Princess's drooping eyes and she felt a swift contraction at her heart, like anger, only a thousand times worse. Outwardly she tapped back a yawn and smiled.

"How is he—still enraged?" she asked.

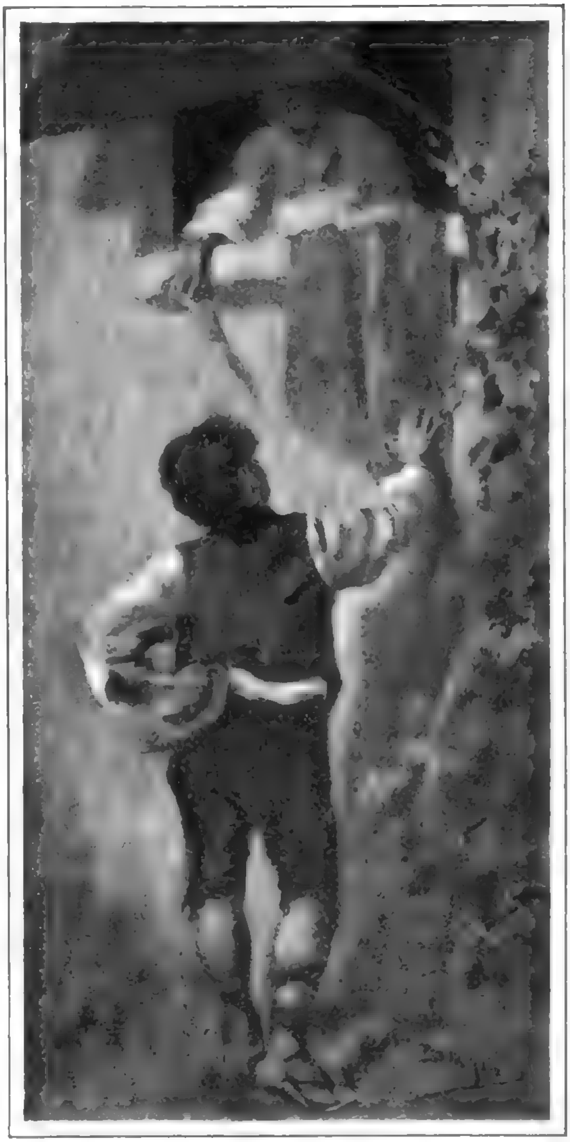
"A little dignified yet. You can't blame him, Marcia."

"I am perfectly willing to write him a note of apology," mused Marcia; "only I don't know if he is worth the trouble." Patty rose to the bait.

"My good girl, he is worth more trouble than any man that ever crossed your path, or ever will," she said roughly. "He's far too good for you, but if you could get him back, you ought to go on your hands and knees to do it. I have no patience with your small pride and vanity. You are twenty-four, Marcia," she added, more calmly; "you ought to grow up. You have been a spoiled child long enough."

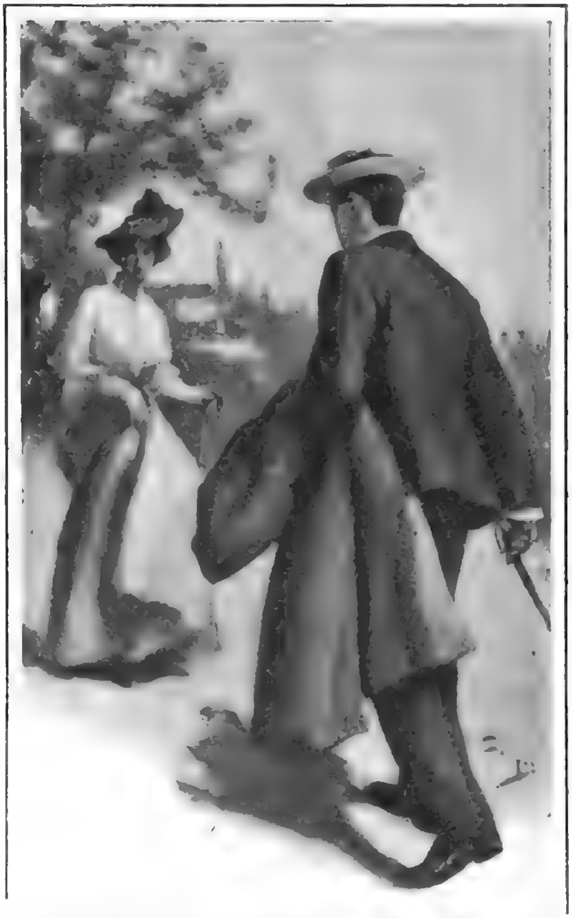
"You are only twenty-nine, yourself," said the Princess, in a faint-hearted attempt at resentment.

"My dear, I have been middle-aged for twenty years." Patty rose from the table and started to leave the room, then hesitated; at the door she paused. "By the way, Walter is staying for several days at Colline, on his way north," she added casually over her shoulder. "Too bad it's so far; we might make up with him."



SHE WATCHED AT THE WINDOW TILL A GARDENER'S BOY CAME BY.

For an hour Marcia sat motionless, heedless of the servant who stole in at intervals in a vain hope of clearing the table. Nine miles of steep and stony road lay between the villa and the little town of Colline. And, once there, what could one do? But one must grow up and not lose things for childish pride; one must go on one's hands and knees—ah, if one only could! The whole soul of the Princess suddenly longed for hands and knees. She started up and went softly to her own room, pretending not to hear Patty's call. Half an hour later she was riding by devious ways out of the grounds, unattended, with a puzzled groom staring after her and the sun still blazing overhead.



AND SO PHILLIPS FOUND HER THERE, OUTLINED AGAINST THE MORNING SUNLIGHT, AT THE LAST TURN OF THE ROAD.

The Princess had been a spoiled child for many years. The exquisite new humility that filled her made the long ride pass like an enchantment. Through it all she saw only this dear man who was too good for her, oh, far too good, but who would perhaps come back if she said she was sorry; if she told him how she had hated the silly trick from the first day, and had clung to it only because he daily hurt her so, she had felt she must hurt him—because of her childish pride and vanity. She urged her horse forward, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes. She had come on her hands and knees!

But the streets of the little village brought a cold shock of reality. How could she go to him? What would he think? She rode with sinking heart between the glowing gardens, her exultation sinking miserably to fright as she neared the sleepy inn. The landlord came out and she made an excuse of wanting water for her horse, patting the hot neck with trembling fingers while it was being brought. Now there was no more excuse to linger. "I can't! I can't!" she cried to herself, gathering up the reins. It was at that moment that Phillips strolled through the doorway of the inn and glanced about as though choosing his direction. The shock of their meeting eyes seemed to leave him helpless for an instant; then he started forward.

"Oh—how do you do?" said the Princess indifferently, and with a cool nod she touched her horse and rode away. She held her head very high, and seemed interested in the scenery. Once out in the lonely road, she struck poor Bianca a sharp blow and galloped fiercely toward home.

Patty, from a window, saw her ride by back paths to the stables.

"That horse has been eighteen miles," she commented shrewdly. Then the last rays of sunlight showed Marcia's face. "And for nothing," she added.

The Princess was not the only one who lay awake that night. Toward dawn, just as she fell asleep, Patty got up, and letting in the light, wrote a note.

"Dear Walter," it said: "Please forgive us. We are sorrier than you know. Won't you come over and let us tell you so? We should go to you, but that is so hard for spoiled beauties like us. Be generous and come. P. B."

She watched at the window till a gardener's boy came by and bribed him away from his lawful occupations. Then with a sharp little sigh and a shrug she went back to bed.

It was still very early when the Princess awoke, to the lament that had filled her long night: "If I hadn't run away! I went on my hands and knees, and then I was prouder than ever. If I had only gone on foot, I couldn't have run away—I might have said I was sorry. Oh, my dear, I am not half good enough, but if you would only come!" She raised herself on one elbow, pushing back her heavy hair with her wrist. "I didn't know that anything in the world could feel like this," she murmured.

A sleepy and bewildered maid came at her ring, filling the bath with secret grumblings and making commotion in the kitchen by this early demand for a cup of tea. The Princess called for the soft lavender gown, which she had not worn since the last day of her childhood, when she and the peacock had paraded on the terrace; then she stole out into the dewy, golden morning. She avowed no intention as she slipped through the garden to the silent road. "I am just taking a walk," she told herself as she went down into the valley. "I think I will go a little farther," she repeated bravely when the long slope stretched up before her bare and stony in the sun. The heat began to dance before her eyes and her bruised feet ached and her tired hands dropped the lavender skirts, letting them trail in the dusty grass. Two tears ran down her pale cheeks.

"On my hands and knees," she whispered, pressing her eyelids together for a moment.

The top of the hill would be half the way. When she reached that she would rest and—perhaps go back. She was only taking a walk, and one must not walk too far. The last half mile seemed to stretch out to leagues before her, but she plodded on with bent head till at last the road curved over and lay level for a moment before plunging down into the woods beyond. An ancient oak offered shelter, and she turned wearily toward the bank beneath, then paused in sudden terror. Someone was coming up through the trees, coming with springing step, striking gaily at the stones in the road, making nothing of the steep ascent. The color flooded to her hair, but—she must not run away! The thought caught and held her, her hands clenched against the soft front of her gown, her frightened eyes turned to the opening in the trees; and so Phillips found her there, outlined against the morning sunlight, at the last turn of the road. He stopped abruptly, too amazed to speak.

"I came yesterday to say I was sorry," she faltered; "and then I went away without doing it. I—I *am* sorry. I was always sorry."

"Marcia!" he exclaimed, holding out his hands. As she came toward him the shame that had gripped her rolled away, leaving her free and brave in that wonderful new humility. She laid her hands in his.

"I hope you want to be friends," she said simply.

"Why do you suppose I came back? And found an excuse to write?" He drew her closer, still not daring to believe. "Marcia!" he pleaded.

"On my hands and knees!" flooded exultantly through her mind. She lifted her arms to his shoulders.

"Oh, yes!" she whispered. All the brightness of the world, all the color that she loved, all the glory of youth and sunshine seemed caught in that moment when, very slowly, his lips closed down on hers.

Presently he was smiling at her. "Poor, dusty, tired Princess! And isn't that the gown you wore——"

She nodded. "The day you thought me a little fool."

"I thought you the most exquisite thing I had ever seen in my life!" he protested. She shook her head.

"You think so now—but you laughed at me then! And then I tried to laugh at you." She twisted her fingers into his hand and lifted it to her lips. "I *am* sorry!"

He drew her head to his shoulder and pressed his cheek against hers. "My beloved little child!" he murmured; and then the Princess dimly knew why this man of vast tenderness was too good for a spoiled child.

"I will grow up!" she pleaded; but was glad he did not understand.

Afoot at the Horse Show

By **EMERY POTTLE**

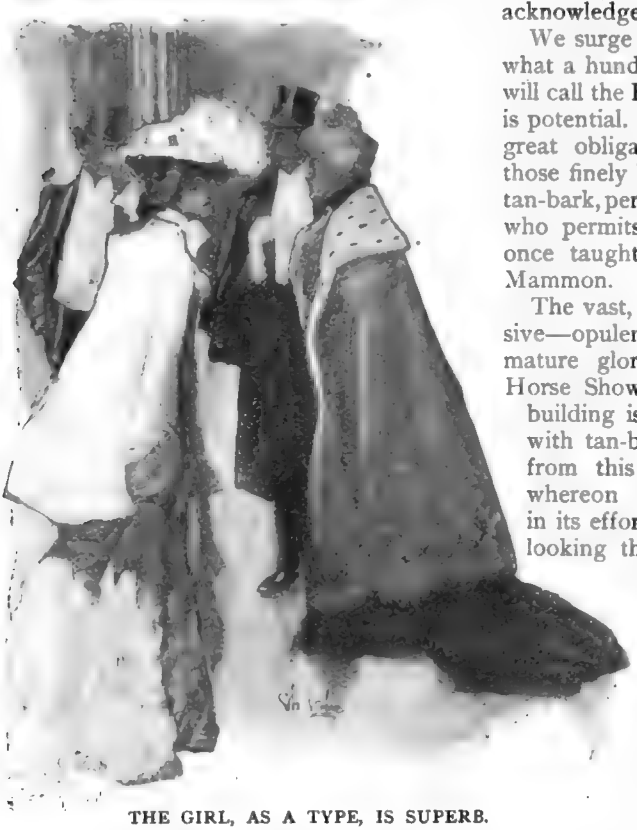
HORSE Show Week! The phrase is no longer insular; it is American. The racing set, the hunting set, the fashionable set, the debutantes, the dowagers, the millionaires, and the sports of the Tenderloin—everyone is saying it, the country over.

There is a pleasant thrill about this—the annual glorification of the horse; the town feels it, the press feels it, even in the remote provinces there are echoes of it, and I suspect the horses themselves are not insensible to it. And this is not unreasonable: it stands for the gathering together of the best-blooded horses and the most perfectly appointed turnouts in America; of horses? why not of humans? One has only to spend an hour or two at this equine pageant—say on a Thursday night, for this is usually the most brilliant evening of the week—to realize the imposing scope of the festa. To the anomalous observer, and there are many such, the spectacle is likely to be instructive and diverting.

It used to be said only of Kentucky that the man who owned the best horse-flesh had also—worthy concomitants—the handsomest wife and daughters. Nowadays it would seem that the geographical limitation had been effaced. There is scarcely a section of the country, famous for its horses, which is not represented under the roof of the Garden in November. And the owners are as varied as the localities.

To the lovers of the horse it must be an agreeable reflection that the Automobile Show, another Garden event and entirely another story, has attained no such affluent proportions as the Horse Show. One is forced to wonder, casting an eye over the fashionable scene, just how long the public will continue to amuse itself thus; but, after all, that is not a fruitful speculation.

At the very portico of the Garden one catches the volatile spirit of the thing. Boys are calling everywhere (they know what we like): "Get your programmes containing a full list of the box-holders. Buy a programme and find out who everybody is." Line upon line of carriages block the way, their brilliant surfaces reflecting hundreds of electric lamps. Stentor with a megaphone cries cabalistic numbers. Superbly gowned women alight and hurry up the inclined passage-way with that air of worldly obliviousness which is so much a part of the city dweller. (It is useless to attempt any masculine differentiation—we are merely sketches in black and white, the variation depending only on the amount of visible white.)



THE GIRL, AS A TYPE, IS SUPERB.

With inward humility, concealing as best I may the fact that I am entering on a press ticket, I fall in behind a gay party. There is a girl of that slender, appealing delicacy of figure and frank level gaze of eyes which characterize the American daughter. I suppose the handsomely constructed lady with her is her mother, and there, too, is her father, dispassionate, but with a whimsical appreciation of his position as a father and a captain of industry, which creeps into the lines about his shrewd, sharply cut lips. The girl—she is in trailing white and pearls—as a type, is superb. She is the last word of gracious, well-groomed, beautifully gowned, unreservedly expensive womanhood. All about her are hundreds of her own splendid kind, differing, as one star from another, only in the magnitude of jewels, the set of feature which makes for beauty, or piquant attractiveness, or plain homeliness. One is struck with the utter completeness and cock-sureness of these, his neighbors for a night, whom he knows vaguely and a little curiously as Society. It makes but scant difference how they got there—by way of wheat, or lands, or steel, or cotton, or steamboats—the result is eminently pleasing to behold. Personally I am glad of them and I freely acknowledge that this is their show.

We surge slowly through the opening into what a hundred years hence the newspapers will call the Historic Old Garden. The scene is potential. One has the sudden sense of a great obligation to something, perhaps to those finely bred satin-coated animals on the tan-bark, perhaps to that gracious, smiling god who permits the scene—the god we were once taught, narrowly, to call Unrighteous Mammon.

The vast, rectangular enclosure is impressive—opulent rather than dignified—in its mature glories of black and orange—the Horse Show colors. In the centre of the building is an immense oval space, strewn with tan-bark—for the horses; fenced off from this is the promenade, the track whereon vainglorious humanity disports in its efforts to see and be seen; and overlooking this are the boxes at a discreet height above the ruck, where only the truly rich may come.

My lady in white seats herself grandly in one of these social pens; I, a bit doleful, wander along the promenade. Of course one may sit loftily somewhere in the tiers of seats and galleries that stretch giddily up to the ceiling, back of the boxes; but the effect, to me, is alien. And on the promenade there is always the reasonable supposition that one has but just left a handsome position. Besides, I say to myself fatuously, I can see the horses better from the ground.

Up there in the roof, amid the thousand clustering lights, crashes the brass and shrills the wood-wind in the familiarity of all the latest musical comedy songs. It takes heroic self-restraint not to fall into step with its cadences, and not to burst into the few words one happens to know of that particular song playing.

And in all and through all, truth compels me to admit it is a pungent smell.

The twenty-foot space between the boxes and the tan-bark fills rapidly and brilliantly. One involuntarily catches one's self in the awesome thought that one is elbowing and hobnobbing with the great ones of the earth. The fact that I, too, am in the purple of pomp and circumstance is a smug, comforting reflection.

Gradually this exalted conception fades. Another illusion shattered! That neat, curled gentlemen with the lady in silks over there is my barber, and, I infer, his wife. There is no earthly reason why they should not be here. The question is, if he sees me, will he come up to speak with me? Those two lofty creatures I have been reverently following for the last five minutes stop to stare sophisticatedly about. I catch their opening words:

"She's an' 'andsome woman, that un, James, eh?"

"Bet. She's a honey-cooler!" says James, understandingly.

There is an opening in the crowd at the fence about the tan-bark. I wriggle in beside the other rail-birds. I am tired of walking aimlessly about, trying not to eye the boxes; and the only bow I have had is from Mrs. G——, who always manages to come with some absurd young chap whose father is exhibiting.

In the arena, by the judges' stand, a bugler in tight white buckskin breeches gives a metallic blast. Instantly from the Fourth Avenue side—there are situated the stables—comes a stirring clamor. The board floor echoes with the beat of impatient, steel-shod hoofs. Louder blares the band. With a rattle, a suppressed crash, a splendid sweep and curvet, a four-in-hand flourishes into the ring. The driver is an expressionless stone figure in a pot hat; the grooms are glued haughtily to their perches. To me it is a faultless turnout; but the man next me mutters —"leaders badly matched." Another and another, perfect in appointment. Eight of them now, circling rapidly and surely, horses on the alert, handsome, clean-cut brutes every one of them. The whips snap; the band goes mad; some of the nondescript crowd of coachmen, grooms, hostlers, stablemen, at the Fourth Avenue entrance start a sharp, snappy bit of cheering as a favorite goes by; we catch the fervor of it, and clap wildly. A pretty moment. And not such a far cry to the ancient chariot race.

"Those chestnuts are the prize winners," says the authority at my elbow. "See that action? Perfectly matched, too. They're it all right."

"They are pretty fair," I hazard, conservatively.

"You watch," he replies, impressively.

I do. And the chestnuts are the first to get the gate—that terse expression for failure to take a prize.

"H——!" growls my friend, "What judges!" and stalks away in disdain.

Each driver puts his animals through the paces of his class, and the studied effort of guiding the beautiful, high-strung horses about the ring, excited as they are by the outcry of spectators, the rattling music, the presence of the other competitors in their jangling, silver-mounted harnesses, the sharp commands, make as nice a test of nerve as one might wish to see. Gradually the several contestants draw up in line on either side of the judges' coign of vantage. Then comes the process of weeding out. The sober, keen-eyed men who act as judges perform their task with the heavy dignity of Roman lictors. There goes the first incompetent, back to the stable quarters. A second. A third. And so on, to the moment when the blue ribbon shall be affixed to the proud head of the winner of the first prize; the second wears the red.

It is a long proceeding, this picking the blue-ribboners, and we weary of it presently. There is nothing for it but to take to the promenade again.

The bits of conversation going on about one, if one has a mind to listen, are at times delightfully human.

There are two women, in black gowns cut in the extravagance of the latest mode; they belong to that ubiquitous class known as *capable*. A policeman suggests mildly that they move on, they are blocking the passage.

"I guess not," he gets back, crisply. "We've paid to see the dresses and we're going to see them!"

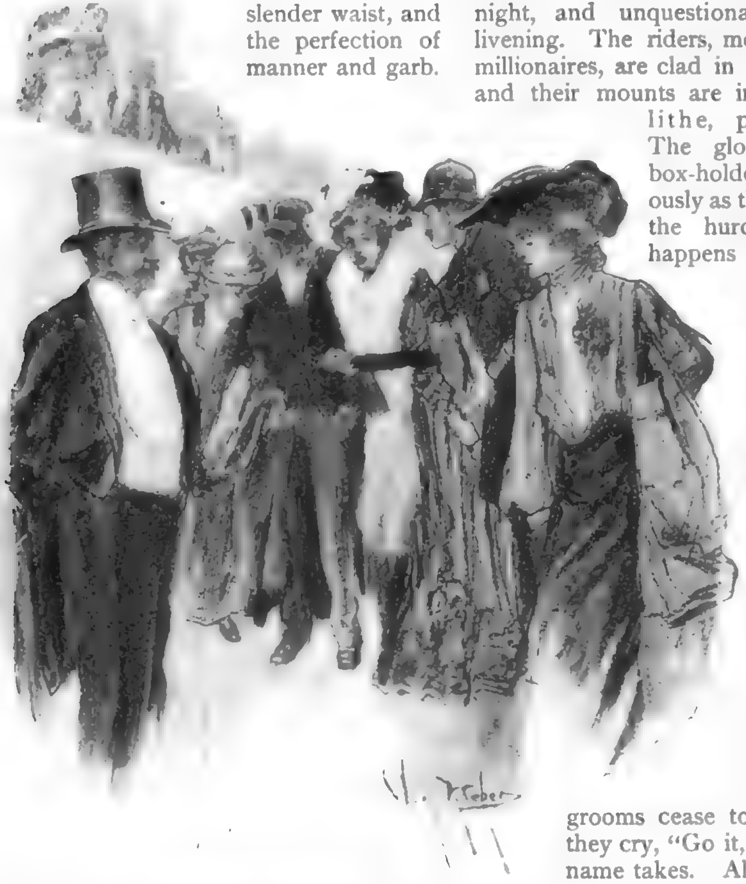
There you have it. They are dressmakers, *modistes* their sign reads, I dare say. And they are here to get the modes for the winter. One of them is making notes while the other sketches any costume she particularly fancies.

"Grace, for goodness' sake come here," she calls in a high whisper, "and see if that white gown has one or two seams in the back!"

In the midst of the Horse Show we are in Harlem.

A striking woman in a magnificent gown and costly furs nudges her escort, a fat, pliant, perspiring creature.

"I'll bet that is a Vanderbilt or an Astor," she says, excitedly, pointing freely to a personage ahead of her. I'm sure I should think it might be; he is a fine figure of a man, dark, broad-shouldered, with slender waist, and the perfection of manner and garb. Unfortunately I happen to know him as a leading tailor of the town.



"WE'VE PAID TO SEE THE DRESSES, AND WE'RE GOING TO SEE THEM."

At my left are two exceedingly nice people, young, and well-dressed, and married; he has had the courage to wear his comfortable dinner jacket and no white gloves—lucky chap.

"Alice, look at that one," he says, admiringly. "I dare say her gown cost a hundred dollars."

She looks, and then eyes him with gentle scorn; there's a bit of pathos in her voice as she answers.

"My dear, the lace is real. It cost her at least a thousand."

I feel like whistling with him as he stares after the gown.

"It's time, isn't it, to catch our train?" she adds, wearily.

The enthusiasm, which has begun to wane, freshens with the entrance of the hunters. This is, perhaps, the prettiest sight of the night, and unquestionably the most enlivening. The riders, most of them young millionaires, are clad in pink hunting coats, and their mounts are in the perfection of lithe, powerful condition. The glorious company of box-holders applaud vigorously as the horses easily take the hurdles. Just how it happens no one knows, but suddenly a bay mare leaps into the ring, rough of coat and not well cared for. She probably has good blood in her or she would not be here. Her rider has that touch of nature which does not, alas, make him akin to the crowd; he wears a gray beard and his clothes are not what the world hunts in. Every one shouts with laughter and he gets an ovation. Presently the grooms cease to chew their straws; they cry, "Go it, Santa Claus!" The name takes. All over the building they are calling it—"Mr. Santa Claus." He rides with the bit and not by pressure of the knees, but he takes the course unperturbed, intrepidly, and with broad grins of pleasure. When he gets the gate he disappears with a wave of his hat. A man who can go to the Horse Show in that spirit ought to be decorated.

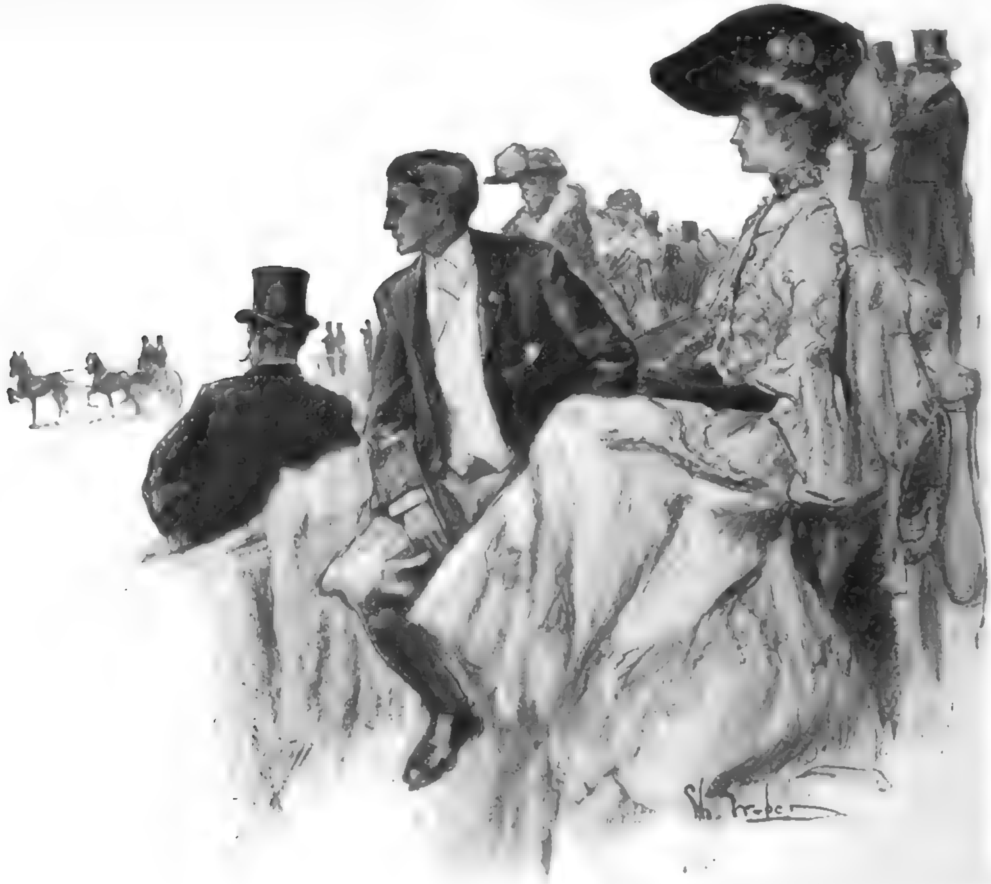
I happen to be standing close to the box where my lady in white is holding her court. The box is full of good-looking, well-set-up young chaps in evening dress and top-hats—I notice one in particular, a dull-faced fellow—who are bending over her eagerly, their eyes oftener on her than on the horses. Covertly, I can see her gaze follow the black hunter and his rider intently. She shrinks back into the corner of her box as if she preferred to be alone. The big hunter stumbles; my lady's eyes shut quickly as if in pain. But he took the jump, after all, and she smiles faintly. He stumbles again—the brute is in a bad temper evidently. This time he is down, and his rider, a handsome, bronzed chap, is under him. We hold our breath. The fellow is plucky and staggers to his feet, white of face, not seriously hurt. The girl in the box is plucky, too, she hasn't given a sound of fright. Only her eyes have betrayed her.

I stroll on, wondering. Some one behind me whispers, eagerly, "That is the Duke of C——, in the M——'s box, next the pretty girl in white, Miss M——. They say he is going to marry her—she's fearfully rich."

Mrs. G—— accepts me for a last turn around the promenade. What I like about Mrs. G—— is her frank interest in, and her compact and piquant information about the box-holders.

"Let's walk about and deliberately stare," she suggests.

And in that one turn I am supplied with more unexpected intimate details than I ever dreamed could lodge in one woman's mind.



"THEY SAY HE IS GOING TO MARRY HER—SHE'S FEARFULLY RICH!"

I leave her confusedly at the exit and go home trying to disentangle the threads of impressions that weave floridly before my eyes.

To the casual observer the first and last imprint of the Horse Show is made by the people, rather than by the horses. There are certain men and women who go, clad in plain garb, to see the display of horses. These are folk, I believe, unaffected by anything less vital than a good hunter, a fine pair of roadsters, a first-class polo pony, or a

Shetland for the governess cart. One meets them at the afternoon shows, where the best opportunity is afforded for unbiased judgment and concentrated attention. But the majority of us go, I am bound to confess—and why not admit it—to *be* at the Horse Show; once there the disposal of one's time and person becomes a purely personal affair.

The memory of the night must be, to most onlookers, picturesque. Breastplates of jewels, princely splendor of raiment, suave manners, horsey customs, grooms and great ladies, millionaires and modistes—men, women, and—horses!

There was once a humble scrub-woman who found as she cleaned, after the lights were dim, the great crowd scattered, and the horses stamping in their stalls, a diamond on the floor of a box. A neat souvenir of a wondrous occasion. I wish I had been so fortunate.

The morning after has but a little sop to vanity; one reads in the newspapers: "Brilliant Gathering at the Horse Show. Society Turns Out en Masse." Deep down in my heart I know I am not included.

There is no moral. *Chaçun à son goût.*

The Star of Bethlehem

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

"WHAT was the Star of Bethlehem?" is a question that has puzzled mankind for many ages. Those who accept it as a miraculous phenomenon, created to guide the Wise Men from the East to the manger in which Christ was born, of course do not see that there is any question to be discussed. But there are many who, preferring to find a physical explanation for every apparent miracle, think that the "Star of Bethlehem" may have been a perfectly natural phenomenon, unusual enough to deceive the Magi into the belief of a miraculous sign.

That natural phenomena of a conspicuous character, when appearing at considerable intervals of time, are readily forgotten by the majority of mankind is proved by the continually recurring wonder excited by the successive reappearances in the evening sky of the planet Venus. These reappearances are separated by intervals of only 584 days, and Venus remains visible as a gradually brightening evening star during several months at a time, and yet invariably, when she approaches her most brilliant phase, thousands of excited people take her for some novel celestial phenomenon.

For this reason the planet Venus plays a part in the Star of Bethlehem tradition. Notwithstanding the ostensible exactness of the Christian Era, the date of Christ's birth is not certainly known within four years, and it is entirely possible that, when the birth occurred, the planet Venus may have been nearing her brightest phase as an evening star. To the Magi travelling across the desert toward the West she would have appeared every evening shining with extraordinary splendor in the direction of Palestine, seeming to lead them on their way and growing brighter as they approached. If their arrival in Palestine coincided nearly with the period of her inferior conjunction with the sun, she would be at her brightest when they neared the mountains of the Holy Land, would seem early in the evening to touch the near by horizon where Bethlehem lay, as if to indicate to them that there was the end of their journey, and very shortly after their arrival would disappear from the sky, being swallowed in the overpowering rays of the sun. The nature of Venus might easily have been unknown to the "Wise Men." Their wisdom was doubtless of a speculative, metaphysical, and mystical character, which would readily accept as miraculous an unusual phenomenon that seemed to have some special relation to themselves.

Another well-known hypothesis explains the Star of the Magi as what astronomers now call a temporary star. The public mind has been familiarized with the subject of temporary stars since the outburst of the extraordinary one that appeared in the constellation Perseus in the opening year of the twentieth century, and which is called, astronomically, Nova Persei. That was by far the most brilliant temporary star that the eyes of men had beheld in three centuries, but it was greatly inferior to another star of its class which burst out in the year 1572, in the constellation Cassiopeia, and which is frequently spoken of as Tycho's star because it was most assiduously observed during the entire period of its visibility by the Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe.

Tycho's star was, without exception, the most magnificent on record, at its best outshining Venus in her most brilliant phase, and the suggestion was long ago made that this might be identical with the Star of Bethlehem. This theory, if correct, would imply that Tycho's was not a true temporary, but a periodical, or variable star. To support the theory of identity, appeal was made to certain not very definite records of the appearance of new stars in the same quarter of the heavens where Tycho's had been seen, and on the basis of these it was shown that the star in question might shine out at intervals of about three hundred and fifteen years. If this were true, an apparition would have been due in the supposed year of Christ's birth, and considering all the circumstances—the ignorance of the times, the popular love of marvels—such an appearance could easily have given rise to the tradition of the Wise Men's star.

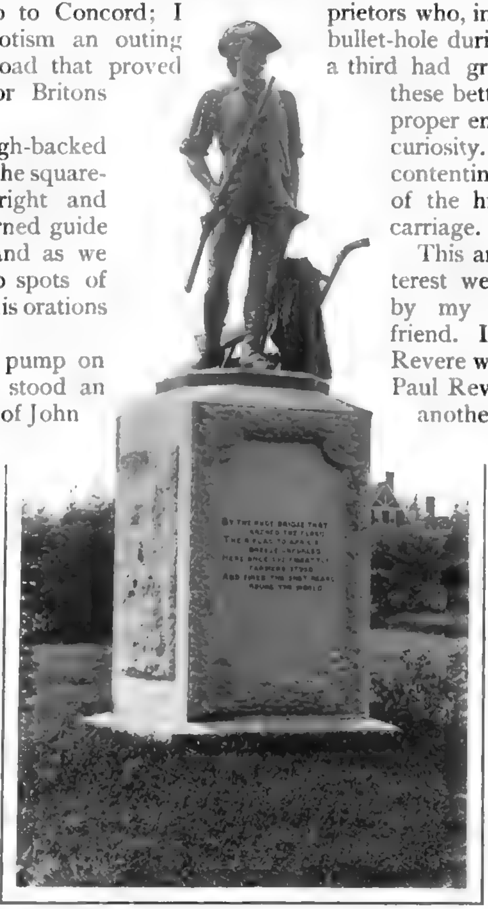
About the year 1887 Tycho's star was looked for, and if it had actually appeared, strong confirmation would have been afforded to the theory of its periods. But it did not come, and has not been seen since; and astronomers, even if they accept the possibility that it may some time burst out again, have no data whereby to predict the time of its reappearance.

The possibility, in a general sense, that the Star of Bethlehem was a temporary star may be admitted without undertaking to identify it with any of the stars of that kind that have been recorded. These objects are so erratic that no prediction concerning them can be made, and no astronomer can tell where or when a new one may appear. So the mystery of the Star of Bethlehem, so far as science is concerned, remains unsolved.

Concord, the Historic

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

BOSTON patronized me; it bore down upon me with a tender disdain for that I was not born and did not dwell in Boston. Wherefore I would go to Concord; I would give my patriotism an outing with a roll over the road that proved such a Bloody Lane for Britons when time was.



ON THE GROUND WHERE THE AMERICANS FOUGHT STANDS FRENCH'S "MINUTE-MAN."

They brought a high-backed victoria to the door. The square-figured coachman, upright and pokerish on his box, turned guide as well as coachman, and as we drove along pointed to spots of sanguinary interest. His orations ran in this wise:

"Whoa! By yonder pump on the day of th' Fyght stood an Hamerican of th' nyme of John 'Anford. A British soldier 'e comes hup an' 'e says: 'You're a dead man!' 'An' so be you,' says 'Anford. Bowth fires, an' bowth falls mortally wounded. G'lang!"

We passed a butcher's cart. On its painted sides was "Finnerty Bros." My coachman waxed lightly scornful:

"Hi doant think as 'ow their hancestors was at th' Fyght!" said he, pointing to "Finnerty Bros." with facetious whip.

Between the Thoreau House and the Battle Ground he called me to a bullet-hole in the front of a dwelling-house, as to the work of an English soldier long ago. The bullet-hole was a foot to the left hand of the window at which the gun had been pointed. It showed the worst of marksmanship, so I did not get out to inspect it. Besides—unless the King's troops during the Revolution were armed with 4-bores—those various proprietors who, in procession, owned that bullet-hole during the past century and a third had greatly improved it, and these betterments, while perhaps proper enough, served to dull my curiosity. I said: "Drive on!" contenting myself with a survey of the historic orifice from the carriage.

This and similar matters of interest were exhibited with relish by my coachman-guide and friend. I was shown where Paul Revere was captured, and where Paul Revere escaped, and many another notable thing. Also, the tones of my coachman-guide rang with an admiring sympathy for the Americans which fitted suspiciously upon one who spoke the dialect of Lewkner Lane. But let that go! I leaned back in a fashion of proud ease while a Cockney told my country's history against his own. I thought I smelled a poetic propriety if not a justice in the situation.

This was not my earliest expedition to historic Concord. My first visit was sundry years before. No American need give a reason for journeying to Concord; the English did that for him almost as far rearward as one hundred and twenty-seven years. We know how Pitcairn and eight hundred fellow-Britons arose one Cambridge morning and set forth to administer a lesson to Concord rebels, eighteen miles away. And we know how Pitcairn got back that night with not so many left of his eight hundred as might serve to carry a ward primary. The gay Pitcairn, much against his will, lighted a wick in history never to fade nor dim nor die, by the rays of which succeeding ages shall read of Concord.

When I first came to Concord it was five o'clock of a short, dark winter day. Some eight inches of snow were there to frost the picture and bring memories of Whittier's "Snowbound." The place was pleasant, even in white winter, with its leafless trees traced against the dying afternoon. The houses showed well-kept, and large and prosperous. Commonly, they were white with green shutters. The lawns, I might tell even beneath the snow, were kempt and even, and set with larches and pines. Each street nourished double ranks of elms, and these locked and interlocked their fingers above one's head. It was as if one gazed down the nave of a cathedral.

Four thousand people live in this temple of a town. These, in the book sense, are educated to a feather-edge, and own a public library which would do credit to a big city. Leaving books, however, one finds them brooded over by a provincialism and a thick self-gratulatory conceit that should drive a cosmopolitan stark mad

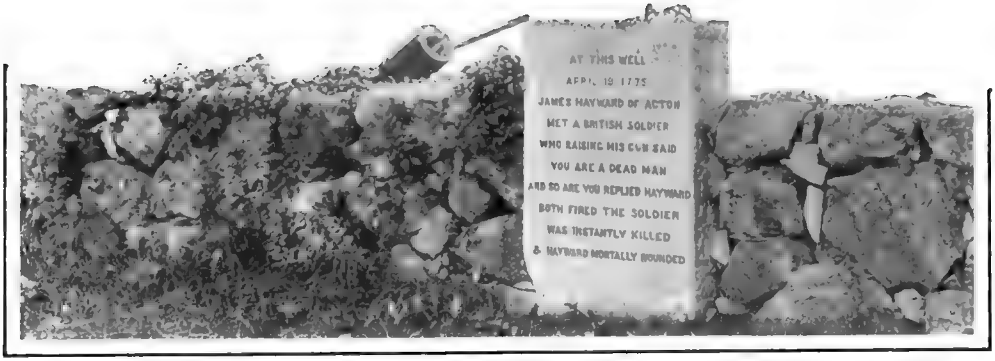
The buildings, scores of them, stand as they did on that far-away day when one's great-great-great-grandsire howled over his first tooth. On the way from the station a native who bore me company pointed to a big house, apparently in its prime of life, and told me how a certain wing, as staunch as the balance, apparently, was that memorable block-house which served during the war with the Indian King Philip more than two hundred years before. And there were people in that sacred block-house as I looked, who were getting their nineteenth century supper, and reading about Cleveland and his coming cabinet, as though such folk as Governor Winthrop and Miles Standish and King Philip had never been.

That house of entertainment to which I had been advised was called the Thoreau House—emphasize the *Thor*. It wasn't named for the Hermit of Walden, but for his aunt. The door to the Thoreau House resisted; thereupon I mauled the panel with my fist. This ceremony excited nothing save the admiration of a violent dog; however, I at last pushed open the door and walked in on my unushered merits.

After searching an empty parlor and an equally vacuous hall, I repaired to the office, also vacant, attended by the dog, now subsided. As there seemed to be no register, I wrote my name in a book wherein was kept the record of certain hay weighings which had occurred on a great scales outside. I am full in these details, since they illustrate the zeal wherewith folk seize on one and do business with one in Concord.

Having signed the hay-book, I again began to feel the pressing need of company other than the dog. Attended by the dog—faithful to the last was he—I navigated the dining-room and was about to attempt the kitchen, when I unmasked a clayey-looking girl who

THE MONUMENT THAT MARKS THE BRITISH POSITION.



did not seem surprised. I think she expected the boarders to search the kitchen for her. At my request she led the way to a room. As she left me to return to the kitchen, the information came floating back that I would batten at six.

When I get into a hotel I always read the printed threats which the landlord has nailed to the door. Ordinarily these sullen publications are spread out to formidable length. As I closed the door of my room in the Thoreau House I was caught by the brevity of the matter in this instance. It was as follows:

> "Guests are requested to follow these suggestions:
>
> "Burnt matches and hair must be thrown into the little cups.
>
> "Fruit parings and waste paper to be thrown into the basket."

These mild proclamations were so refreshing in comparison with the blood-curdling salutatories of the others, that I feel bound to lay them before the public.

After supper, whereunto I was attended by the lethargic girl, I sought the office. Here I crossed the trail of a gentleman named Walker. Walker had lived in Concord twenty-eight years, but the conservative taste of the community still distrusted him as a newcomer. Just how long Walker must reside in Concord before he will complete his novitiate and gain a moral residence, I don't know. Walker said he didn't.

It was a bright moonlighted night as I looked from the Thoreau window. The utter white of the snow added visibility to objects. The Thoreau House stands on the plaza, or public common, and as I gazed abroad upon the town I found myself in the whirl of history. This Thoreau House itself is the identical structure, now as then, wherein were secreted those munitions of rebel war which Pitcairn and his famous eight hundred came over from Cambridge to destroy.

In front of the tavern, and over on the common, towered within these few years an ancient vegetable known as "Jethro's Oak," beneath the cool branches whereof the first settlers powwowed with the aborigines and bought the town site in sixteen hundred and thirty-seven. The peaceful manner in which they euchred those savages led to the name of "Concord." The details of the deal are not known to-day, although Walker gave it as his opinion that "the Indians got skinned." They probably did. The Indians have ever made a fizzle of their real-estate transactions.

Here on this common there once stood an old church wherein was held the first provincial congress which chose John Hancock president. Its timbers have been reroofed and reclothed with new shingles and siding, and now make the Unitarian Church. This common was a favorite stamping-ground of the old Apostle Eliot, who here preached to the Indians in the last half of the 1600s.

On this square one finds the old Wright Tavern, as it abode on the day when the War of the Revolution was formally opened by Pitcairn. On that great morning, Pitcairn, growing athirst, strode into this hostel and called for brandy and water after the manner of Britons to this day. As he stirred his tipple he casually remarked that he would stir the rebel blood before night. Later, it must have gratified Pitcairn to remember that his prophecy turned wholly true.

Down Monument Street, and a short half mile from the common, glooms the old manse, so long inhabited of Hawthorne. It was old in the days of the Fight, and Grandmother Emerson viewed the struggle from the very window where her granddaughter, a century later, looked down upon the centennial celebration. This is noteworthy as showing how strong and uniform has been the sentiment of curiosity in that gentle sex in every age.

Concord is a collection of monuments. There are so many of these testimonials to a past that was proud that they have given the place the worst features of a marble yard. Nothing was permitted to grow older than a day before your local enthusiast began throwing up a monument. The residents of the village, as I observed from my Thoreau window, equip themselves of nights with lanterns to the end that they bark not the inadvertent shin against these landmarks.

Walker was kind; but none the less he patronized one in that high tolerant way with which I had been fretted in Boston. This spirit of an amiable superciliousness was invoked by my having come from the vulgar regions of the West and because—as I have written—I was not born and did not dwell in New England.

This patronage galled me with the first of it, but in the end I was entertained—I had encountered vanity in individuals, but this was the earliest occasion when I was to see a whole community spread its tail, drop its wings, and strut. I asked Walker concerning that phenomenon of the Puffed-up.

"Why do you do it?" said I; "why does this village thus lord it and look down upon me?"

Walker smiled and blandly poked the fire, all in a smug, important way.

"Concord is a great historic spot," said he; "we have a glorious past."

"But why should you transact your self-satisfaction at my expense?" I insisted. "Besides, this 'glorious past' you tell of isn't your past; it is the past of those dead folk over in the breast of the hill." Here I pointed to the Old Hill Burying-Ground, which lies just to the front and left of the Thoreau House, distant about one hundred yards. "I've killed as many British as you have," I argued.

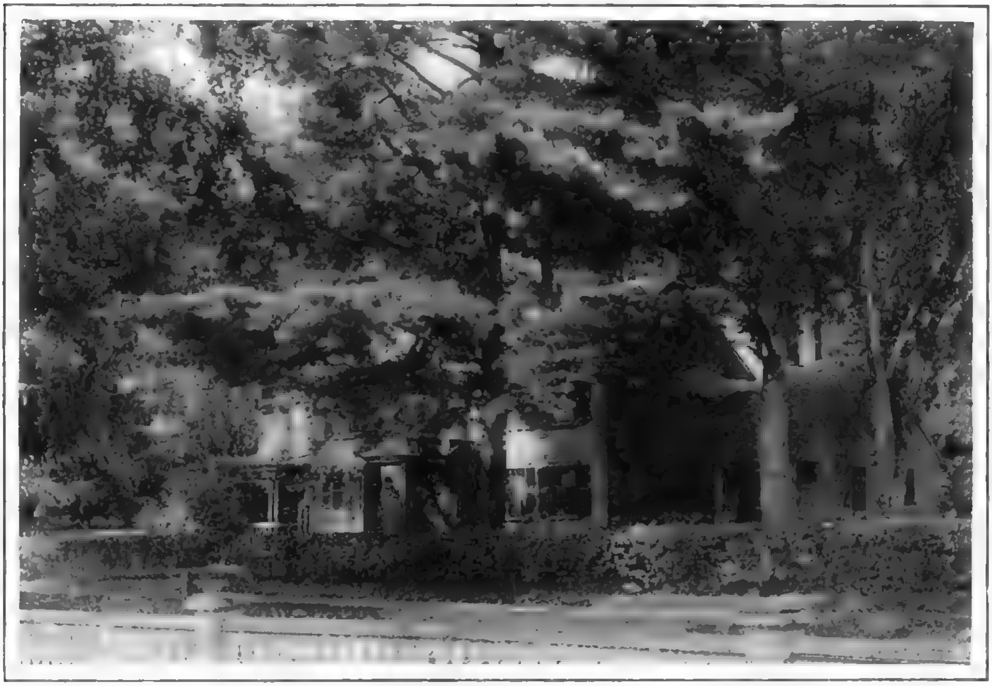
WRIGHT TAVERN, WHERE PITCAIRN CALLED FOR BRANDY AND WATER ON THE MORNING OF THE FORMAL OPENING OF THE REVOLUTION.

Walker still smiled the smile of him who is envied, saying nothing, but conducting himself with a kind of kingly silence such as a monarch might maintain.

"The trouble with Concord," said I, after a pause, and thinking to touch Walker on the raw—"the trouble with Concord is that it has grown to regard itself in the light of a show-case proposition. It doesn't feel like a village; it feels like a curiosity. The Yankee spirit has turned to be the spirit of the museum freak."

Walker still poked the base-burner in a sociable way, and beamed upon me with that wordless pity which showed how much he despised me for an alien and an outlander.

"It was here we fought the first battle of the Revolution," he murmured, finally.



HAWTHORNE'S WAYSIDE.

Walker's tones had the unctuous note of the miser whispering over his gold. "Yes, indeed! it was here we struck the first blow for liberty."

"The first blow," said I, correcting Walker, "was struck at Lexington."

This roused Walker, and his eye gleamed resentfully.

"Nonsense!" cried he, in mighty disdain of the sister village. "They didn't fight at Lexington. The British shot them up a little, but the Lexington fellows never aimed a gun. They took one look and skedaddled."

"There you go!" said I, tauntingly. "It's as I say: Concord is jealous of Lexington, just as the sideshow Fat Woman might be jealous of the Circassian Beauty. It is the spirit of the museum freak—the spirit that finds its cup of life fulfilled when permitted to sit on a drygoods box and sell its photographs."

This ourburst in no sort shook the complacency of Walker, who, being again restored, continued to regard me as one might a Goth hailing from lands ignorant and far away. He kept to his superior grin, and for an only answer delved with his poker ever more deeply in the base-burner.

On investigation, I learned that Walker recalled nothing of Hawthorne or Thoreau or the Alcotts—Bronson and Louise. Emerson he had frequently met, since it seems that the transcendentalist, with all the rest, was a natural born presiding officer, and invariably wielded the gavel on occasions when Concord "resolved" to rescue the church with a fresh coat of paint, or restore pristine powers to the village pump, with new leather for its "suckers." I said that I thought I would mention a certain town-notable in print. This brought down Walker combatively.

"You have no right to mention him," said Walker; "he is a private person."

On my side I contended for the franchise of publicity.

"Private person, yes," cried I. "Your man has a right to his existence, but not to the fact of his existence. He has, as against my right to mention and record it, no more right to the fact of his existence than to the tracks he made in yesterday's snow."

Walker and I bickered this point with heat. I have since considered that our debate would have yielded grace to the Concord School of Philosophy in a palmy day. Then we got back to the town; also I was moved to clear Walker of his conceited fogs concerning the West.

"Behold," said I, with a flourish meant for Walker's subjugation: "you have here a town without curbs or pavements, or sewers or water-works, or gas or theatres, or electric lights or crimes. When I arrived at the station I was met by no hackman chanting the luxuries of his vehicle. There, as well as everywhere, in carriages as in all things, I found Concord, to speak colloquially, on a dead card. And yet you have four thousand inhabitants?"

Walker nodded while his eye burned suspiciously with the question of:

"What next?"

"Did you ever hear of Albuquerque or Las Vegas?"

Walker had heard some waif word of these cities of my beloved New Mexico, just as he had heard of Timbuctoo.

"Bar greasers," said I, "who don't count and never will on any roster of municipal strength, there should be about four thousand people—Americans—in Vegas. In short, it's no bigger than Concord the Curiosity—Concord the Behind-Hand—Concord of the Narrow Head! And yet, as we sit here with no street lights save the moon and those lanterns borne by monument-dodging and belated citizens, Vegas revels in a flood of electric glory. You could read agate print in any corner of Vegas. Also there are sewers, water-works, pavements, homicides, ginmills, theaters, and cable-cars. The uproar of these evidences of a progressive civilization fills the Vegas ear. Faro, poker, highball and strong drink are rife in bar-room and hotel. At the station a hundred hackmen shout and curse and rend the incoming tenderfoot who is their heaven-sent prey. Do you read nothing in such a picture? Lurks therein no lesson of modesty which Concord should study for the abatement of its puffing strut?"

I paused, not because I had exhausted either Concord or Las Vegas, but rather for that—it being now nine of the clock, and Walker's bedtime—my companion, with a final smirk of superiority and a last assassin's stab with the poker into the glowing vitals of the base-burner, slammed the stove door, collected a tallow candle, and with a brief "Good-night" climbed creakingly to his lair.

Being deprived of Walker, I was left with nothing save the Old Hill Burying-Ground wherewith to entertain myself. I could see from my Thoreau window where its ancient slabs, mounting one above the other, bristled from the snow on the round bosom of the hill. I threw on my heavy coat and went across to make their better acquaintance. The inscriptions were as readable in that wondrous moonlight as though it were broad day.

Graveyards have ever a strong attraction for me. Not from aught that is ghoulish in my bent, but there dwells such a serene certainty about a graveyard, such a surety as to what will happen next, that I like it. The Old Hill stands just off the common. It is the oldest cemetery in the town; the new one is called Sleepy Hollow. It is in Sleepy Hollow the pilgrim finds the dust of Emerson and Thoreau and Hawthorne and the Alcotts. I have intimated as well as said what a bubbling mutual-admiration society this town of Concord is. This complacency has misled its people into boundless epitaphs.

The oldest stone in the Old Hill is dated 1677. It is in this cemetery that Rev. William Emerson, Major John Buttrick, and other Revolutionary worthies sleep. In Sleepy Hollow one finds the grave of Thoreau marked by a rude red stone. Hawthorne also owns a modest monument, and is content with the chiselling of his name. The Hoar family—that which gave us the Senator—has a strong representation, and unlike Thoreau and Hawthorne is by no means tongue-tied in its epitaphs. I'm not a professional, nothing better than an amateur of tombs; but as I read certain of these declarations I felt as though they needed editing.

It struck nine o'clock when Walker quit me. It was too early for a night-hawk to think of bed. Exhausting the Old Hill, I decided to visit the Battlefield. The Battlefield lies a half mile to the north of the common. It is there the Old North Bridge spans the purring river Pitcairn sent a detachment to hold this bridge, and then began shaking up the village in a general way. Personally, after that soda and brandy, Pitcairn went up into the Old Hill where he could get a wide look. The Americans had crossed the North Bridge and left the town. They were too few to make it interesting for Pitcairn, and had to wait for aid. While this was coming, Pitcairn and his people were tearing things loose, and hunting out the military stores and tossing them on their horns.

Pitcairn must have been a thick-skulled Briton. He had tramped from Cambridge over the roughest country from which man ever coaxed a reluctant livelihood. If Pitcairn had been broad or wise he would have smelled trouble on its way. He would have foreseen that men who were in the habit of tilling such soil would snatch at a day off to kill Britons as relaxation.

While Pitcairn was drinking his brandy at the Wright tavern, and his grenadiers were building bonfires of Yankee stores on the little common, reinforcements were swelling the American strength over at the wrong end of the North Bridge. The little river flowed between, but the opposing forces were only two hundred yards apart—a nice range for the long, eight-square rifles of the Americans.

As the provincials grew in numbers, the British thought it a sapient thing to pull up the planks of the bridge. This was too much for the Americans; they started for the bridge double-quick. Then the British began firing, and Major Buttrick and others of the Americans fell. The Americans returned the fusillade, and the War of the Revolution was on.

On my journey to the Battlefield, I passed by Hawthorne's Old Manse. It is back a hundred yards from the sidewalk, and double rows of sighing pines show the way to the door. The house was dark and dead in the moonlight; no lamp put light into its windows. When you reach the Battlefield, the Old Manse is still your neighbor, and not twenty rods from the monument that marks what was the British position. The Battlefield itself is thickly sown with tall pine trees, and these were moaning dolefully on the night I was there.

THE SCENE OF THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE REVOLUTION.

As I approached, I found myself on the ground occupied by the British. After taking in the scene, and with the aid of the pine voices overhead, I strove to imagine it all. I tried to line up my Redcoat foes in the moonlight. I stood on the spot where the first Englishman was shot down in that struggle, and the dead gentleman's grave, with that of a comrade, lay fair in front of me, distant about a rod. I tried to hear the command "Fire!" and the hopeful staccato of the rifles in response; I sought to begin over in a mental way the bloody work of freedom-building.

But I couldn't make it. My imagination isn't a winged thing at best; still, I never knew it to bog down and do nothing the way it did that snow-wrapped Concord night. I looked over at the dark, old manse where Grandmother Emerson, with her anxious face against the gable panes, had stood watching her peppery preacher of a husband as—those long years ago!—he incited the Americans on the opposite bank. It wasn't any use ; I sighed, and, scratching a match on the monument, lighted a cigar.

Beyond the little river, on the ground where the Americans fought, stands French's "Minute-Man." The bridge sounded cold and hollow as I walked over to visit it. The "Minute-Man" is full of spirit and grace. The Fight would have been a good investment if it gave the world nothing beyond this statue. When I returned to the British side, I paused for a thoughtful smoky moment over the grave of my two enemies, buried where they fell. They deserve remembrance as the first Britons to become convinced of American independence. They never doubted it after the bullets found them. There they lie in peace. Nobody knew their names, and they didn't mark the laundry in those days. However, it is as well. There is a dignity which begs no notice in that incognito of the dead. Although nameless, they sleep as soundly under their pine trees as any cathedraled, lead-lapped, marble-covered monarch of them all.

IN SLEEPY HOLLOW THE PILGRIM FINDS THE GRAVES OF EMERSON AND THOREAU, OF HAWTHORNE AND THE ALCOTTS.

A Memory

By NONA OLIVER ARCHER

WHEN fades the glow from sunset skies,
And darkness comes apace,
With eyes half weary of the light,
Dreaming, again I see thy face,
Calm with the peace of those that see
Through all life's transient mockery
The vastness of eternity.

The Players

MOST promising is the theatrical season now in full swing over the land, rich in entertainment and not lacking in serious purposes. National prosperity permits the theatre-goer to be occasionally serious in his amusements, and to make little excursions into poetry and the stage productions that inspire Deep Thought. If hard times come, jingly, cheerful, utterly frivolous, irresponsible nonsense will drive everything else from the boards. The season started with a rush in New York, and other cities took up the pace. It is pleasing to record that most of the new things average better than usual.

TYRONE POWER AS ULYSSES.

From a Photograph by Hall, New York.

It is truly an admirable thing for Charles Frohman to include "Ulysses" among the twenty-five companies playing under his management this season, for it is likely to prove an expensive demonstration of his oft-made declaration that he is sincerely anxious to improve dramatic standards. That this magnificent dramatic poem in blank verse, the work of a modern, can succeed financially is too much to hope. A really fine, poetic play written primarily for the library must be wanting in action, although there are two scenes in "Ulysses" that are truly dramatic. The splendor and beauty of the lines would almost make amends for the lack of any "situations." While those whose imaginations have been kindled by a study of Homer may find the stage pictures inadequate and unsatisfying—albeit evidence is not lacking that critics who found fault on this ground are humorously shy in classical lore—most intelligent theatre-goers have not the students' handicap. It is a capital thing for the stage when a manager is willing to risk large financial loss for a purely artistic triumph.

Tyrone Power is a capable *Ulysses* because he is a capable actor of wide experience, but there is nothing in his performance to justify Mr. Frohman's appeal to the courts to allow him to create the *rôle* in this country. He has a reputation in America, in England, and in Australia, where he toured for three or four seasons, yet he never won distinctive success in any *rôle* until he appeared as the *Marquis of Steyne*, in Mrs. Fiske's production of "Becky Sharp." Then came his *Judas* in "Mary of Magdala," a performance that approached true greatness. Had he not been so wondrous fine as *Judas* he would have been far better as *Ulysses*. Edgar Selwyn, the *Telemachus*, is another actor who suffers by comparison with a former personal success. His *Tony*, the Mexican, in "Arizona" was an exquisite bit of character portrayal. Rose Coghlan's *Penelope* is a delight. It is good to see so sterling, so finished, so wholesome an actress in a *rôle* worthy of her.

ROSE COGHLAN AS PENELOPE IN "ULYSSES."

From a Photograph by Hall, New York.

One could wish to see Otis Skinner play *Ulysses*, for there is no actor in America who reads blank verse so well as this clergyman's son who was graduated from Harvard before he went on the stage to pass years under the tuition of Lawrence Barrett. Mr. Skinner has joined forces with Ada Rehan, who has returned to the stage with her health fully restored, and they are now appearing in Shakespearian and standard plays in the South, having recently finished a most successful engagement in New Orleans.

With Louis James and Frederick Warde in classical plays, with Viola Allen in an elaborate production of "Twelfth Night," and Nat C. Goodwin starring in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Salvini, greatest of all tragedians, coming in April after a long absence, with Orrin Johnson playing "Romeo and Juliet," when he is not exploiting "Hearts Courageous," and with the Shakespearian revivals promised later, the lovers of serious drama have less cause for complaint than usual this year.

It may be that Forbes Robertson, whom many Englishmen consider their greatest actor—certainly his *Hamlet* has no equal on the British stage—may be seen as the melancholy Dane before he departs. He and his wife, Gertrude Elliott, a sister of Maxine Elliott, came to this country to present "The Light that Failed," Constance Fletcher's dramatization of Kipling's first long story, now playing at the Knickerbocker.

The New York theatres opened the season with light and airy trifles, as a rule, "Ulysses" being the important exception. "Vivian's Papas" began the stage year at the Garrick, a farce of the French style written by Leo Dietrichstein, who came to this country as a comedian in the German theatre in Irving Place, and who remained to win success in English both as a playwright and an actor. It is curious that in the minds of the sophisticated it is rather a wicked farce, yet there is nothing objectionable in dialogue or situation. Hattie Williams, who created the part of *Vivian*, portrayed the chorus girl with such absolute fidelity that it verged on the danger line, instead of idealizing it as did Elizabeth Tyree, who succeeded her just before the company departed for Boston. Miss Williams began in the chorus in "1492," and she has worked her way up steadily and rather rapidly. She attracted attention in "The Girl from Maxim's," and for two seasons she was the leading woman in the Rogers Brothers' productions. She remained in New York to play "The Girl from Kay's," presented at the Herald Square this month with Sam Bernard as chief comedian.

CECIL ENGELHART,
An English actress who plays *Joy* in "A Princess of Kensington."
From a Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith, London.

Charles Hawtrey came back this season to permit us to see "The Man From Blankley's," a most delightful entertainment, but a wobbly, weak-kneed trifle considered as a play. "The Message from Mars" made such a success that he hadn't opportunity to give the Anstey comedy before. Not in years have such finely drawn characters been presented on the stage, and the company is wonderfully well-rounded and finished. The idea of a lord being mistaken for a floorwalker from a department store, ordered to round out a dinner-party of rich and vulgar folk, gives opportunity for keen and delicious satire, but the idea is funnier than the actual comedy. Mr. Hawtrey does the little that falls to him exquisitely, and none could be better than Fanny Brough and Henry Kemble, both famous fun-makers.

While Mr. Hawtrey was at the Criterion, John Drew was at the Herald Square in "Captain Dieppe," an amusing little comedy with Anthony Hope dialogue and Harrison Rhodes situations, and altogether an improvement upon those in which he has been seen lately. Its chief objection lies in the fact that the hero is dangerously close to being a rascal. Mr. Drew and Mr. Hawtrey occupy very similar positions on the Amer-

OTIS SKINNER,
Who, with Ada Rehan, is now starring in the South in Shakspearian and standard plays.

FORBES ROBERTSON AS *DICK HELDAR* IN "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED."

From a Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith, London.

KYRLE BELLEW IN THE TITLE *RÔLE* OF "RAFFLES."

From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

ican and English stage, both being at their best in drawing-room comedies. The Londoner gains his effects much more quietly than the American. The real surprise of "Captain Dieppe" is Margaret Dale, who has been so badly cast for several seasons that most people had forgotten that she is a refreshingly charming *ingénue*, a stage expression meaning a highly sophisticated young woman who can pretend to be more innocent than any grown person has a right to be. Mr. Drew shifted to the Empire Theatre, when alterations were completed, to permit E. H. Sothern to appear there in "The Proud Prince," a new play by Justin Huntly McCarthy.

Not one of the four new theatres in New York was ready for the opening of the season; being delayed by the building strike. It was late in October before the splendid New Amsterdam opened its doors with Nat Goodwin, and it was near the middle of the month when Richard Mansfield opened the Lyric with "Heidelberg," and Ethel Barrymore, in "Cousin Kate," dedicated the Hudson. Daniel Frohman's new Lyceum was not ready until this month.

MAUDE ADAMS.
Who is starring in "The Pretty Sister of Jose," Mrs. Burnett's latest play.
From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

MAXINE ELLIOTT,
Who made her début as an independent star in "Her Own Way," by Clyde Fitch.
From a Photograph by the Otto Sarony Company New York.

Mrs. Langtry is marvellous. At the age of fifty-four she looks and acts like a woman of thirty, although fat is accumulating on "the finest shoulders in Europe." She came to the Savoy in "Mrs. Deering's Divorce," two acts of which are immensely clever and witty. Strange that one should usually think of Mrs. Langtry as an amateur when she has been on the stage a quarter of a century

—she first came to this country in 1881. She is the richest actress on the boards, being worth more than a million dollars.

There is living in New York a quiet, conventional little woman, devoted to charities, and to small social entertainments, whose wealth is greater than Mrs. Langtry's, and it was made on the stage. Now she is known as Miss Crabtree. The theatre knew her as Lotta, the foremost American soubrette.

Mrs. Langtry's leading man is Paul Arthur, an American, who has been playing in London for several years, and whom Americans best remember as the artist in "Held by the Enemy." Mrs. Langtry didn't remain long in New York. She left the Savoy to make room for William H. Crane, who added another to his long list of triumphs as Peter Bines in an atrociously bad dramatization of "The Spenders," the novel written by Harry L. Wilson, the editor of *Puck*.

It was Maxine Elliott's good fortune to make her début in the best modern play that Clyde Fitch has written. This remarkable young man, who apparently writes comedies with both hands, and occasionally with both feet, at the same time, has gained his success in late years by dramatizing the foibles and weaknesses of women. As a literary tailor who can guarantee to cut and fit dramatic gowns to feminine stars he never has had an equal. "Her Own Way," however,

MACKLYN ARBUCKLE

As *Jim Hackler* in "The County Chairman," a comedy drama by George Ade, now playing in the Studebaker Theatre, Chicago.

is a strong and brilliant play that shows honest hard work and the ripening of Fitch's powers. In it Maxine Elliott shines brilliantly as a star. She is beautiful, very lovable, arch, vivacious, coquettish, and tender.

MRS. LESLIE CARTER,

Who is starring in the Middle West in David Belasco's "Du Barry."

From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

Rapid has been the rise of Maxine Elliott. An unhappy matrimonial experience, coupled with a necessity for earning her own living, made her turn to the stage. She was a woman then, but her beauty, her distinction, her grace, her intelligence enabled her to make rapid progress. When Nat Goodwin was preparing for his Australian tour, he engaged Maxine Elliott for minor parts and swiftly gave her better ones, which caused Blanche Walsh, the leading woman, to leave in anger. The beautiful Westerner became leading woman and then Goodwin made her his wife and co-star, and her success justified his professional judgment. Now she is firmly fixed in the dramatic firmament and she no longer needs her husband's support.

Edward Harrigan has come into his own again after many years of eclipse. Time was, when he and Tony Hart were in the Theatre Comique in lower Broadway, that he was a popular idol, praised also by the intellectual authorities, who called him the "Howells of low life" and other things meant to be highly complimentary. None has ever equalled Harrigan's skill in writing dramatic sketches of New York life. The melodies of "The Mulligan Guards" and "Paddy Duffy's Cart" still linger in many memories, along with droll, inimitable Harrigan characters, as Hart, Mrs. Yeamans, Dan Collyer, and the others wander across one's mental vision.

Came the removal to the Park Theatre, and Harrigan seemed to have left a part of his public behind. He built the Garrick, as it is now called, and lost his public altogether. Fortunate it was that he gave the show-house to his wife, who has ever clung to it, for evil days fell upon him. A fickle public wearied of him and sought false gods. His money fell through his hands like water, and while financial misfortune pressed upon him came the great sorrow of his life, the death of his son just entering upon manhood. For years the man who brought sunshine and laughter to thousands lived in black melancholy, and those who spoke of him shook their heads sadly.

MABEL TALIAFERRO

As *Lovey Mary* in a dramatic version of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," now playing in the Middle West.

For nearly a decade Edward Harrigan was only a memory. Last season Clyde Fitch persuaded him to play the part of the walking delegate in "The Bird in a Gilded Cage." There was a roar of welcome when Harrigan appeared. And when the humor of him, the exquisite, fine art of him burst upon them, acclaim was wilder than ever.

Thus Harrigan learned that he was not forgotten, that he was still beloved, that the public wanted him. He went to his Brooklyn home, and the old spirit, fanned by the breath of popular applause, burned brightly again. The result shone in a real Harrigan play, a real Harrigan farce brought down to date, with the survivors of old days grouped about him. Never has a player been received in New York with more enthusiasm, with such honest, hilarious affection. And Mrs. Yeamans, too, was overwhelmed by the audience. So it came about on that first night of "Under Cover" at the Murray Hill Theatre, Harrigan and his old comrade went through the comic scenes with tears of joy running down their cheeks, while scores in the audience wept with them, laughing the while at the irresistible Harrigan fun.

One of the notable productions in New York this season was that of a play with which English theatres have been familiar for twenty years; the temperance melodrama of "Drink" with Charles Warner. It isn't much of a play, but Mr. Warner's portrayal of the downfall of the drunkard is one of the most tremendous creations the stage has known. It is terrible in its effectiveness. After the earlier acts hundreds of men left the Academy of Music to get a drink. After the first great scene, not one left his seat, so great was the horror of liquor inspired by the actor. Never did a work better serve the purpose of an actor. Zola wrote the original, a novel he called "L'Assommoir"—The Trap—and a Frenchman made a play of it. Charles Reade, the English novelist, did the play into English, and selected Mr. Warner, then a young and unknown actor, to play the leading *rôle*, a part in which he has appeared upward of five thousand times.

MAX ROGERS

"The Rogers Brothers in London."

Photograph by Hall, New York.

Mrs. Fiske opened her season with a revival of "Mary of Magdala," supplementing it with a week of Ibsen—"Hedda Gabler," and then went forth from the Manhattan Theatre for a long road tour, while a production of "Marta of the Lowlands," a Spanish playwright's famous drama, followed with Corona Riccardo in the leading part.

"Ben-Hur" opened the remodelled New York Theatre with new players, and blond Harry Woodruff, as *Judah*, and J. E. Dodson, as *Simonides*, were vastly better than their predecessors. Young Mr. Woodruff, who was at one time engaged to marry Miss Anna Gould, now the Countess of Castellane, and who was sent to Harvard to prepare him for that position, has developed into a capital actor. "Ben-Hur" has had a notable record. It was produced at the Broadway Theatre in November, 1899, and at the close of last season it had been played 1,071 times in only thirty-one different cities. The American public has paid two and a half million dollars to see the play, and General Lew Wallace has received $200,000 in royalties.

George Ade's latest stage success is a straight play, "The County Chairman," now running at the Studebaker Theatre in Chicago. The scene is in Indiana and it is a strong comedy-drama with a deal of the Ade humor, which has a solid foundation of wisdom. Macklyn Arbuckle has scored a real success in the leading *rôle*. This actor has forged ahead rapidly of late, after years of hard work. There is a mob scene in the "County Chairman" that was near to a failure when it was first produced. On the opening night in Chicago, George Marion, the stage-manager, went on the stage in this scene without warning, and began to hammer the supernumeraries in good earnest. They fought back viciously and in a few seconds a hundred men were engaged in an honest free fight. Marion was badly pummelled and so were many others, but the scene made a great hit and he was happy. Marion is now the general stage-manager for Henry W. Savage; years ago he was famous as a minstrel.

GUS ROGERS

"The Rogers Brothers in London."

Photograph by Hall, New York.

The musical entertainments this season are sufficiently numerous and are better than usual. To begin, "The Three Little Maids," the brightest, daintiest, most enticing musical comedy that George Edwardes has sent to this country, has just ended an engagement at Daly's, much to New Yorkers' regret. The maids themselves, Maude Crichton, Della Mason, and Elsa Ryan, are wholly different, yet each has such a freshness, an innocence, an archness of her own, and it is difficult to realize what consummate artists they are. And New York was introduced to George P.

Huntley, who plays a "chappie" that is as delicate and fine a bit of character acting as the stage has seen, and irresistible in its humor.

"The Princess of Kensington," another English offering, opened at the Broadway. It comes close to being pure comic opera. It is dainty, refined, with a ripping good Gilbertian idea badly worked out, charming music, and James T. Powers, that droll, active, alert little man, who has been amusing people steadily with his quirps and comic face since the days of the early Hoyt farces. Also there is Cecil Engelhart, who came from the London Gayety Company, and a very pretty, sweet girl who sings admirably, and who will play the leading part in "The Medal and the Maid," another London musical show that John C. Fisher will produce in January.

This season it is the "Rogers Brothers in London," and it is the best show they have given. It starts at a pace of about sixty miles an hour and never lets up with the showiest of costumes, a riot of foolery, and a lot of catchy songs. The Rogers Brothers are careful about their songs, which they publish themselves at a profit of about $20,000 a year. Among the new-comers is George Austin Moore, who sings very well and who was discovered in a stock company in Texas. The show crowded the Knickerbocker until a few nights ago, when it started on its travels.

Weber & Fields started a week later than usual because Lillian Russell was suffering from a cold and shock—she wears trousers, a frock-coat and top-hat in the first act, and she looks very "buttery." The show is called "Whoop-de-doo" and it is funnier than anything, in spots. Only in the music does it fall behind former successes. One of the new-comers is Evie Stetson, a fat and frolicsome lady who made a reputation in vaudeville years ago, retired into matrimony, emerged with another former actress, who also wearied of domestic life, and they made a new name as Melville and Stetson. The new comedian is Louis Mann, who leaped into fame in "The Telephone Girl," and then went starring with his wife in "All on Account of Eliza." Mr. Mann has a dialect suggestive of locomotor ataxia, and he is shriekingly funny.

Elderly, unctuous George Richards, who recalls "A Midnight Bell" and other Hoyt farces, is the chief comedian of "Peggy from Paris," a George Ade musical comedy, in which another Hoyt graduate, Georgia Caine, is the *Peggy*. There is much quiet fun in the show, and also Helen Hale, a Cleveland girl, who left Wellesley College, where she

ELSA RYAN, DELLA MASON, AND MAUDE CRICHTON—"THE THREE LITTLE MAIDS."

From a Photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

ANNA LAUGHLIN AS DOROTHY GALE IN "THE WIZARD OF OZ."

stroked the 'varsity crew, to enter the chorus of "King Dodo," this being the result of a severe attack of matinee fever. She now plays *Lily Ann Lynch* in "Peggy from Paris" with as much energy as she formerly displayed over the high hurdles.

Manager Savage has another musical success, "A Yankee Consul," with Raymond Hitchcock as the star, which was produced in Boston and which is now playing in New England. Mr. Hitchcock has been fighting upward for years. New Yorkers remember him as the comedian in the American Stock Company and then he came to town in "King Dodo," in which he scored. He is a real comedian. "The Yankee Consul" was written by Henry M. Blossom, who won fame through "Checkers," which has been dramatized for Thomas W. Ross and which made a hit at the American Theatre.

The amazing "Wizard of Oz," which came to the Majestic for six weeks and remained thirty-seven, departed for Boston in October, with Montgomery and Stone, who worked together as a vaudeville team for fifteen years before Broadway knew they existed. Stone was a circus acrobat and Montgomery a song and dance man when they joined forces in Texas, both being stranded. Anna Laughlin, the dainty little Dorothy Gale in the "Wizard," who looks to be about ten, is well along in the twenties—she was with a Lederer chorus five years ago. "Babes in Toyland," another Hamlin and Mitchell production, the versatile William Norris as chief comedian, followed the "Wizard" at the Majestic.

It is curious to observe how "Florodora" has influenced musical comedies. There is scarcely one that hasn't the concerted nod of show-girls' heads in some number. "Florodora" celebrated its third anniversary in this country in September, and the company is now playing on the Pacific Coast. Since it played to empty seats at the Casino during the first six weeks it was played in America, "Florodora" has taken in about two million dollars.

One of the important musical offerings is that now at the Broadway, with Fritzi Scheff, who was known as "the little devil of grand opera," in the days when she was in the Metropolitan Company as the star. She is appearing in "Babette" by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith.

TWO OF THE "BABES IN TOYLAND."

Irene Cromwell as *Miss Muffit* and Myrtle McGrain as *Bobby Shaftoe.*

From a Photograph by Windeatt, Chicago.

The Honorable Roderick's Wash

By **KATHERINE HOLLAND BROWN**

With illustrations by H. C. Edwards

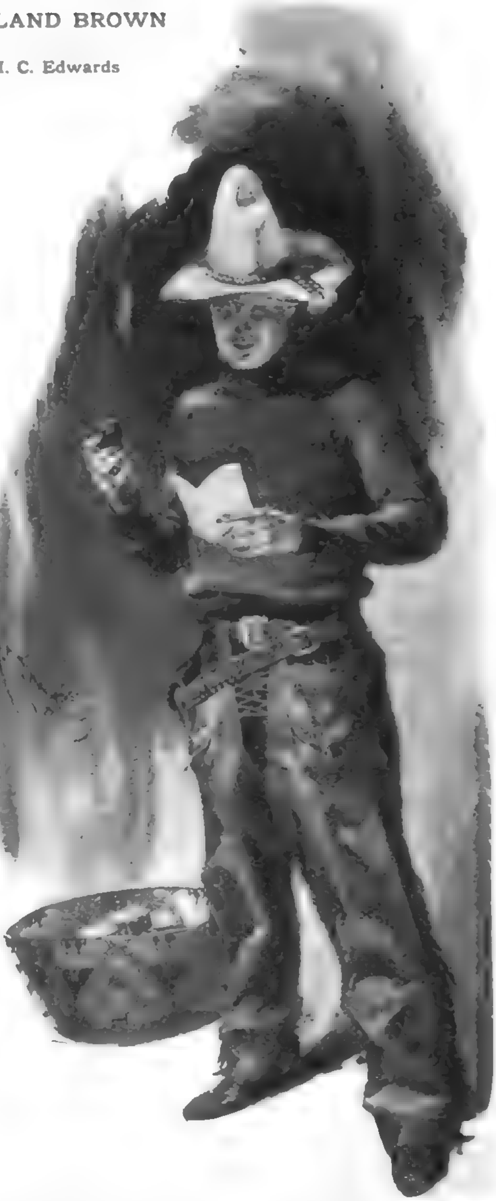
THE Division Superintendent had waved a gay good-by to his wife at St. Louis, after solemn and repeated promises that she should follow him to Amaryllo and set up their much-travelled household goods as soon as he should find a roof for the altar. "Mind you, Tom, I don't care if it's three rooms and a dirt floor," she had insisted. "And you needn't perjure yourself in your letters, trying to keep me away. The first whimper about centipedes or climate or canned things is going to bring me like an incantation. You remember, now!"

He did remember. The man who is sent forth by an impatient syndicate to see to it that two miles of track shall grow where the best efforts of his capable predecessor sufficed to grow but one, has scant leisure for house-hunting. Moreover, there were no houses to hunt. But Madame's wishes were precious as much fine gold in the eyes of her husband. Also, Leonard had wistful remembrances of the cosy apartments that Madame could contrive out of the three Indian blankets and an armful of scantling, and of the heavenly messes which those pink, sparkling hands could concoct. So he scoured Amaryllo and its environs for a radius of some seven miles, and did not give up hope until he and his worn-out bronco had covered the ground for the third time.

Then he sat down on a pile of scorching ties in front of the conical white blister known as the Bosses' Shack, and groaned.

Amaryllo lay before him, a play-house huddle of 'dobe and thatch, dumped in the midst of the limitless plain; level as a chess-board; hot as a waffle-iron. Above him blazed the merciless blue of a Texas afternoon; around him billowed boundless stretches of mesquite. The horizon locked the plain in one unbroken ring. Not a single tree-stem lifted against the glaring sky.

"Anyhow, she won't come," he said to himself, hopefully. "I've done my best to head her off. I've raved over the beautiful even climate and the Arcadian surroundings, and the touching artlessness of the natives—there goes Arapahoe Jim this minute, the old hound! I'll bet a year's salary he's the one who sneaked



HE FOUND A CREAMY ENVELOPE SANDWICHED BETWEEN THE CANS OF DEVILED HAM.

that last case of potted chicken off my car. Oh, I've fixed it all right. She won't move a step. Though if there was any other place to take her than that mud dug-out of French Pete's, or that galvanized iron woodshed of Lonergan's, I'd wish she was here."

He pulled a folding tablet from his pocket, and began to scrawl his daily letter. It was not an easy task, for the superintendent was by nature a truthful man. He was so absorbed in neatly dove-tailing his prevarications that he paid no attention to the roll and the clatter of the daily stage as it plodded in across the mesquite and stopped before the post-office, a sprinky new tent, half a block away. He went on, lying with the conscious pains of a fledgling novelist.

"'Dry, wholesome air'—till the next cloudburst sets everything swimming, yes. 'Pleasant bucolic population, a little mixed as to race.' You bet they are, that. Six Germans, four Frenchmen, nine Americans, fourteen Irish, sixty-seven Greasers. That was the census last week, so Manuel said.—'Forest of Arden, in many ways.' That's true, too; pay Pietro's widow two dollars a dozen for blueing my handkerchiefs, and never a starched collar short of Fort Worth. Oh, it's great! And Milly loathes country life——"

A swift rustle sounded from behind: two velvet palms shut lightly over his eyes. Something else had come on the stage besides the mail.

Manuelo put down his skillet and smiled in weary indulgence at the fools which their Eminences, the Americans, saw fit to make of themselves over their wives. With women plenty as prickly pears, why such indulgence?

"Yes, I know you're enjoying yourself so much, you don't really need me." Madame shook herself free, and patted her silken sleeves into shape. "But you'll have to be gentleman enough to make a pretence. And you were so enthusiastic about the surroundings that I've invited a house-party, and brought the first guest along. So here's Juliana."

The Chief steadied himself against the tent-flap. Juliana, late of Vassar, later of Washington and Paris, glided from the rear and dimpled up at him with that all-conquering sparkle which one adorer, in a frantic search for a simile, had declared more dazzling than sunlight on a cold-frame full of broken glass.

"Are you sure he's glad to see us, Cousin Millicent?" she murmured. "He looks a bit overwhelmed."

"My dear," said the Chief, in the voice of the fond reproachful host, "how does it happen that you neglected to ask the Princess of Wales and Mrs. Potter Palmer?"

Down in the mesquite country, distances count for little. A twenty-mile stage-drive only whets one's appetite for luncheon; so it was not a week until the Devines from Bar Z ranch drove over in their creaky carry-all. They exclaimed at Madame's gasoline range and folding kitchen cabinet, they gurgled in rapture over the pink-and-blue matting which she had nailed over the rough pine walls of Lonergan's woodshed, they shrieked appreciation at the lovely Iran carpet which hung as a background to her Greuze head. Then they posted forth and spread the news; and presently there came the Walshes from the Lazy A, regal in cloak of Paquin and in broadcloth of Poole; also, the Danas from Red Butte and the Carmichaels from the Bar X; in short, the nobility and gentry of twenty miles around. Only one ranch-owner stayed away, not because he felt himself above the demands of mesa amenities, but because he had no women-folk to bring him the glad tidings.

The Honorable Roderick Boice-Popplepham had bought the Burnmore ranch two years before, the week that he came into his property. It was the greatest bargain of the century, so he informed his scandalized solicitor later. To be sure, it left him with only four hundred pounds in pocket; but then, think of ten thousand acres, all in one piece!

He had been on the ranch for six weeks now, led thither by the fact that the last shilling of the four hundred had melted away, while the landed estate continued to produce only large red tax-lists and small blue letters from his agent. Determined to fit himself in all things to the groove of the life which he now entered, the Honorable Roderick bought for himself the approved cowboy raiment as pictured forth in the *Illustrated London News*. His fifty-dollar sombrero, white as milk, corded with gold, flapped like an ivory halo above his wide blue guileless eyes and peach-pink cheeks. His sumptuous carven Mexican saddle woke the envy of every tourist heart. His spurs splintered the sunlight like mediæval lances; smitten with gleeful awe, the natives scuttled from their huts like eager little boys on circus day when the Señor Popplehamo rode by. To the casual eye, his array was in all things perfect;

but his blond brows rumpled grimly when he found a creamy envelope sandwiched between the cans of deviled ham and condensed milk in Monteo's market-basket, and opened it, to discover an invitation to dinner at the Lazy A,—"Mrs. Robert Rensselaer Walsh . . . to meet Mrs. Leonard and Miss Emory."

"I can't go to a dinner in these clothes," he gasped, staring down at his grimy red sweater, his leathern riding-breeches. "Confound the woman, what possessed her to ask me? It would be an outrage to go in anything but evening clothes, and I haven't a clean shirt to my name, and can't get one short of San Antonio. Whatever *shall* I do!" True Briton that he was, it never occurred to him that he might stay away without imperilling the balance of nations. "If only some of these lazy Mexicans could wash my things up—but they can't even get their own faces clean. Here, you, Monteo! Do you suppose I could find a laundress in any of the towns around here? Magdalena—Price's—Amaryllo——"

"Amaryllo?" Monteo lay back against a tottering pillar of the rancho gallery, with a deep, reposeful sigh. "To the glory of the Madonna, yes, Señor. Have I not ridden through the town this day, and beheld the women who have come to inhabit the mansion of the Señor Lonergan, that they wash, wash, without ceasing, even as for their daily bread? And they are Americaños, of a certainty; for who else in this land would desire to be so clean?"

The Honorable Roderick dug to the bottom of his boxes, and haled forth one dress-shirt, and cuffs and collar. Then he saddled his mustang and galloped the nine miles into town.

Lonergan's shack looked remarkably improved, he thought, as he trotted down the strip of freshet-packed clay known to Amaryllo as Main Street. A wire cattle-fence had been stretched around the lot, to cut off its garden of gravel and sand from the sand and gravel without. Folds of white muslin—clean white muslin—flapped at the windows. The four walls breathed and glared with the freshest of grass-green paint. Decidedly, the place had quite the look of a thrifty tenant's cot; and a lonesome sight it was, too, in the face of the rest of Amaryllo.

The door opened promptly in response to a clip with his riding-whip. Now it was the custom of the said Juliana Emory also to dress the part, whatever that part might be; and as she had spent an hour that morning in helping her cousin to launder the Chief's white pongee suit, that the idol might go in comfort to the Walsh dinner, she was arrayed in a smart blue striped gingham frock, with a touch of scarlet in her hair and at her throat. Cool flutters of lace and lawn crossed her shoulders; a frilly handkerchief lay crisp on her high bronze braids. The Honorable Roderick gasped.

"I—I understand—ah—that you are recently come to the town—eh—what!"

The vision dropped her lashes for a fleeting breath, then swept them up again. The Honorable Roderick felt a sudden alarming conviction that something was going to his head. The heat, probably. He corralled his stampeding wits, and spoke out his errand in one concussive burst. "And I hear you do fine mangling, so I have brought in a parcel, and I'd be greatly obliged if you will have it ready by to-morrow. My Mexican boy will call for it. I'll pay anything in reason, but it seems to me four shillings—a dollar, I mean—ought to be enough. Thank you, my good woman. Morning!"

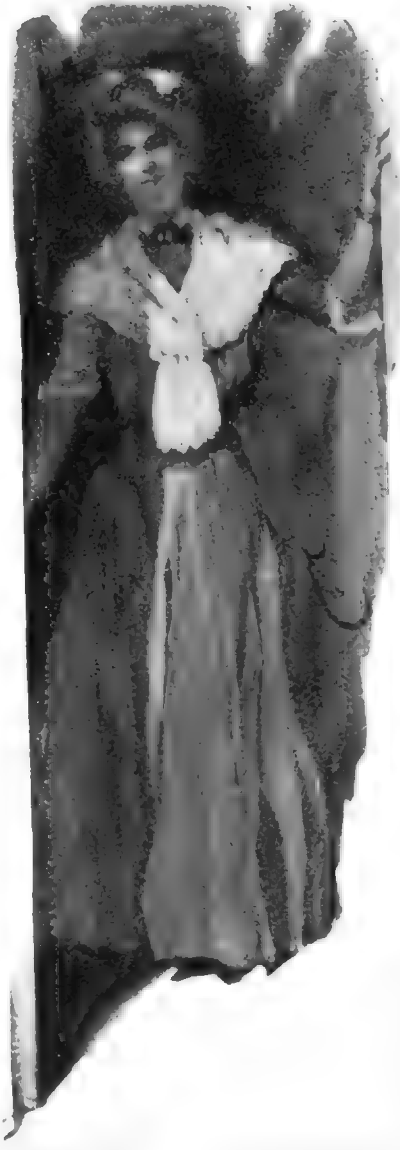
The mustang pelted away down the road. The Honorable Roderick jerked his soft hat further to shade his dazzled eyes. His heart was bumping very hard against the gay red sweater; there was a remarkably dry taste back in his throat.

Meanwhile a pale and infuriated young woman sat and faced two shrieking maniacs, who wept upon each other's shoulders in excess of joy.

"Oh, yes, I know it's all very funny for me to be mistaken for a washerwoman, Millicent. And Cousin Thomas, if you don't stop banging your head against the dining-room wall, you'll bring it down. It's not put up any too securely. Everything I do seems to amuse you intensely, and I'm glad I can further the gayety of nations, if I can't accomplish anything else. You nearly laughed yourselves ill yesterday when Josefa's little black bull chased me into the cook's tent, and you hadn't strength to come to my rescue the day I climbed the shed roof to get away from the Flaherty goat. And now you sit here and have hysterics because a wandering idiot thinks your house looks like a laundry office."

"He'll pay anything in reason—'my good woman!'" The Chief cast himself into the Morris chair and whacked his heels on the bare floor. "For Heaven's sake, Juliana, don't look at me that way! I'll call him out to-morrow if you say so. But oh——"

He buried his head in his arms and rocked feebly to and fro.


"I HEAR YOU DO FINE MANGLING."

"You needn't bother, thank you. But have you any idea what we are going to do with this?" Juliana waved a queenly hand toward the loathed bundle.

"I'll have Manuelo's wife do them up. She can manage them somehow if I stand right over her." Milly dried her eyes and began to fan herself with her husband's hat. "You shouldn't have taken it from him, child. What possessed you?"

"Whatever else was there to do? He poked it at me as if it were a ticket, and I was too amazed to poke it back. The idea of having those things washed for him! Leave the bundle as it is till his boy comes for it."

"Oh, but Juliana, I daren't! You don't know how sensitive those cowboys are. He'd be cut to the quick to have his greenness rubbed in on him like that. Poor fellow, it's bad enough to know you're so uncouth without being told that everybody else knows it, too. Thomas Leonard, what is the matter with you now?"

"Oh, Milly, my angel, my idol!" The Superintendent was gibbering in the window-seat. "And you think the joke's on Juliana—*Juliana!* Why, you're It in this game, can't you see, you poor lamb? You're all the joke there is, you're the whole charade. Didn't you see him? Didn't that British A bruise your ear as it hurtled by? And yet you sit here and laugh at Ju! Milly, Milly, will you never learn to keep your eyes off of titles and your fingers out of other people's pies?"

"Thomas Davenport Leonard!" Milly's eyes dilated with slow-wakening horror; the truth swept down upon her in an appalling wave. "It can't—you're trying to frighten me—oh! It wasn't really—*Him!*"

"Who's 'him,' for pity's sake?" Juliana dropped her pose of high disdain and turned on her cousin sharply. Dawning suspicion flashed in her brown eyes. "Millicent, if you're up to any of your absurd romantic schemes again——"

"W-well, he's right in the line of the t-title, and only two cousins between," gasped Milly, too whelmed to attempt denial. "And the men say that ranch only needs a few thousands worth of improvements to make it one of the most valuable—Oh, now we've done it!" For Juliana swept out of the room with all the majesty that a scant blue gingham permitted. "Tom, I could box your ears! Now she's angry, and I'll never manage to make them meet, and you've spoilt it all——"

"And it serves you right for your shocking interference. Matchmaker!" He stooped and kissed her with reverberating emphasis. "Don't you worry. They'll meet, all right."

"But we can't hire Juliana to go to that dinner!"

"We couldn't bribe her to stay away. She'd walk all the way for the chance of punishing him."

And Juliana went. It would be a pity to disregard this generous invitation, so she explained with dignity, while Millicent stared the Greuze out of countenance and Tom choked in his soup. Moreover, she proposed to do her modest best toward making herself attractive, as a compliment to her hosts. Consequently, when she glided into the Walsh drawing-room, an early-Victorian vision of lilac and pearl, not a man but drew his breath with an effort. And as for the women——!

"So you are planning to build up a landed estate out of your rancho," she said to the dazed young man at her elbow, as the roast came on.

The Honorable Roderick flushed pink to the roots of his curly crop, and gasped out a witless reply. He had stared until he was dizzy: for never had he seen anything so lovely. The Texas air must work magic. All the women were beautiful. There was even that little Irish girl to whom he had taken his washing the other day. To be sure, she could not hold a candle to this sumptuous creature; but she had been adorably pretty, nevertheless, with her bronze hair and her wonderful glancing lashes. The two were of the same type, even; dark, slender, sparkling. If was very odd. Perhaps the climate had something to do with it.

"But I fancy you must miss your home comforts," the soft, cool voice went on. "You English are so spoiled by your servants. I should fancy that you would feel deserted at every turn."

This was a familiar grievance; through it, the Honorable Roderick discovered a foothold. He climbed on bravely up the steep slope of acquaintance by dint of various anecdotes on his bachelor housekeeping, a little tangled as to historical sequence—for no man could look into Juliana's eyes and yet keep a firm hold on the thread of a story —but spirited as to action. The salad came and the salad went: Juliana, ever smiling, hearkened on. Milly's tense brows relaxed: Tom grinned rejoiceful applause. Juliana was melting—melting!

"Our own domestic arrangements are a bit chaotic." Juliana was nibbling the cherries which crusted her ice. "We've had the most deplorable time hunting a laundress." Her tranquil gaze rested upon his stainless cuff. "The Mexicans are so indolent, and the Irish——"

Young Roderick interrupted jubilantly. He had found a laundress who did splendid work and was a ripping good sort, besides. She lived in Amaryllo, "that gosling-green shanty near the tracks, you know."

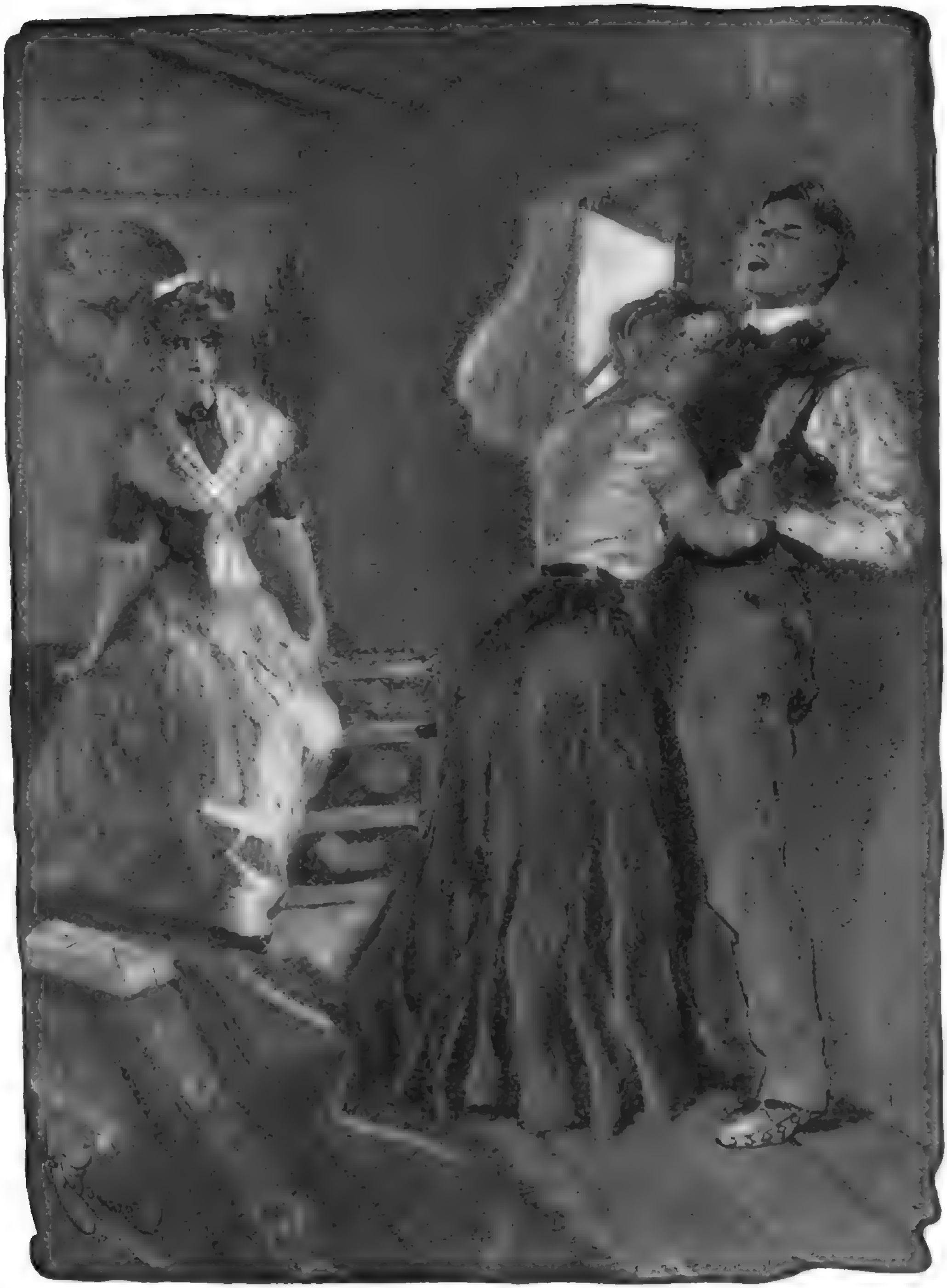
"I think I know the place." Juliana gazed pensively at the broad flat band of gold which circled her slender wrist. His eyes followed: a queer, hazy recollection stung and dazzled him like a flock of teasing midges. Where could he have seen a frail wrist bound in a dull gold fetter—and it was a fresh impression, too.

"We had an odd little experience the other day," she went on, serenely. "A cowboy, —at least, I suppose he was a cowboy; he looked as though he had galloped out of 'The Virginian'—rode up to the house and handed me a bundle of clothing, asking me to be sure and have it laundered for him by the next night. Evidently he took me for Miss Honoria Lonergan, who has just gone to San Antonio, to enter the Sacred Heart. We were amused—a little. And we had Pietro's widow to do the work, so that he might not be disappointed. But wasn't it a quaint slip? Cowboys are so ingenuous!"

The bronze glance lifted to his with a maddening sweep of black lashes, then fell. The Honorable Roderick stared at her for a long minute; then he picked up his coffee-spoon and thrust it handle-first into the cup. The glowing old-rose wall spun in blinding circles before his eyes. He clutched the spoon with a death-grip; he stirred on, and on, and on.

"I suppose I might have seen," he said, after a while. His voice came from some distance away: its tones were as the automatic blat of a toy sheep. "I didn't. You'll kill me—that is, you ought to." He rose. The room was all a whirl and song of silken rustle as Mrs. Walsh led her plumed and radiant pageant from the room. "Probably you won't care to speak to me, upstairs. I sha'n't demand it. And I couldn't live long enough to tell you how sorry I am. Good-by."

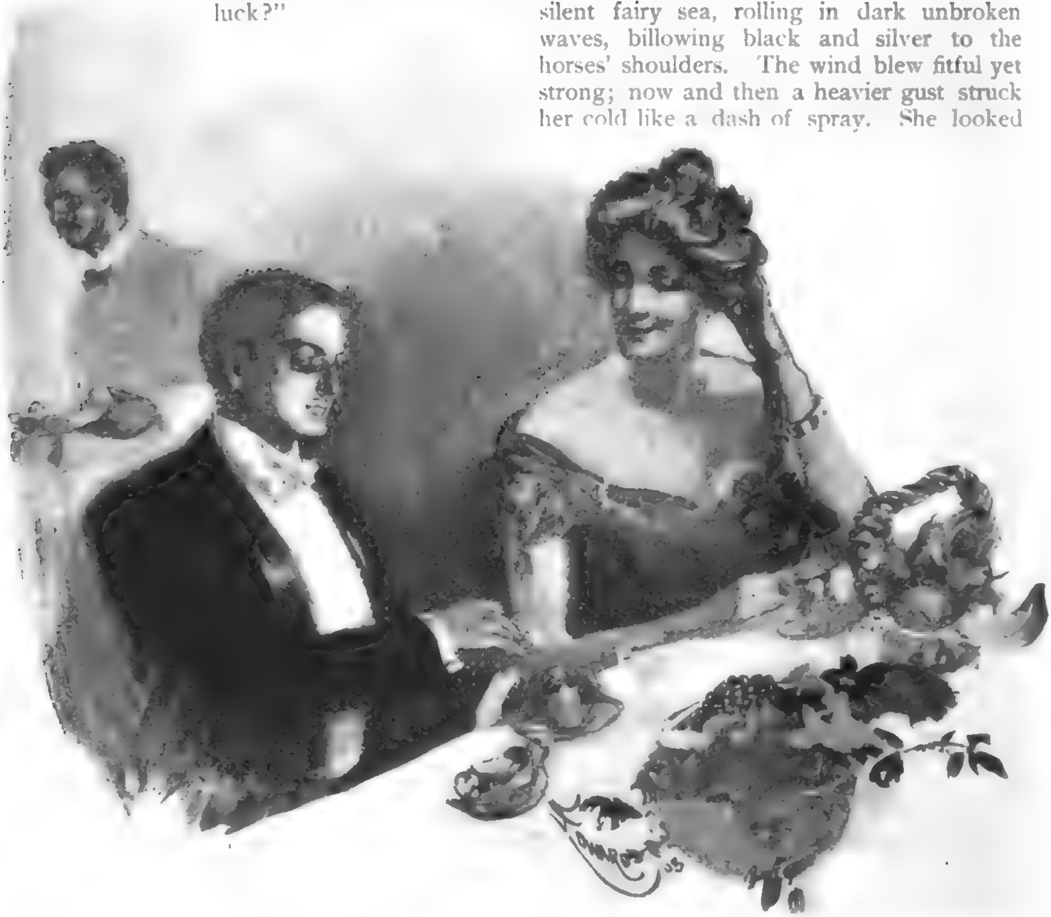
The evening dragged for Juliana. There was a distinct flavor of ashes about her revenge; yet, moment by moment, she grew more strung with righteous indignation. How childish he was to have taken her half-joking words for rebuke! To be sure, she had intended them as he had received them,but he might have had the grace to discern beyond her intention. And he had fled the lists at the first blow; he made no move to return to the attack. She glanced across the room where the boy sat, flushed and silent, fingering a heap of old silver knickknacks; her soft lips tightened. Was it cowardice alone



A PALE AND INFURIATED YOUNG WOMAN SAT AND FACED TWO SHRIEKING MANIACS.

which held him there, grimly absorbed in that glittering trumpery? Or—could it be possible that he did not care to sue for forgiveness?

"His stock's down to sixty-four and falling," whispered Thomas the irreverent in his wife's ear. "How did the poor guy manage to queer his luck?"



"WE HAD AN ODD LITTLE EXPERIENCE THE OTHER DAY," SHE WENT ON, SERENELY.

When the guests arose to go, Mr. Walsh made hospitable protest. There was a heavy wind coming up, he declared. Of course, it might not amount to anything; but when one remembered the terrific cloudburst of a fortnight since, it seemed as well to be cautious. There was abundance of room in this great barn for all his guests, he urged.

Several timid guests yielded to his advice; but Leonard demurred. He would be needed at the work in the morning; besides, it was only a six-mile drive, and his mustangs could make it in an hour. So Milly and Juliana were packed in on the back seat, with a suffocating tarpaulin and many anxious instructions; and, creaking in every rusty spring, the ancient chariot swung away.

Juliana looked out, wondering. In this ragged moonlight the mesquite gleamed a silent fairy sea, rolling in dark unbroken waves, billowing black and silver to the horses' shoulders. The wind blew fitful yet strong; now and then a heavier gust struck her cold like a dash of spray. She looked behind her: to the west heaved black rippling cloud, drifting higher, higher, till it blotted the zenith stars: dim in the weird, flickering light, a dark blot followed hard behind.

"What can that be, Cousin Tom?"

"Somebody riding—young Poppleham, I do believe! He's the only one who came on horseback. This is out of his way, too. I wonder"—Milly's fingers nipped his elbow, and he spoke no more.

"Guess I'll drive down in this arroyo; it's swifter going for the beasts. Shut up, Manuel, it's safer than this bumpy prairie. It's shallow all the way, so we can turn out any time. Hold hard, girls!"

The carriage pitched sidewise into the gully with a sickening lunge; the wheels bumped and slithered, then righted themselves with a wrench and a shriek. The mustangs speeded ahead under the loosened rein. Juliana, glancing back, saw that dark, hurrying rider, ever gaining. A fierce gust struck the carriage; the moon went out in blinding night; and she saw the rider no more.

"Great Scott, but Walsh was right!" Leonard spoke through choking mouthfuls of dust. "I ought to have left you girls behind. Maybe it's nothing but wind, though. A-ah!" A great drop splashed against his cheek. "Get along there!" The long lash whistled around the mustangs' ears. "'Fraid this will spoil your ruffles, Milly."

The storm burst over the prairie with a boom and a hiss like escaping steam. Rain hammered like shot and sluiced in icy streams down the tarpaulins. The battered roof leaked in a dozen places. Half-deafened by the noise, Juliana leaned forward to catch Tom's shout.

"It'll go . . . minute. Never lasts. Good God!"

In and through the shriek of the wind there came a dreadful throbbing moan. It rose to a boom, a roar; the mustangs stopped short, quivering in panic. Manuelo leaped to his feet with a scream.

"Señor! Señor! The Water! The Great Water! It has broken above us; it comes down this channel upon us! Mary, Mother, have mercy! Have mercy!"

"Get out and help me, you fool!" Leonard knocked him off the box with the butt of his whip. Then he leaped down, and seizing the mustangs' heads, he tried to coax them up the steep arroyo slope. They dragged back on their haunches, whimpering with fear. They did not even shrink at his frantic blows.

"Girls, jump out and scramble up for your lives!" Leonard slashed the traces with his knife, and beat and dragged the mustangs up the slope. The earth shook, the air hummed beneath the roar of the coming torrent. "Climb on, Milly!" He lifted her on the nearest horse; she clung around its neck. "Now, Juliana!"

Down through the night upheaved a shouldering bulk, a tossing crest of foam. It shot down the arroyo, a torrent seven feet deep, where a dry gulch had lain a moment before. The surface current lapped their feet, their knees.

"Now, Juliana!"

"No, no! He can't carry us both. You sha'n't risk your life just for me. *Tom!*"

A stronger arm than Leonard's caught and clasped her; she felt herself swung from her feet, lifted higher, higher. The rim of a wet sombrero brushed her cheek; she found herself clutching the horn of a great Mexican saddle, still gripped in that big, tightening arm.

"I've got Miss Emory!" Could that be young Roderick's voice?—that shout of stern triumph, which shrilled above the wind? "My horse will carry double—all right!"

And then the storm rolled down between them, and the two rode alone as on a forsaken world.

Neither tried to speak. Taught by grim instinct, they saved their strength for the life struggle which any moment might bring. Sometimes the mustang splashed ahead, fighting to gain a yard before the next wave should sweep down; sometimes he stood still, strung taut in every muscle to hold his own against the torrent that sucked about his knees. Presently Juliana felt young Roderick's arm loosen its hold. He leaped from the saddle, alighting with a splash.

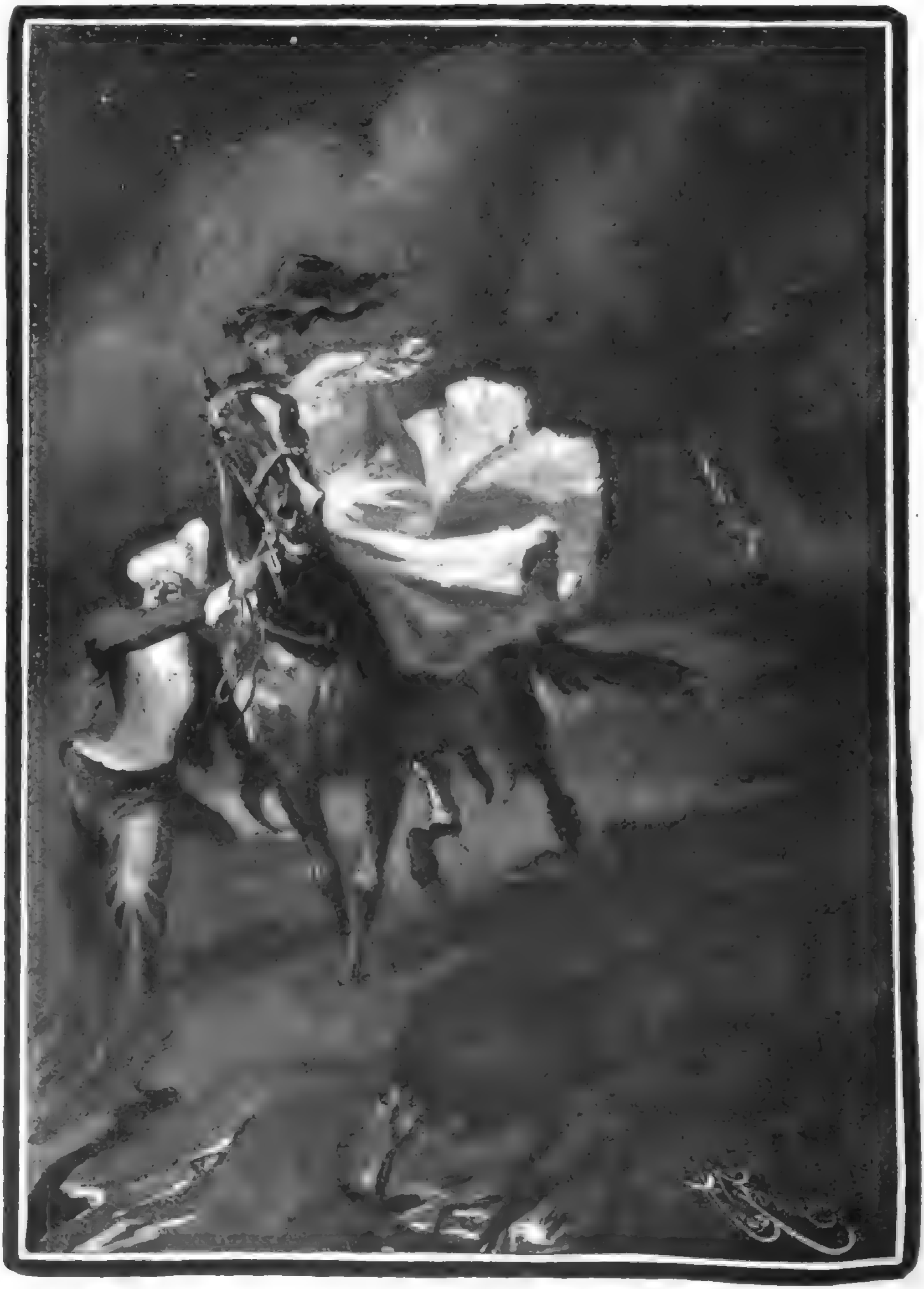
"Crawl back into the saddle," he shouted in her ear. "Here, I'll lift—that's it. Find the stirrup. Get a good hold of the bridle, now. Something else is coming."

"But you——"

"Keep quiet, and do as I tell you. Hold hard, I say."

"But what will you——"

Juliana's scream was silenced in the lifting thunder of the last wave. She slid one arm through the bridle; she stooped as far as she might and grasped young Roderick's hand. The water threw him against the horse like a pith doll. The mustang lost his footing, pitched sidewise; struck out frantically; for an instant Juliana shut her eyes beneath a drowning surge. In another moment the mustang had gained his feet, and stood snorting in terror. The wave receded; Juliana, half-drowned, swept the water from her face and gasped in amazement to find herself still alive.



"KEEP QUIET AND DO AS I TELL YOU."

But young Roderick!

"Oh, how could I let go!" Juliana hung from the saddle, clutching madly into the water which raced beneath her, lower and lower every moment. "It swept him away! If the horse hadn't fallen—if I'd just hung on!" she moaned, unknowing that the might of the wave would have torn them apart had their grasp been steel. "Oh, if I'd only saved him! And here I've been so mean—so mean!"

The storm ceased as suddenly as it had risen. A rending wind snatched the last cloud from the face of the moon; the swimming prairie flashed out broad on her sight as clear as dawn. She turned the mustang and splashed on down the trail. A salt spray mingled with the rain in her lashes; she called his name in eager sobs. "But he's gone, and I know it—and m-may-be he'd have stayed on the mustang, too, only he was afraid I'd think him presuming. And it's all because I've been so mean—so mean!"

She glanced down, shuddering, into the seething arroyo. Then she reined in the mustang with a cry. For in its midst lay a dark mass—the abandoned carriage. And from its roof there clambered ashore a drenched and staggering figure, whose huge sombrero still flapped gracefully above a round but haggard face.

"Water swept me over here," he said, shortly. He steadied himself against the mustang's neck, and looked up at her, pale in the paler moonlight. There was a clean-washed cut on his cheek-bone; his forehead showed puffy bruises. "No, I'm not scratched; wave rolled me over and over a bit, that's all. I'll walk and lead the beast. The worst is over, now."

"Oh, *please!*" Juliana leaned to him, quivering. He looked past her beseeching face without the flicker of a muscle: for once, local magnetic influences had lost their power. "How can I ride—when you're hurt? Take me on in front, if you must, though I could walk as well as not. But you must ride. Oh, I beg you!"

"No, Miss Emory." His arm slipped from her imploring grasp. He was no longer the shy boy; he was man and master, collected, grave. "Please spare my feelings, and permit me to walk. It is fairer so."

Juliana sat back, white and subdued. What manner of miracle was this?

Young Roderick tested the girths with swift, experienced hands. Then he took a steadying grip of the bridle. Slipping, stumbling, yet doggedly silent, he plodded away over the seeping prairie.

To Juliana, the minutes stretched to hours, to weeks, to centuries. Always she sat crouched in the high saddle, her lace-and-lavender draperies falling like drenched cobweb about her, her brown eyes fixed ahead, her soft hands clenched. The mustang, dead tired, plunged and staggered through the clogging sand; she did not flinch at his missteps. The clearing wind blew fierce and cold: she did not shiver. Young Roderick stumbled on, never looking up at her. Had he once turned her way, she would have felt his glance as a flame.

The mustang stopped short. Young Roderick's hand slackened; he sank into a tangle of mesquite, then pulled himself up again with a supreme effort. But Juliana had slipped from the saddle.

"You'll ride now or else we both walk," she choked out. "I know I've offended you bitterly. But you might have the grace to overlook it for an hour. Get into that saddle, please."

He shook his head, drawing back. A dull red stained his blanched face.

"But if you only knew how I feel——"

The boy stood silent.

"—If you want to grind me into the dust, you'll insist on maintaining your dignity." There was a perilous break in the low voice: she stood before him, deep-flushing in the moonlight, imploring, lovely. And was it raindrops now which sparkled upon her lashes?

Ah, Juliana!

Gates of steel, yea, gates of affronted pride, must yield before that all-conquering signal. And Britain wavered.

"If I felt that you didn't care—that you'd be willing to blot out my blunder——"

"Don't you think" —Juliana's gaze swept the drenched world at their feet—"don't you think there's water enough here to wash out your stupidity, and my—my heartless rudeness? Don't you suppose"—the brown eyes questioned, grieved, entreated—"should you mind if we started in again—with a clean score?"

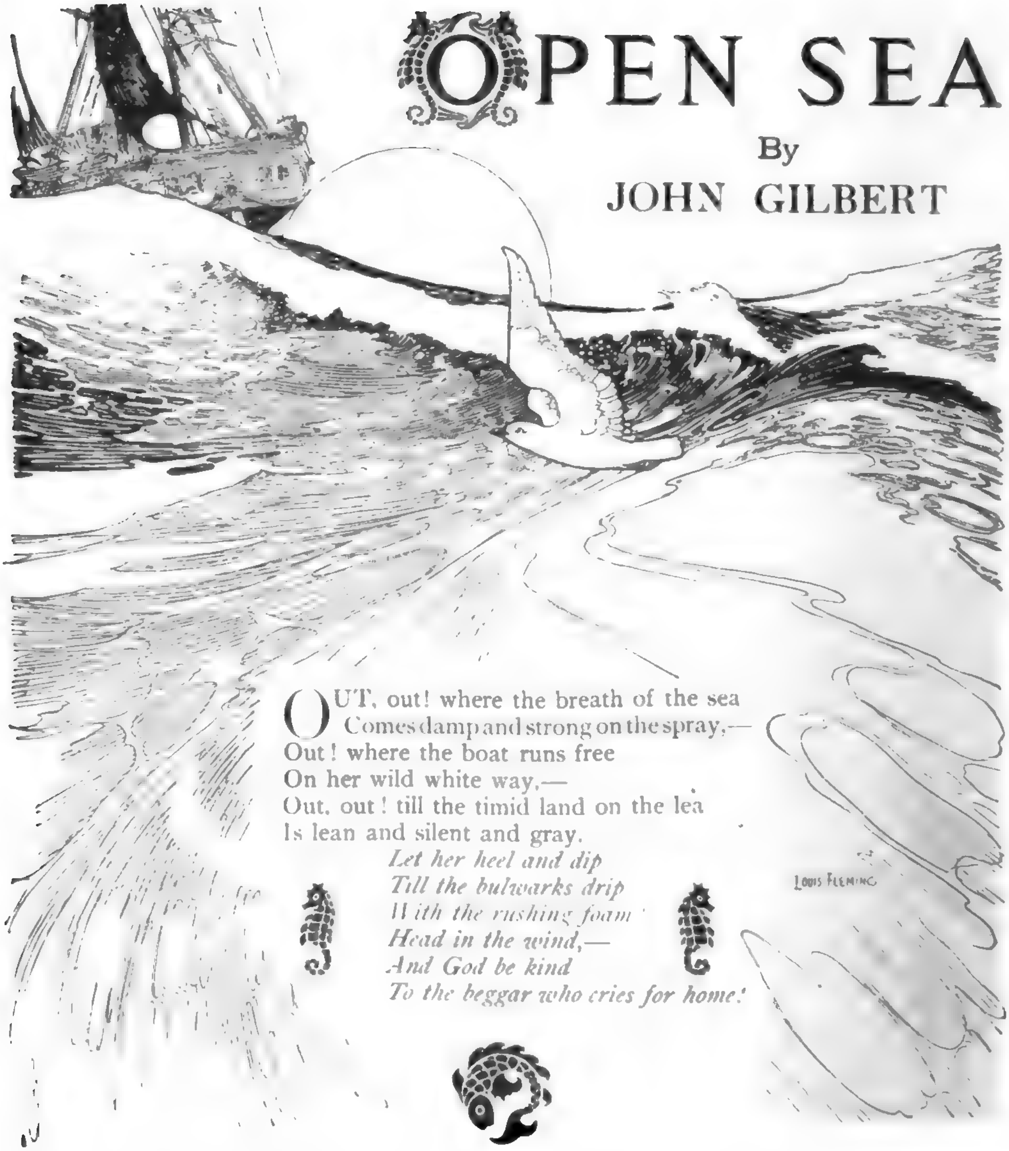
Young Roderick crimsoned to his sodden curls. He leaned forward with a swift, pleading word; and Juliana very prudently turned her face away.

But this time it was not the rim of the wet sombrero which brushed her cheek.

OPEN SEA

By

JOHN GILBERT



OUT, out! where the breath of the sea
Comes damp and strong on the spray,—
Out! where the boat runs free
On her wild white way,—
Out, out! till the timid land on the lea
Is lean and silent and gray.
Let her heel and dip
Till the bulwarks drip
With the rushing foam!
Head in the wind,—
And God be kind
To the beggar who cries for home!

Out, out! to the hills of heaving green,
In the chase of the secret tide;
Out! to a world unseen
By the fearful-eyed,—
Out, out! where the blade of the wind cuts clean
Through the heart of the fool untried.
Feel her reach and strain,
Recover again,
In her splendid race!
Let the waves unbind,—
And God be kind
To the beggar who asks for grace!

Out, out! till the deep is one with sky,
And your soul is loosed, as a bird,—
Out! with your eagle cry
Till the seas have heard;
Out, out! where the prayers of the puny die,
And God is a mighty word.
Give her sail on sail,
No man dare quail
With a coward plea!
Oh, Brothers of wind,
May God be kind
To his kindred of the sea!

Intimate Portraits

Men and Women Who are Doing Interesting Things

ADELINA PATTI.

Fifty-three years ago a child of seven, to help her family out of a severe financial strait, sang at a concert in Niblo's Theatre, New York City—sang so that those who heard her "*Ah, non giunge,*" never forgot it or the child who was destined to become one of the first women of her century. Adelina Patti had to conquer the world city by city, for it has ever a pessimistic attitude toward the young phenomenon; but her victory never needed more than the first song. Out of a poor and struggling childhood she rose to her triumphant position as the world's prima donna. Now, at sixty, she has been bribed away from her luxurious castle of Craig-y-Nos, in Wales, to make a truly farewell American tour.

CHARLES JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

There is no more picturesque figure in American public life than Charles Joseph Bonaparte, of Baltimore, whom President Roosevelt has appointed to investigate the charges affecting the administration of Indian Territory. He is the grandson of Jerome Bonaparte and the brilliant and beautiful Betsy Patterson, a Baltimore belle, who was very soon put away by her prince-husband at the command of his indignant brother Napoleon. This grandson is an eccentric, brilliant, courtly man, very much a "fighting lawyer," merciless on political corruption and corrupters. He has been a vigorous campaigner on behalf of the Civil Service Reform Association, and other public-spirited organizations, though possessing a fortune which might have tempted a less strenuous spirit to a life of greater ease. He is said to bear a strong resemblance to Napoleon III. in feature.

MISS BESSIE ANTHONY, NATIONAL GOLF CHAMPION.

Miss Bessie Anthony, of Glenview, Illinois, brought a brilliant golfing career to a climax in October by defeating her opponent in the National Women's Golf Championship tournament over the Chicago Golf Club course, winning easily by a score of seven up and six to play. Seventeen first cups won in open tournaments now testify to Miss Anthony's skill; she has for several years held the Western championship, winning, for three successive seasons, its official trophy, the William A. Alexander cup. Her marriage to Mr. B. S. Horne, a former champion golfer of Pittsburg, will probably put an end to her appearance in tournaments, as she has stated that she will not defend her title of Western or National champion next year.

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.

The personality of the author of "Wolfville" is as picturesque as his style. With his writings the readers of EVERYBODY'S are familiar, but literature is only one of his manifestations. A fascinating talker, he is full of reminiscence of a checkered career, for his knowledge of frontier life was gained as a cowboy in New Mexico and Arizona, and his intimacy with statesmen and politicians was acquired as Washington correspondent of sundry Western and Eastern newspapers. He has written a life of Richard Croker which excited strenuous controversy, has contributed largely to the magazines, and is prominently before the public now as the successful author of "Peggy O'Neal" and "The Boss."

JUDGE PETER S. GROSSCUP.

Judge Grosscup was recently offered a great salary to be the counsel of the Northern Securities Company in the suits brought against it by the Government. He refused. "Personally, I believe in combinations of capital," he says. "I believe they are here to stay, and, properly controlled, will help rather than hurt the public interests. But the time has come to insist that corporations of every character be honestly organized and controlled. I think I have done something toward creating a public sentiment in that direction, and, back of everything I have done, more than anything else in getting me the public ear, has been the moral weight of my judgeship. To lay it aside now would seem like surrendering opportunity to dollars."

A GROUP OF RUSSIAN OFFICERS.

When Slav Meets Jap

By O. K. DAVIS*

WITHIN the 400,000 square miles of Manchuria is the largest tract of virgin, fertile land in the temperate zone which has not been occupied by a people who could and would develop it. Before the Boxer outbreak brought open Russian occupation the nominal population numbered nearly seven millions. What it now is I doubt if even the Russians know. Surely it has not increased.

This vast, unpeopled territory enjoys a fine, healthy climate. Manchuria is a country in which a hardy, vigorous race could develop into a mighty power. For the hustling, over-crowded Japanese, it would be an ideal outlet. It lies almost at their door and they understand, as no others do, the characteristics and spirit of its people. Out of it three territories of the size of Japan could be carved, but her population is eighteen times as dense as its own. If all Austria-Hungary were crowded into Montana the pressure of population would approximately equal that in Japan. One other possible outlet there is for the Mikado's people, Korea. But in her comparatively small area the population is already half as dense as in Japan, and it is but natural for the Japanese to look longingly for relief to the great, fertile, empty plains of Northern China.

With these conditions only too well understood in Tokio, Japan sees the land-pirate of St. Petersburg lay his heavy hand on her one hope. What need he has, God knows. It is the great earth-hunger, relentless, insatiable, that will drive Russia on to conquest after conquest until she dominates the world or is shattered to pieces. More than six and a half million square

ADMIRAL ALEXIEFF

Viceroy of the Far East.

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* O. K. Davis was the [illegible]*un's* War Correspondent in China and in the Philippines.

THE YASHIMA (JAPAN).

miles in Asia now own allegiance to the White Czar, with scarcely three human souls to the square mile. Two million other square miles he has in Europe and more, with a population less than one-sixth as dense as Japan's. Yet he reaches out to grasp the one corner she needs so desperately. And in the rape of Manchuria Japan sees a menace to Korea, which is little removed from a direct threat to herself.

How long Russia has contemplated the seizure of the three provinces which make up Manchuria, only those familiar with her secret policy know. Her action in depriving Japan of the fruits of victory over the Chinese in 1894 hinted of her intention, but few heeded and fewer cared. Less than two years later the contract was signed which practically announced the determination of the Czar's government to Russianize Manchuria. In opening his attack by means of a railroad concession the crafty Muscovite had proceeded along lines made familiar by England, Germany, and France. But the contract of September 8, 1896, was something more than the mere agreement for the construction of a railroad, which, on its face, it seemed. The thin edge of the wedge had already been inserted; this was the first blow in driving it home. This contract with the Russo-Chinese bank gave to the Russian government the right to protect its railroad by force of arms. To employ military guards was but a euphemism for the establishment of fortified posts, the location of garrisons, and the erection of permanent barracks. Russia had begun the military occupation of Manchuria, from which only a titanic struggle at arms can dislodge her. This is the first, and the stronger, of her two claims on that territory.

> "We took Manchuria by force of arms in a war called forth not by Russia, but by the missionaries and traders of Western Europe. Every step of our advance, marked by the blood of our sons, becomes an inalienable part of our empire. Any retreat for us is impossible."

Thus the political editor of *Novoe Vremya*, the great Russian government organ among the newspapers, writes to an American periodical, frankly setting forth the second of

MARQUIS ITO.
Japan's Greatest Statesman.

MAJOR-GENERAL FUKUSHIMA.

GENERAL KOUROPATKIN.

Russia's claims. "Manchuria belongs to us," he says, "by the right of justice, the best of all claims." Then he declares that it required an army of 200,000 men to occupy the country, 20,000 of whom were lost. It is the same thing we in this country have heard many times, only a little differently stated; once the flag has been hoisted, who shall pull it down?

This second claim, then, is based upon the military occupation which followed the Boxer outbreak of 1900. When the other allies withdrew their troops Russia lingered in Manchuria. The delay aroused vigorous protest. The clever Russians promptly made show of yielding. They negotiated with China a special convention for the "evacuation" of Manchuria, and they set dates for their going. On those dates out went the Russian soldiers and the "evacuation" was completed. But as the soldiers retired in came the military guards of the railroad, who by a singular coincidence, equalled in number the outgoing troops. Russia merely fell back on her first claim and her position was strengthened. She evacuated Manchuria in accordance with the terms of a solemn treaty, the second article of which stipulates:

"China undertakes, on the establishment of her sovereignty and administrative powers in Manchuria, strictly to fulfil the contract concluded with the Russo-Chinese bank on September 8, 1896."

The journey around the circle is completed and Russia is still in possession of Manchuria. She has been far from idle during her time of unmolested occupation of those Chinese provinces. Even before the Boxer outbreak she had proceeded with unwonted celerity. The guards of the contract had grown into garrisons which have now become an army of occupation. At every important post on the 1,500 miles of railway, horse, foot, and artillery have been stationed. Everywhere the three arms of the military service are represented. Permanent barracks have been built, forts erected, strategic points fortified. Great quantities of military stores have been collected. At Liao Yang, forty miles south of Mukden by railway, the great highways from Pekin and Korea converge. There the Russians have stationed a strong force and constructed fortifications. It is an admirable base for military operations either against Korea or to the south to meet a force advancing from the sea toward Mukden.

Such a situation only the arbitrament of arms can clear. The conflict seems inevita-

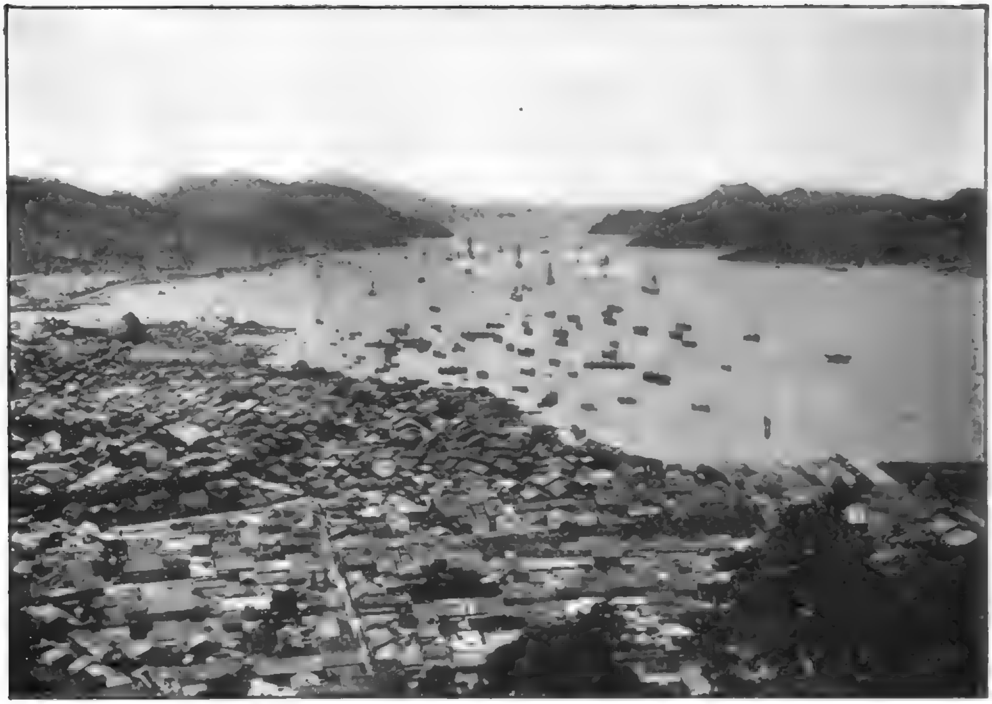
CHIEF OF STAFF SAHAROFF.

FIELD MARSHAL OYAMA.

ble. For years each nation has beheld the crisis approach and has striven in preparation. Russia has built a railroad 5,000 miles long, to bring together the ends of her empire, and "secure the valuable trade of China." This "commercial" line runs through hundreds of miles of territory where the population averages little more than one to the square mile. The eastern trade centre it taps is New-chwang, which takes one-sixteenth of all the Chinese imports, a trade that totals only $150,000,000 a year. This is less than $10,000,000 a year for New-chwang. Of this, $2,000,000—more than a fifth—goes from the United States; $15,000, one six-hundred-and-sixty-sixth, from Russia. But the railroad built to carry this stupendous trade is equipped to furnish three complete troop trains every twenty-four hours. Not tonnage but troops that railroad was built to transport, and the journey may now be made in fifteen days from west to east.

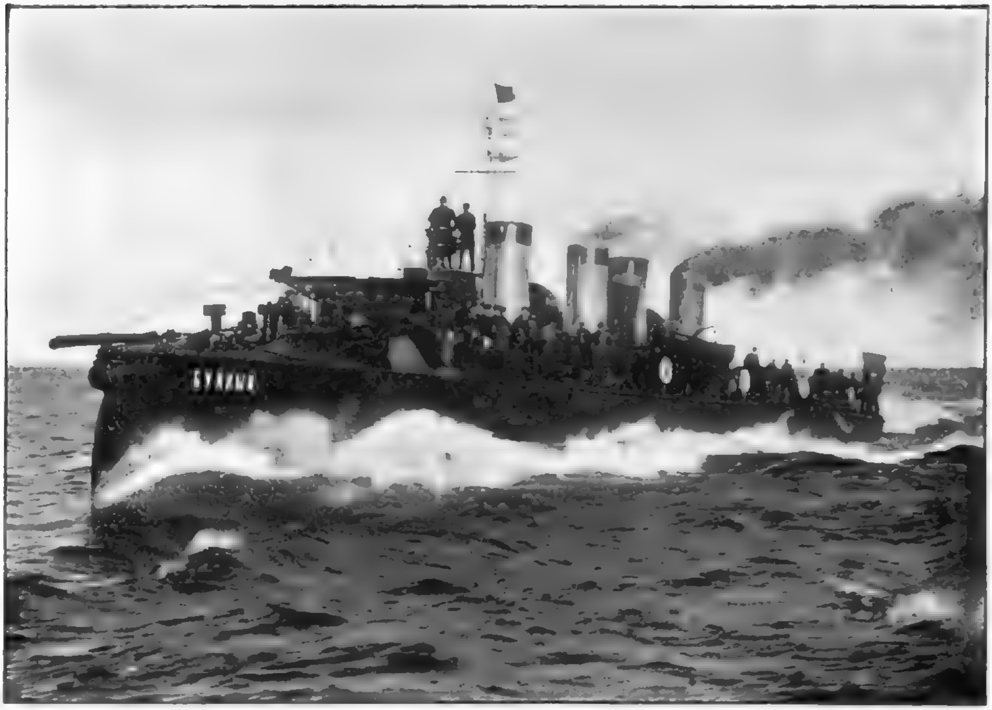
This railroad is the work which the genius of Witte, the Minister of Finance, has made possible by his skilful handling of Russia's none too easy financial problems. It is the road managed by Khilkoff, the prince, the English and American educated practical railroad man, who rose from foundry man and boiler-maker to be engineer, master mechanic, division superintendent, and at last Minister of Communications. Now this child of the labors of Witte, the Caucasian peasant, and Khilkoff, the noble, is ready to do the work for which Kourapatkin, the soldier, and Lamsdorff, the diplomat, are preparing, one by moving battalions and stores, the other by his intrigues and schemes at St. Petersburg and Pekin. One was trained from his boyhood in the best military schools of the empire, the other has spent a lifetime in the study and practice of diplomacy. These are the strong men of Russia upon whose shoulders, and those of Admiral Tyrtoff, the Minister of Marine, will fall the burden of directing the future struggle.

No one outside the Russian war office knows the actual number of troops the Czar has in Manchuria or within reach of it. The Russian army in point of numbers is the largest in the world. Nearly 900,000 young men reach their majority in Russia every year, and each is bound by law to spend five years in the army. If all were taken they would make an army too large even for Russia, so only 219,000 go to the colors with the army or the fleet, and the rest go to the re-

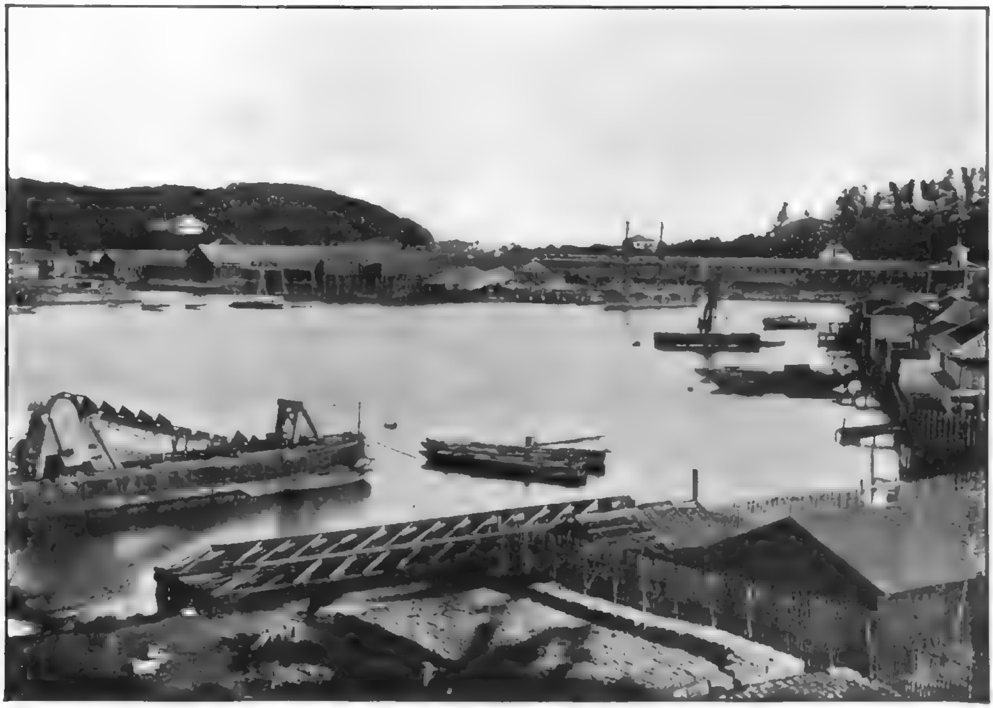


RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE FLEETS IN NAGASAKI HARBOR.

THE VARIAL (RUSSIA).



THE RUSSIAN DESTROYER BUINY.



INNER HARBOR AND NAVY-YARD OF YOKOSUKA.

ADMIRAL AVELAN.

COUNT LAMSDORF.

GENERAL RENNENKAMPF.

serve. The lowest peace strength of the Russian military establishment, therefore, numbers more than a million men, with 42,000 officers. In war time practically all these young men join the colors, swelling the army to the stupendous figures of 4,500,000 men and 75,000 officers, for whom there are provided 560,000 horses. Men who are in position to guess shrewdly say there are more than 300,000 Russian soldiers in Manchuria or near it now. The number that can be put in the field there is limited only by the will of the government. Besides, a native auxiliary corps has been organized and drilled by Russian officers, which is said to number some 30,000 men. The cost of all this is enormous. There is no doubt that Russia is not in good condition, financially, to go to war. Neither is Japan, but it is a strange fact that history does not show a case where poverty or consideration of the enemy's fortified strength has kept a nation from commencing hostilities in the face of provocation. Russia spends $1,000,000,000 a year, most of which is raised by grinding taxation. Her public debt is more than $3,500,000,000, and she pays $150,000,000 a year in interest.

What has Japan with which to meet all this? To begin with, her people are animated by a patriotism which borders on fanaticism, and which counts it a privilege to make any sacrifice for the national honor. The Russian autocratic government, unhampered by popular feeling though it may be, will have no such advantage in this war, as it might with a Western nation, for it will meet a government enthusiastically supported by every citizen, from prince to ricksha coolie. Japan is poor, but such a people engaged in such a war will count nothing as hardship or deprivation which furnishes means to the common end. And there are certain advantages of position in her favor, which Russia will not find it easy to overcome. Japan is compact and well within herself. Her population of 46,000,000 can support no such army as that of her antagonist, but what there is of it is in position to be used suddenly and to strike swiftly. On the peace footing the Japanese army numbers 168,000 officers and men. Between the ages of seventeen and forty military service is obligatory upon every Japanese. The young men join the colors at twenty and serve for three years, if in the army, or four in the navy. Then they are enrolled for five years in the reserve, and then for five years more in the Landwehr, copying the German system. After that comes the Landsturm. The Japanese reserve numbers 2,400 officers and 202,000 men, with 1,200 officers and 260,000 in the Landwehr and Landsturm. As against Russia's peace army of 1,100,000, Japan can muster by the most rigorous summons less than 650,000. To put such an army in the field would greatly swell the Japanese debt, which although only approximately $250,000,000 is already a burden. To be sure, it is only one-fourteenth as great as Russia's huge debt, only one-fifth as much per capita, but it is large enough for Japan.

Ever since the promulgation of the constitution and the establishment of the Diet in Japan, the struggles of party government have been constant, resulting in frequent changes of ministry. But with one accord when war with Russia is on foot, the Japanese turn to Marquis Ito, their strong, wise, calm statesman. Party differences fall under such stress, and Itagaki and Iwasaki, the Liberals, join Ito and Inouyé, the Conservatives. Field-Marshals Yamagata and Oyama, and Admiral Ito, can have no better support in their work with the army and the fleet.

A well known military observer has said in speaking of war between Japan and Russia that the "foundation of the strategical future will be the command of the sea." In that brief sentence lies the key to the struggle. To save herself, Japan must win in the naval contest. No one realizes it better than the Japanese, and their new navy has been built to insure them the victory. In number of ships Russia outclasses Japan. She has twenty-two battle-ships to Japan's eight, sixteen coast defense ships to three, twenty-three armored cruisers to seven, and sixty-six protected cruisers and gunboats to thirty-four. But the Russian ships are divided into three fleets, one in the Baltic, 14,000 miles from Port Arthur, and another 9,000 miles away in the Black Sea. To reinforce the far Eastern fleet after war begins will be impossible, for Russia has not a coaling station on the way, and to use the friendly French stations would be a violation of neutrality by the French which, under the terms of her treaty with Japan, would force England into active assistance of her ally. To meet this obvious difficulty Russia has already strengthened her Siberian fleet, to some extent. She has there now four battle-ships, comparatively new, the Petropavlosk, Peresvet, Osliabya, and Pobieda. They are all of about the same class, ranging from eleven thousand to twelve thousand tons. One carries four 12-inch rifles, and twelve 6-inch quick-firers, the others carry four 10-inch rifles and eleven 6-inch quick-firers, besides the secondary batteries. The four armored cruisers on the station are the Rurik and Dmitri Donskoi, both seen in American waters ten years ago, and the Admiral Nahimoff and Pamiat Azova, of more modern construction. Besides these there are two coast defense vessels and several second-class cruisers and torpedo vessels. But few, if any, of these ships are up to date, and some of them were built so long ago as to be almost obsolete now. Yet they form the

VICE-ADMIRAL ENOMOTO.

FIELD-MARSHAL YAMAGATA.

ADMIRAL KABAYAMA.

strength of the fleet upon which Russia depends for success on the sea.

They will have to meet a thoroughly modern and excellently equipped navy. Japan has only eight battle-ships, but six of them are the finest afloat. There are the Yashima and Fuji, built to make eighteen knots an hour but showing better than nineteen in actual trial, 12,000-ton ships with armor from fourteen to eighteen inches thick and carrying four 12-inch and ten 6-inch rifles with twenty 12-pounders. Then come the four ships of the unrivalled Shikishima class, Mikase, Hatuse, Asahi, and Shikishima, 15,000 tons, 18 knots, fourteen inches of armor, four 12-inch rifles, fourteen 6-inch quick-firers, and twenty 12-pounders in the main battery. Seconding these powerful bulldogs of the sea are six of the finest armored cruisers in the world, of the Asawa class, 10,000 tons, 23 knots, 7-inch armor, four 8-inch rifles, fourteen 6-inch quick-firers and twelve 12-pounders. In addition to these fighting ships of the first class, and her minor cruisers and gunboats, Japan has nearly seventy torpedo vessels.

But not alone in the character of her ships has Japan the naval advantage. She has the "national enthusiasm, the aptitude for the sea, the devotion to duty, the mechanical ingenuity, the discipline, the scientific training, the energetic initiative, that transform a navy on paper into a navy in fact." Her navy is symmetrically provided with ships of all classes, and for transport service she has the mercantile marine of all Japan, the fleet of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha alone numbering thirty-three vessels. No great coal capacity is needed in her fighting ships, for their work will be done close to home where the coaling facilities are abundant. The weight taken up in Russian ships by coal is given to guns and armor in the Japanese fighters. Of the five government docks four will take the largest battle-ships. Besides, there are a dozen private docks. Her ship-yards are equipped throughout with the most modern appliances and are competent to do all kinds of work.

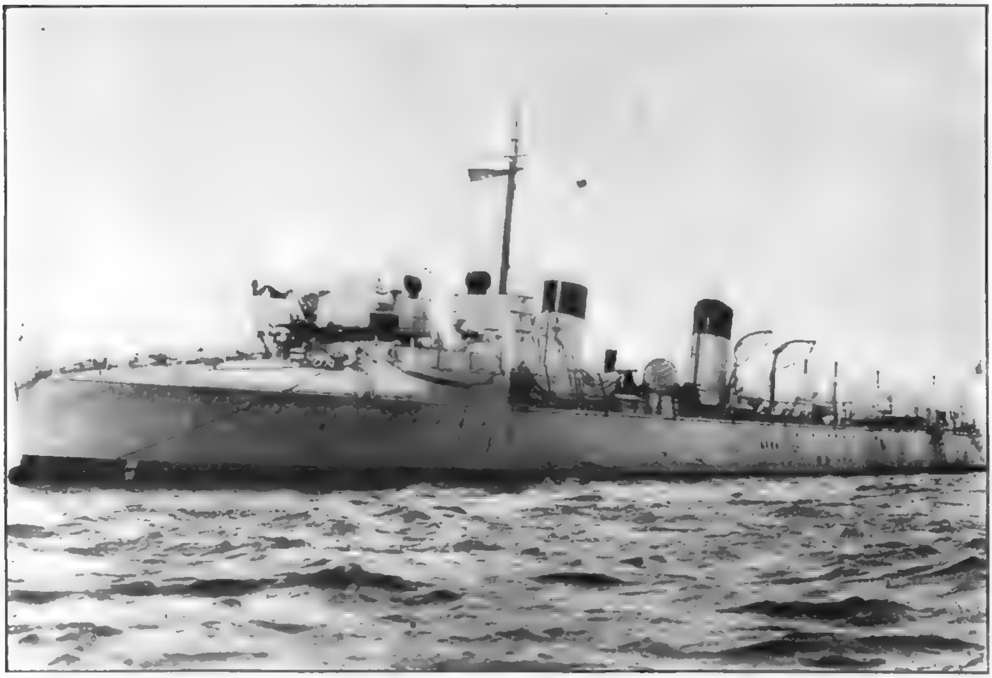
In contrast with this, Russia has the ice-bound harbor of Vladivostock, with its yards and docks closed for nearly half the year, a private dock at Talienwan, and the vaunted Port Arthur, which, although a tower of strength if she wins on the sea, will be like a felon on the end of a finger if she lose the naval fight.

In some of the fighting characteristics there is little to choose between Japanese and Russians. The Russian soldier, as I saw him during the Boxer campaign, impressed me as being a fatalist of a very practical sort. He has no care whatever for himself. By nature he is a fighting animal, and he enjoys the struggle. If it is his time to lose his life he will lose it, and there is little use in trying to save it. He might as well go to one place as another, and it makes no difference whether he goes into a fight or keeps out of it. He travels the line of least resistance, and from this develops a blind, but often unintelligent obedience. That sort of man makes a dangerous fighting machine. It will be extremely difficult for any force to drive him away from an entrenched position. He handles his rifle fairly well, and his wants are few and easily satisfied.

With all these good qualities, however, there are others not so attractive. Big, strong, patient of toil and hardship, he is also clumsy, stupid, and very slow. That is a serious fault in fighting men. In entrenchments it does not make so much difference whether troops are slow or not, but in the open field mobility is of vast importance. The Russian has about as much of it as a hippopotamus. There was a good exhibition of the Russian lack of speed the day the Pekin relief column marched from Mah-to to Chang-chia-wan. For that morning it had been arranged that a Russian battery and battalion of infantry should form part of the advance guard with the Japanese whom the regular formation of the column placed in the lead. Fukushima and Linievitch, the Japanese and Russian generals, rode together just behind the advance guard. Reports came back frequently to Fukushima that the guard was moving too slowly to maintain contact with the Chinese, which it was imperative to do. The Japanese were doing their full share, but the Russians could not or would not keep the pace. After repeated attempts to get them to do so, Fukushima was obliged to ask Linievitch to withdraw his men and give room to the Japanese so that the required speed could be made. The Russians halted and formed beside the road while the Japanese infantry went by them on the double, and the battery at a trot. From that time until the day's distance had been made, there was no more trouble about the failure of the advance guard to maintain contact with the enemy.

This Fukushima, by the way, will be heard from frequently in the war with Russia. As a lieutenant, several years ago, he made the trip across Siberia on horseback, acquainting himself with the country and the people. It was a battalion of the Thirteenth East Siberia Regiment that could not keep up with his troops that morning.

Like the Russian, the Japanese soldier is a fatalist. He counts his life as forfeit to the empire when his time comes to serve with the colors. At the great ceremony in honor of those who had died in the fighting about Tien-tsin, General Fukushima made a speech to the troops who had participated in those battles. He told them that it was an honor to have commanded such men as those who were dead, but it was a greater honor to die for Japan. That was the greatest honor a Japanese could have, and this doctrine is part of the regular education of the Japanese soldier. It is preached to him steadily until there is developed a patriotism of a passionate kind unknown in this country. They carry it into the small matters of their soldiering, and it produces a wonderful effect on their discipline.



THE USUQUMA (JAPAN).

Discipline among the Russians is confined to the essentials very strictly, and does not concern itself about things not immediately connected with the movements of troops and their conduct in action. They will fight magnificently, but for the rest they are a lawless, unkempt, slouchy, dirty lot, whose clothes seem perpetually unwashed, and whose hands are in everything that is not their own. There were a dozen different breeds of fighting men in the Pekin relief column, and among all of them I saw instances of unprovoked cruelty and savagery. With the others such cases were sporadic, but among the Russians discipline does not seem to undertake to provide against that sort of thing. I never saw an officer make any attempt to stop a Russian soldier from such work, but I saw one spank a man for letting a horse fall down. The officer who was in command of the guard that was escorting me on one occasion stopped his men to loot a shop, and let me go on and find my way as best I could without them.

Of the Japanese none of this is true. They were always neat and clean, and very smart in appearance. But it was not merely in being clean that they were exceptional. In the exceedingly trying-to-discipline times just

ADMIRAL SKRYDLOFF.

ADMIRAL ITO.

after the capture of the native city at Tientsin, and of Pekin, their conduct stood out in marked contrast to that of other troops. It was well-nigh miraculous, under the circumstances, that any troops were kept from looting, for when the soldier sees a rabble of Chinese coolies, who he knows have no possible use for the plunder, running off with arms full of valuable stuff, every bit of which appeals to him, it is asking almost the impossible of him when you order that he keep his hands off. To the highest credit of the Japanese it is, therefore, that their troops were less concerned in the plundering of the two cities than those of any other of the allied forces. After the horrible stories that had been told of the atrocities committed by them in their war with the Chinese it was surprising to observe their careful conduct in this campaign.

In two of the greatest essentials of good soldiering, discipline and patriotism, the Japanese were ahead of all the others. And they showed that they could endure more than their allies. They outmarched all the others, and on that blistering day, when the column was to have moved from Ho-si-wu to Mah-to, only the Japanese made their allotted eighteen miles. The Americans and British went into camp two miles or more short of the villages that had been designated for them, and the Russians, who were second in the column, were but little better, although they did not camp until nightfall.

Just at the close of that day another correspondent and I rode up to the little grove where Yamaguchi and Fukushima, the two Japanese generals, had their headquarters. When we came up, Fukushima offered us some steaming tea. My friend and I were nearly done up. We had seen many men fall out that day, overcome by the heat. Some were dead when they were picked up, others had gone mad. As we reached for the tea I said:

"General, we are very tired. You have marched us very hard to-day."

Fukushima looked up quickly and replied with a smile:

"Ah, but the Chinese are very tired too!"

It will be something to see the Russians fight the Japanese. It will be nearer demonstrating what happens when the irresistible force meets the immovable object than anything that has occurred in a long time. In the end weight may tell and Russia win, but it will be only after some desperate and spectacular fighting in which it is by no means sure that the Russians will have all the advantage. Behind entrenchments there is not much choice between them. In the open field the Japanese should be victorious, other things being equal, because of their astonishing mobility. They will go around the Rus-

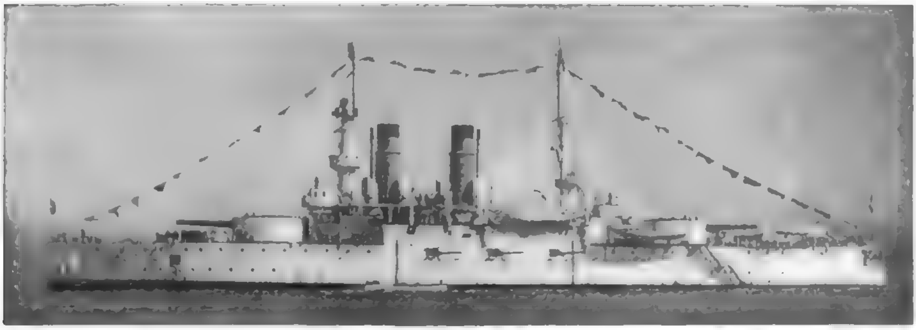
GENERAL WASMUNDT.

GENERAL NOZU.

sians very much as the cooper in the old adage went around his barrel.

But after that, what? Suppose the entire advantage at the start be with the Japanese, how far can they go? Pursuit across Manchuria is out of the question. The Russian can simply retire within himself and gather strength for renewed onslaught. The contest will turn, after all, on the unknown factor. The momentum of the Russian is that of great weight moving slowly. It is like the force with which a great steamship, warping into her dock, crashes three or four feet into the sea wall when her movement is so slow as to be hardly perceptible. The momentum of the Japanese is that of great speed, like that of the bullet of the high-powered rifle which, fired into a bucket of water, produces an explosion because there is no time for expansion.

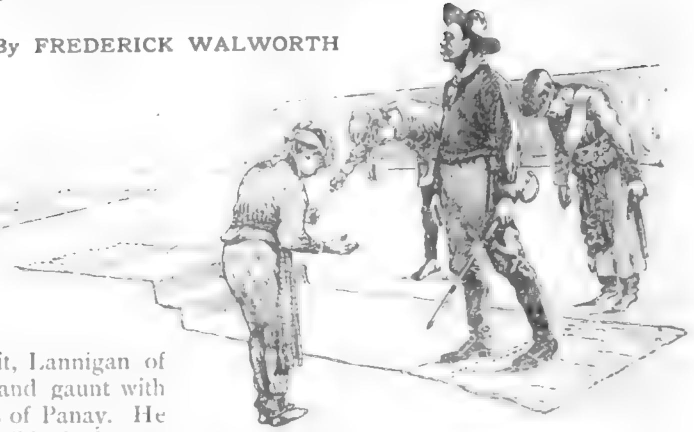
Admiration of the Japanese is unavoidable for one who has seen them in active service, but one who has seen the Russians will never forget the impression of mass they give. Contemplation of a struggle between the two always brings up a picture of a small man trying to stop a great stone from rolling down hill by getting in front of it. He may check it at the start, but it gathers momentum as his strength wears out, and it will overthrow him at last and crush him.



SISOI VELIKY (RUSSIA).

Chief Burnsockis

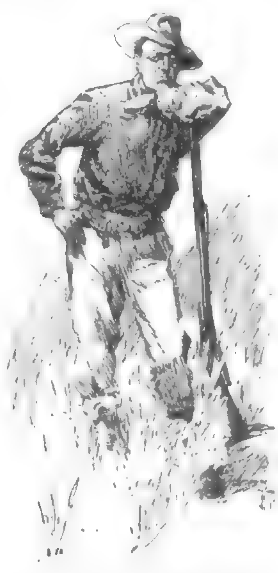
By FREDERICK WALWORTH



It was Lannigan who told it, Lannigan of the Seventeenth, yellow and gaunt with fever and the strenuous ways of Panay. He had gone from us with the build of a heavy-weight champion and a face the color of raw beef. When we saw him on his return we marvelled how these things could have been.

"It's a God-forsaken, worm-eaten, blot on the map, but—I'm going back," said Lannigan. "It's one of those things you can't explain. I swear I hate it. But as soon as my insides get down to business again at the old stand I'm going back.

"It's a sort of disease and it's generally fatal. One or two men in a company take it. They're as wild as the rest to get back to God's country, but somehow or other God's country don't seem as heavenly when they get to it as it did while they were seven thousand miles away; sooner or later you'll find them working their way back and that time they stay. I had a man like that in my company, only —well, perhaps he had more reason for his madness than most of us."



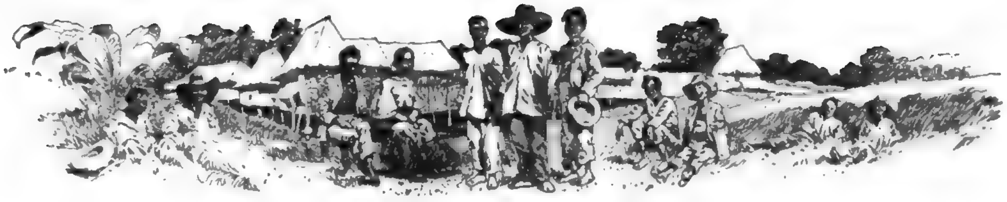
SYKES WAS HIS NAME—BERNARD SYKES.

Lannigan blew a vast white cloud of smoke and the ends of his mustaches lifted in a reminiscent smile. Then he told us the tale of Burnsockis.

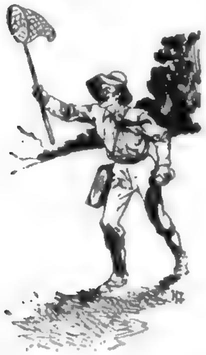
Sykes was his name, Bernard Sykes, but the boys of course called him Burnt Socks. He was a rattling good man, a sergeant and one you could pin your faith to with absolute assurance it would still be fast to him when you got back. If I had told him to hold a position I knew couldn't be held, I have the feeling right now that Sykes would have held it. He was one of these ingenious, self-reliant, utterly unquenchable fellows. If he found he couldn't do a thing one way he had forty other ways up his sleeve, and by the time he'd tried those he'd have thought up forty more.

Our district was officially reported pacified. That is to say, there were only about four thousand little yellow brigands squatting round with their weapons temporarily secreted, waiting till somebody's back was turned to go cutting up high jinks and foreigners again. But they had all taken the oath and promised to be good, so the province was pacified and the school-teachers began to arrive.

It was a mighty warm country for school-teachers, but the unmitigated nerve of some of those people would positively take your breath. They seemed to think if a district was pacified it was necessarily peaceful and serene. We had detachments scattered over the island in all the main villages and the



THEY HAD ALL TAKEN THE OATH.



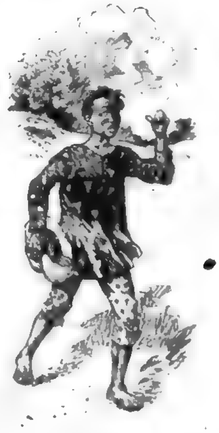
THEY CLASSIFIED HIM AS A MILD SORT OF LUNATIC.

country was pretty thoroughly terrorized, no doubt about that. We had made it our business. All the same it resembled a mild attack of suicide to leave the protection of the troops, and yet those school-teachers were everlastingly wandering off miles into this "pacified" country searching for new kinds of bugs and such trash.

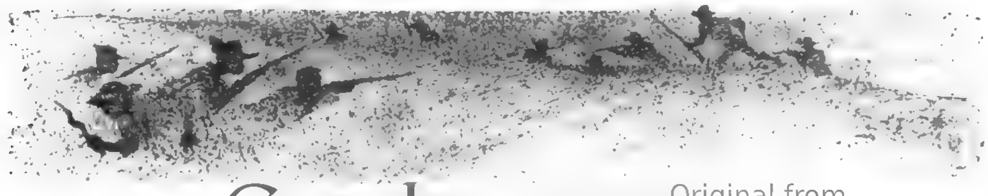
We decided it was simply their unparalleled assurance that saved them. The natives are naturally a suspicious lot and when they saw one of these fellows chasing round with a butterfly-net and a cyanide-bottle, they probably classified him as a lunatic with a new sort of Gatling gun and let him alone. Anyhow, that's the only way I can explain the fact that they were not all slain and curiously cut up. As it was we were forever being sent out with a half company to rescue Professor Jones or Mister Smith, who, it usually turned out, had got himself in trouble through some conspicuous idiocy.

Well, word came in to me late one afternoon that there was trouble up Balowal way. One Trellis was even now in the hands of certain wild rascals from the hills, and Sykes, who had gone off looking for him, was missing. "It is of haste, yes," announced the complacent little sinner who brought in the news. Starting after Trellis single-handed was eminently Sykesesque. I took a detachment of men and set out on the trail of the sergeant.

Now, understand that a mountain trail in the Philippines is a tough proposition by daylight and just this side of impassable by night. It was awful country, rocks and roots and lianas everywhere, with not a flat place big enough to hold your foot through the whole march. There was enough choice profanity wasted on inanimate nature that trip to keep the mules of an ammunition train moving steadily for days. I wasn't at all certain about our guide and had two men at the head of the column escorting him literally by the neck. Whether he was honest or whether he was scared, I never learned, but anyhow, about twelve o'clock the second night he brought us out on a hillside and showed us a village, and ten minutes later we rushed the place with a horrible yell and stampeded the rascals. Two or three took snap shots at us before they fled, but nobody was hurt. The guide had assured us we should find both Sykes and Trellis here, and we made immediate search, with a net result aggregating one pair of army trousers, identified by a

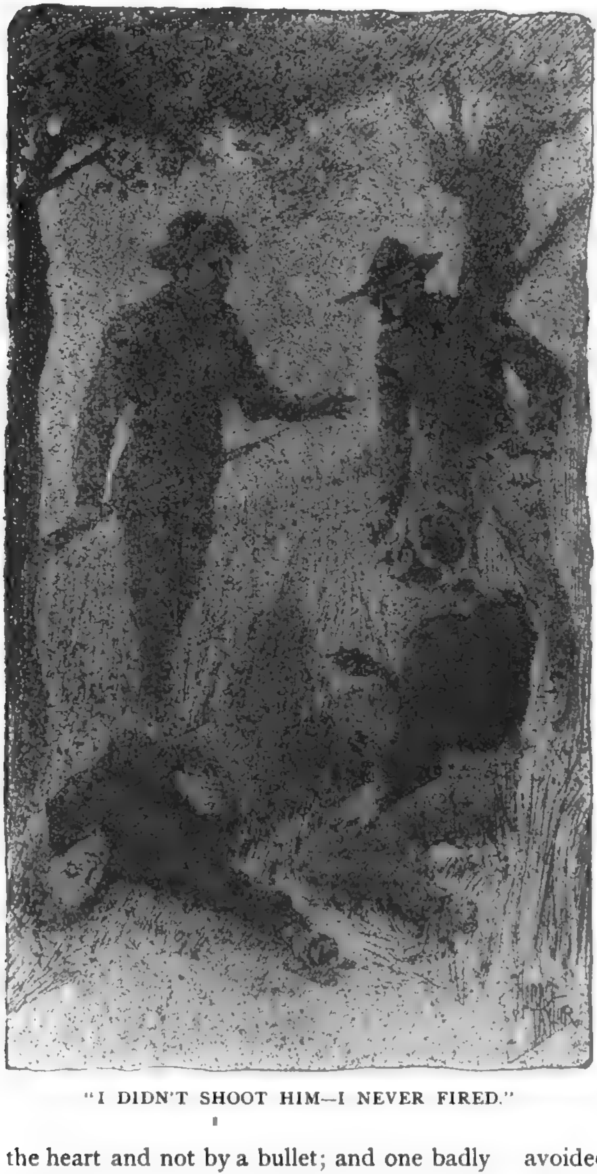


"IT IS OF HASTE, YES!"



TWO OR THREE TOOK SNAP SHOTS AT US

peculiar patch as belonging to Sykes; one case of botanical specimens, presumably the professor's; one dead man, who, strange to say, had been killed by a knife thrust through the heart and not by a bullet; and one badly frightened girl who claimed the dead man for her parent and was singularly apathetic over his demise.



"I DIDN'T SHOOT HIM—I NEVER FIRED."

Most of our information came from the first two and was not reassuring. Our guide either did not understand or refused to translate the girl's speech and all we learned from her was that our men had been in the village but were now gone. That much we had already inferred from the sergeant's trousers and the doctor's case. So we slept out the night and were off again at daybreak.

Well, we tramped and scrambled and cursed our way over that awful perpendicular country all day without seeing a sign of either Sykes or the professor, and when we halted the third night the men were badly done up. I had just made a round of the camp and turned in when I heard one of the sentries challenge sharply; then something fell over with a thump and the sentry yelled for the corporal of the guard.

The next minute the whole camp arrived in a body to find Sykes flat on his back, the professor on his knees beside him and the sentry standing over them muttering, "I didn't shoot him. I never fired."

We got the sergeant in and found he had only fainted from hunger and loss of blood, and soon had him awake and trying to sit up. In getting his shirt open to give his lungs more play, I cut my hand on a native dagger the man was carrying naked, inside. I saw only the crooked, snaky blade, for the next instant the sergeant came to his senses, and his first move was to thrust the knife farther in and button up his shirt. It was only then that I noticed the professor's head was tied up in a rag, and that Sykes was minus his trousers. Next day we swung the two in litters and eventually got them back to the headquarters' hospital.

Sykes was strangely non-committal about the affair. The main facts he gave me, as he was in duty bound, but details he studiously avoided. I put it down to excessive modesty and interviewed Trellis. He proved more willing to talk and I finally got what he knew of the story.

He, the school-master, had been gathered in precisely as we supposed. He put up what fight he could with no weapon but his fists and surrended only when one of the beggars hit him over the head with a club and laid him out. Next thing he knew he was in a small, dark room with feet and hands bound. Several men were talking in another room adjoining, but he did not understand their words. How long he lay thus he did not know. He thinks he slept for a time, and the next he remembers was a wild confusion of shouts and firing outside.

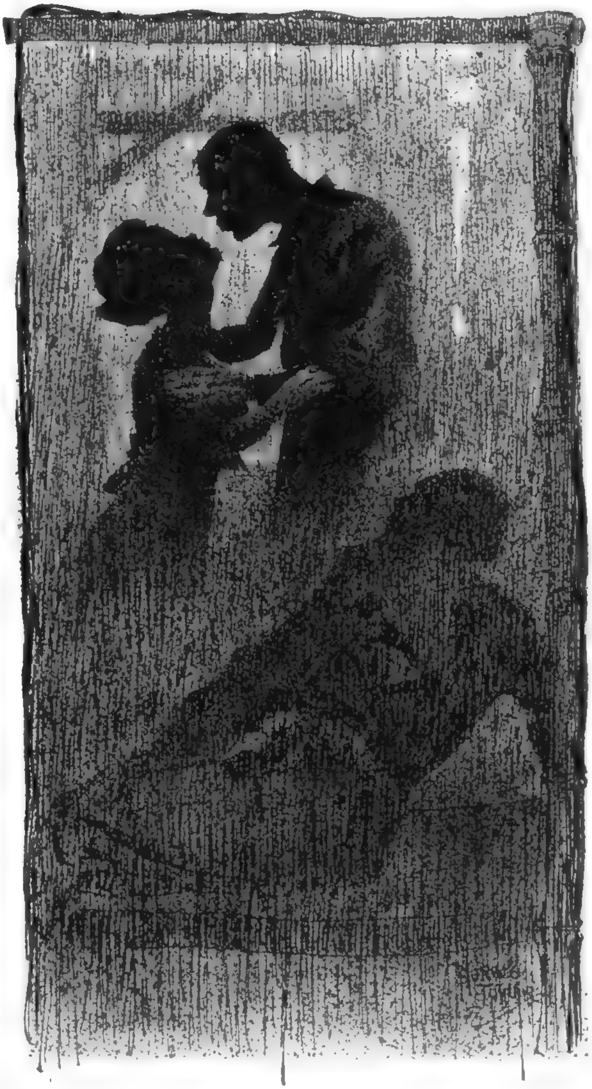
This lasted for several minutes, and then the firing ceased and gradually the commotion diminished. Next he heard someone say in English, "Tell him I came for the American." This was translated and was met with derisive laughter. Then the voice continued, "Tell him I'm in a hurry. Say there are five hundred Americans coming on the run and he better get some jump on him." More laughter. Then the voice once more, this time with deep disgust, "Tell him he's a blame fool and I'll wait for the Americans. I'm tired, anyway."

Shortly after that Sykes was carried in by several men and laid out on the floor. He had a bullet wound in the thigh and was already weak from loss of blood, which was perhaps the reason he was not bound. He had strength enough to free Trellis when they were left alone and the latter removed the sergeant's trousers and bound up the wound, which proved not serious. Then Sykes went to sleep.

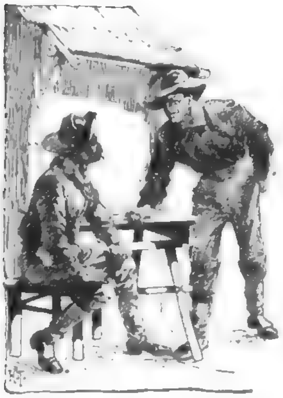
Food was brought them late in the afternoon, and after the sergeant had eaten he insisted upon trying his leg preparatory to an attempt to escape. Trellis says Sykes was crazy about a girl he'd seen, and asserted he had winked at her and she had winked back. Trellis thought he was feverish and not quite right in his head. Sykes kept vowing he was coming back after her some day and Trellis humored him, thinking he was a little delirious.

About ten o'clock that night, as near as Trellis could judge, the screen at the door parted audibly and somebody entered. Trellis thought it was their executioner and got all stiffened up for his last fight. It was darker than all Africa, and, as he stood waiting for something to jump at, Trellis heard Sykes swear softly under his breath, then somebody sighed; and then came the unmistakable sound of a kiss. Trellis admits his head ached from the blow he had received, but asserts vehemently that he was entirely rational.

He says he decided this wasn't his business and withdrew as far as possible into the darkness of the room, leaving those two together. After perhaps five minutes the person rose, the screen at the door rattled softly once more, and Sykes got up and came to him.



THERE CAME THE UNMISTAKABLE SOUND OF A KISS.



"GOLD MINES IN PETTICOATS NEVER PAY."

"Come on," said the sergeant, "I've got a knife here. We'll cut our way out. The girl showed me how."

Cautiously, then, they cut a hole through the thin wall of grass and reeds and one at a time crawled through. Trellis went first because his legs were whole and they didn't know how far they'd have to drop.

Luckily the house was low and when he hung at full length his toes touched the ground. He helped Sykes down and they slid off into the darkness.

They had gone about twenty yards when Sykes, who was leading, fairly walked into a native. The sergeant took him by the throat before the fellow could yell or run and slipped the girl's knife between his ribs. Then they took the poor beggar's gun and made off. The gun, by the way, happened to be Sykes's own rifle which had been captured with him and the man almost shouted when he ran his hand over the stock and recognized it. They wandered through the jungle all that night, lay up the next day in an almost impenetrable thicket, and had just started out once more when they stumbled on the detachment. That is the professor's story in brief. It sounded very much like Sykes and I believed it strictly true.

Well, Sykes came out of the hospital a changed man. He was a rattling good soldier yet and just as reliable as ever, but his heart was no longer in his work. Somehow, he lacked the jump and snap he had been noted for. His time would be out in a few months, but he kept importuning me to get him his discharge at once. I put several things together and thought I saw how matters lay. So I steadily refused the discharge, telling him I couldn't spare him, and hoping by the time his service was up he would have forgotten the girl. I hated to see a man of his calibre bury himself in the jungle with a native wife.

A week after the doctor pronounced him fit Sykes came to me one day and begged me again to get his discharge. The man was in deadly earnest, and even desperate, though I didn't know that then.

"Captain," he said, "I've got a gold mine up there in the hills."

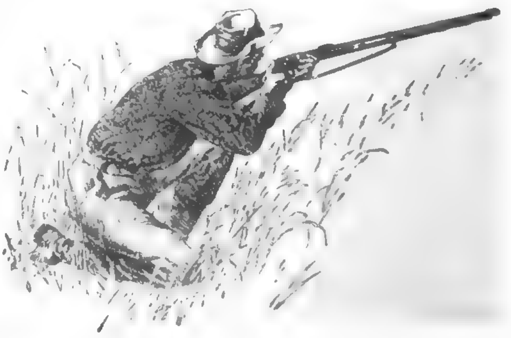
"Gold mines in petticoats don't very often pan out well, Sykes," I answered. "Besides, you can't go up there now. Do you want to get all cut up?"

Sykes didn't answer, but there was a look in his face I didn't like. It came a little close to defiance. I should have put a guard on him, but I didn't, and that night he disappeared. I did my full duty in the matter of searching for him, but I was enough of a sentimentalist to be glad he wasn't caught. That was the last we heard of him for some time.

Four months later I was sent with a detachment to guard a surveying party through the back country. The island really was becoming peaceful as well as pacified and I and my men had little to do but look impressive and awe-inspiring in the eyes of the natives.

Well, we struck a village up in the hills late one afternoon and instead of being met by an obsequious and utterly untrustworthy headman, were approached by a little brown understrapper of some sort who informed me in vile Spanish that His Highness Chief Burnsockis desired to see me. I was on the point of demanding the immediate presence of the headman himself, but for some reason did not, and shortly after followed the messenger to the chief's house.

I noticed at once that things were carried on here in a style hardly warranted by the size of the place. The house itself was large and much of it appeared new. There



"I CHOSE MY SIDE AND LINED UP WITH MY KRAG."

were servants before the door and more servants within, and I was conducted by one kow-towing little sinner after another till I felt like a full-blown ambassador paying his official visit at a foreign court. I was finally thrust into a rather long room and at first thought I was alone. At the far end was a low dais and seated there I presently made out the chief. He was entirely without attendants and I thought that strange.

The man rose, coming down to meet me as I advanced, and the first thing I noticed was his astonishing size. One gets so used to the pygmy proportions of the natives that a man among them six feet high at once attracts attention. Then as we came nearer I saw the flash of a smile on the fellow's face and found myself looking into the coolly audacious eyes of Bernard Sykes, late sergeant of E Company, now known to a wide constituency as Chief Burnsockis.

It was decidedly a peculiar situation. Perhaps my first inclination was to laugh: the incredible impudence of the rascal was so utterly characteristic. My duty was to call a guard and arrest him for desertion. If I hesitated, it was simply to give him a chance to clear himself if he could. He snapped up my thought before I spoke.

"Let me tell the story, Captain, before you call the boys," he said, and grinned like his old impertinent self. He was dressed in the native way and was tanned to near the native color. I don't know whether I waived the difference in rank or he did, but anyway we sat down. Sykes began by pulling out a short kris and handing it to me.

"That knife, he said, "had as much to do with the business as any one thing, Captain."

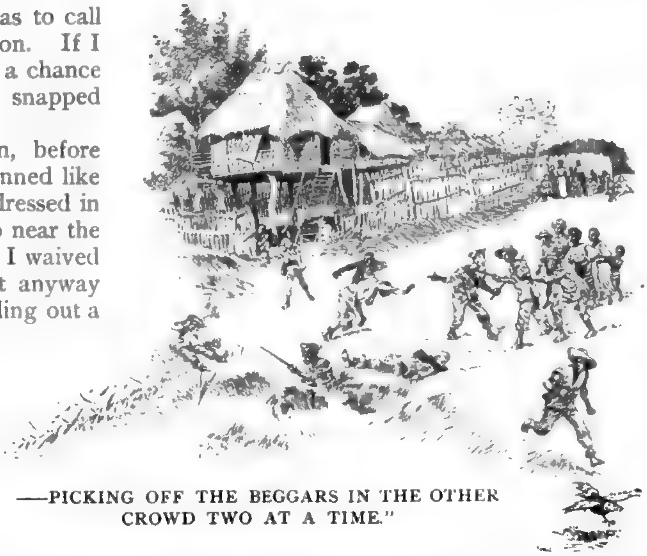
I took the snake-like weapon and examined it. The handle was the distinguishing part. It was carved in low relief with more or less conventional designs and the whole had then been covered with a thin sheet of gold, beaten in till it took the exact form of the wandering pattern. The thing was a gem and exceedingly valuable.

"I don't know how much Trellis told you," went on Sykes. "He was off his head most of the time anyway. You know I walked right into that town meaning to bluff them out and they nabbed me instead. I could have got some of them, of course, before I gave it up, but I didn't. They weren't so careful of me, though, and one of 'em managed by dumb luck and awkwardness to plug me through the leg. Then they dragged me off to their headman, everybody yelling things crossways that I didn't understand.

"Well, as we came up to the chief's house the old beggar was out in front with pretty much his whole menagerie, I reckon, and I noticed one girl in particular. So, because I always did have a fool streak in me, I winked at her when I came close enough and, so help me, she smiled and winked back. That made me take another look and, by all the angels, Captain, the girl was a beauty.

"I didn't have time for any more because his old nibs got busy with me and directly they chucked me in with Trellis. Trellis was a maniac with lucid spells. He managed to tie up my leg and then went dotty again and stayed that way for a full twenty-four hours, singing gospel hymns till I throttled him.

"I finally went to sleep, and it must have been near midnight when I woke and found that girl beside me. I don't know how I knew her, but I did. She showed me how to cut my way out, passed me that knife, and was gone before I was fairly awake.



"—PICKING OFF THE BEGGARS IN THE OTHER CROWD TWO AT A TIME."

"Well, the knife set me thinking, hard. I wasn't raised in California for nothing, and the minute I touched it I knew even in the dark that the handle was gold. Trellis was still a lunatic, and we couldn't get away with him in that shape, so I sat there after the girl left and figured on the knife handle. And the more I figured the better I liked it.

"It was almost morning when she came the second time. She was crazy because I hadn't gone; couldn't understand why I didn't leave Trellis. Somehow it hits a man hard to find a girl thinking so much of him. That child risked her life, I reckon, every time she came in there, and she came three times in all. She knew some Spanish, and we got a good ways that second visit. I'm no better than I ought to be, but, so help me, Captain, I wouldn't have done her any harm even then.

"I asked her where that gold came from, and she said her people dug it out of the rocks back in the hills. That just fitted my figuring right up to the notch and—well, I kissed her square on the mouth. When I saw how she took it, I was sorry because I hadn't meant it just that way.

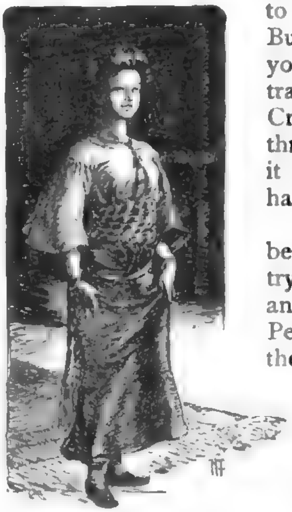
"Trellis came to that afternoon, and I planned to skip as soon as it was dark. I hadn't seen a soul but the girl since they shut me up. I'd wake up and find food and water, showing someone had been there, but we never saw anyone, and I couldn't find out from the girl what they were going to do with us.

"I kept putting off going long after it was dark, because I knew the girl would come again. I'd been sitting there thinking all day, and somehow, Captain, I felt like I had to see her once more. I never had a woman act that way about me before, and it got me in a tender spot, I reckon.

"She came about ten o'clock and begged me to take her with me. I couldn't do that, though I swear I would have if it had been possible. But I told her I'd come back to her inside the month, promised it on my honor, and finally sent her away. She went off crying, and that hurt. If I'd had any place on earth to take her to I'd have brought her with me. I've had my fling with the women now and again like all the rest, and I thought I was fire-proof—well, perhaps you know how it is. So we cut our way out, and after knocking around that night and the next day, stumbled into camp.

"I didn't think there'd be any trouble about my discharge when I promised her I'd come back. My time was almost out anyway and I meant to be back there in a week. So when you refused to help me out there was just one thing for me to do. I had to be back in that village inside the month. If you've never been fixed like that you don't know how it feels. It was like dying to me to desert. But I had to do it. I couldn't sleep for thinking of her. Kept wondering what she'd do if the time passed and I didn't come.

"I suppose you think the gold mine had a good deal to do with it, but I tell you honest I'd clean forgot the thing. The night she slipped in and passed me the knife, the gold in its handle looked bigger to me than any woman on earth. But the night I deserted I tell you, Captain, I wouldn't have traded that little girl for all Cripple Creek. There was just three weeks' time in there, but it made a lot of difference. I had to go back to her.


THE GIRL SAID "HOW D'E DO?"

"I knew that man Trellis had been bleating and you were trying to save me, so it wasn't any use to tell you any more. Perhaps that made things all the worse. At any rate I'd have deserted forty times rather than fail her. So I pulled out in the night.

"Of course I had trouble ahead of me and I knew it. I didn't think they'd kill me, because they were getting mighty fearful of Uncle Samuel. But what else they might do to me I didn't just know. But I made up my mind a good stiff bluff might work the second time even if it didn't the first, so I waltzed right into the town in broad daylight big as life and twice as ugly.

"My luck always was paralyzing, and this time it just did back me up in style. It seems the man I stuck in the dark the night Trellis and I gave them the slip was no less than the headman himself, and by the same token I stuck him with his own knife. Well, two of them had been scrapping back and forth ever since, each claiming he was the boss, and neither making much headway. They were right in the middle of a warm little row when I turned up, and in less than a minute I chose my side and lined up with my Krag, and was picking off the beggars in the other crowd 'bout two at a time.

"They didn't stand for that any great while, and in about fourteen minutes my side owned the place. I was getting wise to the way things lay, so I hauled out the old fellow's dagger, and proclaimed myself his lawful successor. That staggered them, though, and I thought it was all up. Then I felt somebody take hold of my hand, and I turned around quick and there was the girl.

"That finished it. She was the daughter of the old chief, and when the beggars saw her line up with me, you ought to have heard 'em yell. One of the pretenders was dead and the other one was down on all fours swearing in seven dialects he was my slave, so I finally consented to be their headman. And that's what I've been for a matter of four months. Haven't heard of any rows up this way, have you, Captain? Haven't *been* any. This village is prosperous and growing, Had four babies last month."

Sykes dug around in his clothes, and brought out a little pouch and passed it to me. The thing was exceedingly heavy for its size, and I at once surmised its contents.

"Open it," he said, and I pulled the string. It was full to the neck with almost clean yellow dust.

"I've got a big thing back here, Captain," went on Sykes. "It's all rotten quartz, and I can clean up stuff like that by simply crushing the rock fine and washing it in a rocker. But it's awful slow and wasteful. There's a corking little waterfall for power, and I've got to go to the States and get some machinery. I'm dead tired, too, of taking to the brush every time a detachment comes this way. I've been praying for you for two months. Do you think it can be fixed up at headquarters?"

I said nothing, simply sat and looked at him. He turned and called someone's name, and through a bamboo screen came a girl. She stopped shyly at the threshold, looking from me to the chief. He spoke to her reassuringly and she approached. She was small and slim and graceful, and as Sykes drew her to him her big eyes looked into his as a woman looks only at the man she loves.

Instinctively I got to my feet, and Sykes presented me to his wife. The girl said "How d'e do," in pretty trepidation at the unfamiliar tongue, and Sykes laughed and patted her hand, and put her at her ease. She was his trump card and—she won. We talked a while in Spanish, and presently I rose to go.

"Sykes," I said, "it's my sworn duty to put you under arrest, but—well, you may tell Mrs. Burnsockis with my compliments that I think it can be fixed, and I'll see what I can do." Then I allowed myself to be escorted in state to the house my late sergeant had prepared for me.

Reflections of a Spinster

To remain a woman's ideal, a man must die a bachelor.

Love that needs proving is counterfeit.

Renunciation is giving up what we can't have.

Friends are kept by silences—not by confidences.

The World's verdict is easier to over-rule than that of one's own conscience.

When jealousy sleeps, love is digging her grave.

He whom a child takes by the hand, lives close to God.

Ecstasy is happiness magnified into pain.

Their First Real Christmas

By ELIZABETH G. BISSELL

THERE had been other Christmases; for they had been married nearly four years. In their new characters of the holiday saint and his wife, and the delight of watching blue eyes widen and baby lips round with slow comprehension of Christmas mysteries, they remembered, with a kind of tender pity, those two young persons who had sat down alone at a small white table and looked at each other happily over an infinitesimal green tree.

Now, at last, Richie had developed an imagination equal to unquestioning belief in saints and reindeers, and even Mary Dorothy showed her appreciation of the Christmas legend, lisping sweetly, "Sant Law-Klisma." That proved conclusively to Nan and Richard that their first real Christmas would be a success.

One day the baby dashed off a letter in a reckless hand and Richie labored and sighed with shaky fingers and blunt wet pencil-point over a scrawl of acute angles huddled together in picket-fence fashion and varied by occasional smooches and huge periods.

"Can he read it, Mama?" he asked, anxiously, and Nan was quite sure he could and was asked to read it herself.

"Let's see," she began. "Dear Santa Claus—why, Richie, it's just as plain! Now, won't you read the rest, dear, while I thread this needle?"

"Dear Santa Claus!" sang Richie, "I want a big red ball and some pop-corn and a tree and a gun. I've been a good boy. Please bring Papa and Mama and the baby somefin nice. Don't forget the gun. I will keep my eyes shut tight."

"Why, Richie, you don't want a gun!" exclaimed Nan, carelessly. "Only big boys have guns."

"Yes, I do," insisted Richie. "Eddie has one. He's most littler than me." Then the letters were put out on the window-sill for Santa Claus to collect, with stones to keep them from blowing away; and, later, Nan and Richard laughed tenderly over the queer, weak scrawls.

Nan translated. "He said he wanted a gun, too, Dick—an air-gun like Eddie Arnold's, I suppose. But I am afraid he might hurt himself or the baby."

"Oh," Dick assured her, "he will forget all about the gun when he sees the train of cars I am going to get him."

"When is Christmas, Mama?" asked Richie, repeatedly. "Is it one day?"

At last, it was one day. Nan explained, with difficulty, that it was the day before Christmas—which meant that the next day was Christmas—which meant—yes, of course—that Christmas was one day. And she hung one of the baby's ridiculous little socks, the children, like goops in their flannel night-drawers, watching the ceremony with solemn faces.

That night Nan and Richard hurried through dinner. The crisp air had softened and flakes of snow fell in fluffy stars upon Nan's boa and muff when they stepped into the sleigh. The streets were crowded; the shop-windows displayed brilliant scenes; horns tooted madly. Nan and Dick elbowed their way and stood, bewildered, over Christmas beauties. Trees had dwindled down to a few insignificant scrawny ones, but they drove persistently and found a spruce, full-branched and tapering. It was too tall; but they took it and went happily back for more tinsel.

In the nursery, with occasional exits for string and nails, they spoke in whispers, took council on the hanging of colored balls and sugared animals, and ascended and descended a vacillating ladder.

"Isn't it lovely?" cried Nan. "I can just see Mary Dorothy clapping her hands over the baby doll and the black mammy!"

"That train of cars is a beauty," said Richard. "I think it will keep Richie busy for a week or so. Are you ready Nan? It is two o'clock!"

The lights went out with a snap and they stole down the hall. In the room next to theirs, the children slept. Nan ventured in, Dick following, uttering warnings. The light shown in upon the two little cribs and touched softly the children's rosy faces and close downy curls. "They are dreaming about to-morrow," said Nan, happily, as she rescued one of Richie's wandering legs and tucked it beneath the blankets.

"And it is to-morrow!" whispered Dick. "Merry Christmas, Mrs. Nicholas!"

A tiny figure, faintly white, piped from the threshold, "Did he come?"

Nan took him in beside her, and whispered that he must let Papa sleep a little longer. That was a good deal to ask, thought Richie, and yielded to temptation until his father murmured sleepily, "What's up?" and from the next room came soprano cooings, an unintelligible morning chant. Then he was allowed to discover the bulging stockings; and the baby was brought in; and they sat on the bed and crowed gleefully over tiny candy bags and a weak little music-box.

While Annie was dressing them, Richard and Nan hurried into the nursery, Dick to light the tree, Nan to smuggle in something for her husband. Then a long whistle announced that everything was ready.

Richie ran on ahead. Nan, too impatient to wait for Mary Dorothy's uncertain steps, picked her up and carried her swiftly down the hall.

In front of the window stood the tree, glistening with a network of spun tinsel and twinkling with starry Christmas candles—a blaze of color and light in the dark room. Gay ornaments of fantastic shapes, chains of bright balls, and paper and sugar animals dangled from the branches. On the green iridescent pinnacle hovered a lovely angel with cobweb wings.

Dick and Nan watched the children expectantly.

Richie's glance rested briefly and with wonder upon the tree; then it fell to the heap of packages at the foot and remained there. "What's that?" he demanded, pointing to one.

"Isn't it lovely, Richie?" cried Nan, enthusiastically. "Do you see the candy rooster—and the elephant——"

"What's that? demanded Richie again.

"I think we might begin, Dick," said Nan. "They can look at the tree afterwards."

"All right!" said Richard. "Here is something for the baby from Santa Claus."

The baby stared.

"See the baby dolly," Nan hastened to explain, "and here is a good old black mammy who takes care of her the way Annie does you. Isn't she a funny old thing?"

Nan's eager voice implored Mary Dorothy to stretch forth her hands gleefully and chuckle with delight. Instead, her lips quivered; and, as the black doll approached her, she turned to her mother with a bursting sob.

"What is the matter?" asked Richard, in dismay.

"Won't you look at the dear old mammy, dear?" coaxed Nan. "And the sweet little baby doll?" The baby answered by another explosion of grief. "Why, she isn't afraid of the good old nursie, is she? Such a nice doll with her funny turban!"

Mary Dorothy turned away, crying more loudly. Richard exclaimed, brilliantly, "Nan, she's afraid of it!"

"Well, then, she doesn't have to look at her if she doesn't want to! We'll tell papa to put her in the closet and lock her up. And we won't let her out until Mary Dorothy wants her!"

At this juncture, Richie, who had been testing packages by pats and pinches, gave a desperate sigh, and his father rewarded his patience by reading his name on something big and round.

"What iss?" asked Richie, politely, as it rolled from his lap to the floor.

"A drum!" said Richard. "Look! Rub-a-dub-dub—"

"What's in here?" demanded Richie, ignoring his father's efforts and pointing to something that was noticeable for its length.

"Why, that's for 'Dick from Nan,'" read Richard; and Nan blushed and said, "It isn't anything much, Dick. You had to have one. Let us leave our presents to the last."

Richie was visibly disappointed; but other packages had to be opened, and he sat on the floor in the midst of games and toys, while his father taught him how to make a train of cars go and a top spin.

"What's this?" he demanded again, rising abruptly and approaching the few packages remaining.

"Those are for Papa and Mama, Richard," said his father, impatiently, because he had been for some time unpleasantly conscious of his son's lack of attention.

"Is that all?" asked Richie, tremulously.

His father stared and Nan looked up from her endeavors to entice the baby into good humor with a red ball—one of Richie's presents. "Good heavens! What more does the boy want?" demanded Dick, angrily. "Isn't he satisfied?"

"What is the matter, dear?" asked Nan. "There is the train of cars you wrote for—and all the other things?"

Richie's face twitched ominously and he retired behind a chair from which, a moment later, came an unmistakable sniffling, growing in intensity, that aroused the baby to low sympathetic renewal of her sorrow.

"Well, I think that this is about the limit!" exclaimed Dick, disgustedly. "Now, Richard, this has got to stop!"

"Don't be cross, Dick," advised Nan.

"Come here, old chap," coaxed Richard, with an effort to soften his voice, "and tell me what's the matter?" Richie howled, "I don't know!" and his father threw up his hands in despair.

Mary Dorothy choked over a dry sob and Nan murmured that she had better take her out of the room.

From the nursery came a sobbing mumble. Nan put the baby on the bed and rolled the red ball playfully toward her. The baby responded faintly, and Nan, feeling all at once very unhappy and tired, lay down beside her and let a few tears well up into her eyes. The dull light of an early winter morning, when the snow falls steadily, was in the room. She and Dick had looked forward so eagerly to this morning; they had been so happy the night before; they had worked so long over the tree—and—Nan felt the tears roll down her cheeks.

Richard strode into the room. "I can't make him stop and I can't get anything out of him. He doesn't do anything but howl; so I've put out the candles and he can stay there alone and—why, what's the matter?"

"I was so tired and—disappointed, Dick," Nan apologized tremulously for her tears. "We—I thought it would be such fun—and Richie didn't even look at the tree—and Mary Dorothy was afraid—and I thought she would like everything so much——"

At that, Dick's anger broke forth with an angry gesture that sent the ball rolling out of the baby's reach and the words, "It's always the way! Do all you can for your children! Do they care? Work and slave and they reward you with ingratitude. Don't even thank you for what you have done, but want more—aren't satisfied!"

"I suppose, perhaps, they are too young to—to understand," suggested Nan, with the instinct of defending her offspring.

"Too young?" snorted Richard. "Isn't that the excuse we gave last year? Then what's the matter with our children? Are they idiots? Aren't they ever going to be old enough?"

Richard!" exclaimed Nan, indignantly, "you know very well they are not idiots!"

"Yes, I do," continued Dick. "It's my opinion that they are simply ungrateful, selfish little beasts. I have been working that train of cars for an hour! Do you suppose that was any fun? Richie didn't look at that either."

"Richard, how you talk! It couldn't have been so long. I haven't been in here more than fifteen minutes!"

Richard went to the window, muttering. "It is still snowing," he announced, gloomily. "When are we going to have breakfast?"

"Not until eight o'clock," said Nan, despondently. "I thought it wouldn't—be over so soon. We might go downstairs and get something."

Richard did not answer; and the baby fell over, gurgling, as the red ball eluded her grasp and escaped to the floor.

"Dick, don't you see," entreated Nan, as they looked at the little face dimpling with recovered smiles, "they are too young. I don't know what I was thinking of to buy all those things for the baby! Why, Dick, Mary Dorothy is only fourteen months old, and last year, Richie was a month older and he didn't even know what Christmas meant!"

"That doesn't help Richie out," muttered Dick. "He is old enough to have some faint sparks of appreciation and gratitude, it seems to me. We have given him everything he asked for and a great deal more. Next year I think we had better cut Christmas out."

"I don't understand," began Nan, thoughtfully, "what is the matter with him. Oh, Dick, you don't suppose—don't you remember I told you that he wanted a gun? He was probably so disappointed! Oh, I am quite sure that is the reason he has been crying so!"

"I don't see that it makes any difference if it is. He ought to have been satisfied with the things he did get."

"But, Dick, we promised him that Santa Claus would bring him everything he wrote for!"

"Well, he might just as well learn first as last that he won't always get everything he wants. The stores are shut, anyway."

"I know!" cried Nan; "Eddy Arnold has one. He won't think of it to-day. You can hurry there—it is only half a block—and ask Mrs. Arnold if she won't lend it to us for to-day. We can return it to-morrow, or send a new one. Yes, they will be up, of course—with children—Dick, please don't be mean! Richie's heart is broken! If I had only known—but I dislike guns so! Perhaps we can fix it so it won't work. You are awfully good, Dick!"

Twenty minutes later, she met him at the door with a whispered, "Did you get it?" and Richard held forth the gun.

At the door of the nursery, they paused. Richie on tip-toe was balancing himself with flopping arms, as he reached with an open bird's mouth for the sugar animals on the lower branches of the tree. Nan and Dick looked at each other and smiled. "Why, what's this?" cried Dick, loudly. "Look here, Richie. Here is something that Santa Claus must have dropped when he hurried away. It's marked for you."

Richie ran eagerly, hope shining on his tear-stained face. "I geth," he cried, gulping down the last victim's head, "I geth it's the gun. I fought he wouldn't forget."

"Is it all right? asked his father, with lurking doubt.

"Boom!" answered Richie, aiming fiercely at a paper bird in the tree.

"Well!" exclaimed Dick, looking from the floor where lay abandoned drum, top, train of cars, and games, to his son, who shouted boom to a paper bird, aiming recklessly and disdaining the trigger.

Nan gazed lovingly at Richie. "You see, Dick, he wasn't ungrateful. He just wanted a gun, poor little fellow!"

"A stick would have done about as well!" laughed Richard. "Where is Mary Dorothy?"

"She is with Annie, playing with her old rag doll and that red ball of Richie's."

Dick meditated. "I'll tell you," he said, "what we'll do. We'll put the things away and give them to the children next year—if —they're old enough."

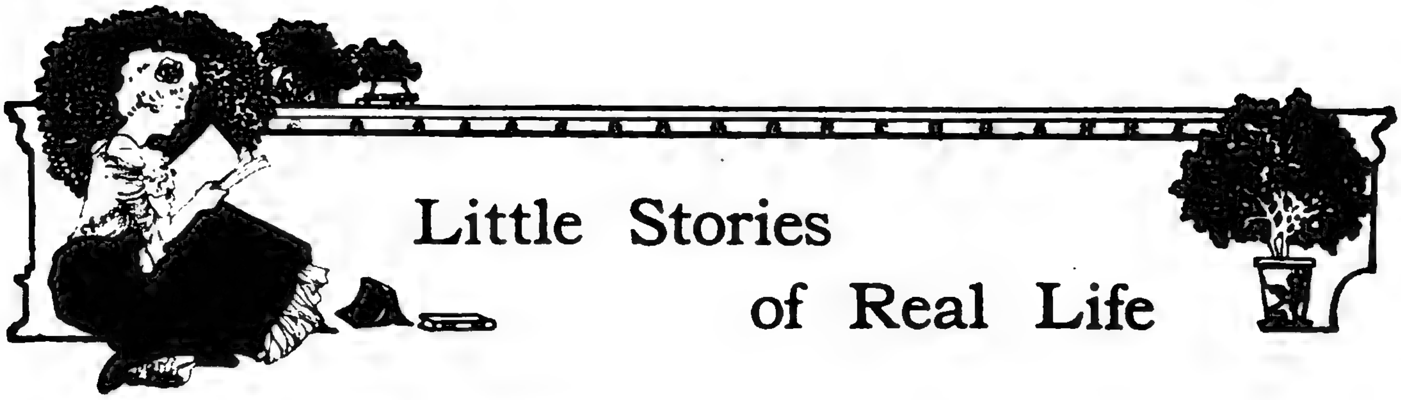
"I don't know but what that's a good idea," agreed Nan, thoughtfully. "Children are so—so unreliable, aren't they? It would be economical, too." Her glance rested on the packages at the foot of the tree. "Why, Dick, you haven't opened your——"

"By Jove," exclaimed Dick, "and you haven't seen the— Say, Nan, let's have our own Christmas now! There's the gong for breakfast! There is just time."

Nan tore off paper after paper until she reached a tiny box. Her eyes sparkled. "It's a beauty, Dick! Just what I wanted! But aren't you afraid—wasn't it a little bit more that you could afford, dear?"

"Look here, Nan, nothing's too nice for you! This umbrella is a daisy! And Dumas! Ah, you knew what I wanted!"

"Boom!" shouted Richie, fiercely, as Nan gasped in Dick's embrace.



Little Stories of Real Life

When Mary Went Away

By Kathryn Jarboe

IN grown-up eyes Mary was a very ordinary combination of bisque and pink silk, but to the little girls on Avenue A she was an angel, a queen, almost a saint.

When she first came to Avenue A, she, or rather it, was only a doll. The storekeeper placed it with half a dozen diminutive Noah's arks, a regiment or two of tin soldiers, some balls and tops and skates, in one side of his show window. But no sooner had the light of the short December day fallen upon the street than it—the doll—was espied by a small maiden and straightway, and for the first time, it became "she" and from that instant reigned supreme in Avenue A.

For, when it became evident that Emmy Jones was really looking at something and not merely lingering, in sheer idleness, in front of the store, then a second child approached the show window to see what the something was. It was not necessary to speak, not necessary even to point a finger. With a round-eyed, round-mouthed "Oh!" Mamie Kelly laid her whole heart at the feet of the pink divinity within, even shoving Emmy Jones out of the way so that she might stand exactly in front of the object of her adoration.

In this particular section, two little girls standing together, amicably, for any conceivable length of time always form the nucleus of a crowd. Everyone on the block wants to know the reason for such an unusual state of affairs. So it was not very long before all the children in the neighborhood were gathered together in front of the small shop. The boys, after a sniff or two of disgust, turned away, but no little girl who fell under the glamour of the pink doll's brown eyes could turn from them. Mamie Kelly and Emmy Jones kept their places close to the glass.

"She's—she's mine!" Emmy Jones was almost whimpering in her excitement. "She's mine, because I seen her first."

"She ain't so yours, she's—she's mine, because—because—" But Mamie Kelly could think of no valid reason for claiming the wonderful vision as her own.

"She don't b'long to neither of youse," called a voice from the outside ring; "she b'longs to—to all of us, just as much as to youse."

And this was the only outward and visible ceremony in her wholesale adoption. Her christening followed almost immediately. Even the sight of big, burly, blue-coated Macteft failed to disperse the crowd.

"Now, get along wid yez, out o' this!" The policeman's voice was soft and furry, even when he tried to growl as he did now at the mob of small girls. "Ye know ye're not allowed to block up the passage. Get out of it, will yez!" No one moved. "An' what air yez doin' annyhow? Lemme see what ye've got there!"

Then Emmy Jones and Mamie Kelly, moved by a sudden impulse, elbowed and kicked their way to the front. One on each side of Policeman Macteft they stood and slipped their small fingers into his big, brawny hands.

"Just come and look," they cried. Up to the window they dragged him.

"An' luk at what would yez have me?" he asked, his eyes roaming vaguely over the array of trumpery toys.

"Why, at *her*."

"Ain't she lovely?"

"An' it's silk, don't ye see?"

"Just luk at her feet!"

"An' can't ye see, leanin' down this a-way," suiting the action to the words, "that teeny, tiny scrap o' lace underneath?"

"I guess it's all lace underneath, don't you?"

The rapid fire of questions focussed Policeman Macteft's eyes, and he relented.

"Shure, an' she is a beaut' an' no mistake.

But," and the dignity of his office returned to him, "yez can't block up the doorway, itself. Stand well to the side, here, an' I'll not interfere wid yez nohow."

The reward for this was an unheard-of liberty on Emmy Jones's part. With her sticky little red lips she touched the big hairy hand to which she had been clinging. Her love for the doll was so great that she loved the whole world. She so longed to kiss the doll that she could kiss anything.

Policeman Macteft had, in times gone by, been hammered by Emmy Jones. He had been kicked by her. On one never-to-be-forgotten occasion, he had been bitten by her; but he had never been kissed by her before.

"Oh, go 'long wid yez," he cried. "No, not away from the window, but as clost to it as iver yez can get an' I'll see that ye're not disturbed."

He walked half-way down the block and then returned. "An' have yez given her a name?" he asked.

Oh, why hadn't they? Oh, what name could they give her? What name could be worthy of her?

"Yez might call her Mary, mightn't yez?" suggested Macteft, mindful of a certain brown-eyed Mary farther up the avenue.

Mary! There were Mamies and Mollies galore on the block. But Mary! There was no Mary among them all. So Mary she was called, and as Mary she reigned over them.

To her was shown every treasure of every heart. To her was brought every grief. To her triumphs were boastfully told. And in her brown eyes each worshipper saw sympathy for joy or woe.

It was not a fire. Neither was it battle and murder and sudden death. All of these were common enough occurrences in Avenue A. None of them aroused more than passing comment. But now moist grief arose on every side. Mary was gone!

It was Emmy Jones who made the discovery, Emmy Jones whose shriek brought twenty small girls in a dismayed bunch in front of the dingy shop window. Dingy, dark, and deserted it was. Full enough it might have looked to the casual passer-by. There were still the Noah's arks, the balls and tops and skates, the tin soldiers. There was even a doll. But there was no Mary.

"She— She may be inside," ventured a tearful voice.

And inside rushed the little mob. Emmy Jones was spokeswoman, self-appointed.

"Please, where is Mary?" she asked, lifting a tear-stained face to the edge of the counter.

"And who's Mary, and how should I know?" snapped the store-keeper. "Get out of here, now, all of you."

There was a backward movement in the throng, but Emmy Jones stood firm.

"What have you done with her?" she demanded.

"Get out, now, or I'll fire y' out. What d'you mean?"

"We—we want Mary," sobbed Emmy, throwing aside all effort at control. But now Mamie Kelly broke into the fray.

"Wot 'ave ye done wid—wid the pink doll in the winder—that's wot we wants to know!" She advanced toward the counter with menacing fists. A listener might have supposed that the pink doll in question had belonged to this small army, that the store-keeper was a marauder who had stolen her from her rightful owners.

"Oh, it," answered the man. "I sold it last night. And now get out. I told you before! Now I'll see that you do it, hear?"

But Mamie Kelly did not move.

"Sold it?" she cried. "Sold—sold *her*? Who bought her?" But the man did not know. He could not describe the purchaser, had never seen her before, hadn't looked at her, didn't know where she lived, hadn't seen which way she came and didn't know which way she went.

There were no more questions to be asked there, so out into the street the little mourners crept. In doorways, up and down the block, they gathered, vowing vengeance on the person who had stolen Mary. She might have been bought in all honesty from the store-keeper, but she had been stolen from them.

Days came and went, but they brought no consolation in their wake, Mary was gone. Mary would never come back.

Even Christmas itself offered little joy. To be sure, Christmas has its own way of coming to Avenue A, and it is not always a merry way; but it always comes just the same. This year Christmas was a tree in a neighboring hall. Some of the children had been taught pieces of poetry that they were to speak at it.

The poetry they had been learning for several weeks. In fact, Emmy Jones had learned her piece by saying it over and over to Mary, and since Mary's disappearance she had been unable to say it at all. Every time that she tried to repeat it fresh tears welled over her lashes and ran down her cheeks, for did not every word remind her of Mary?

And so it was all because Mary had gone away that only the boys from Avenue A whooped into the hall where the tree was to be. The girls trailed in disconsolately. Emmy Jones was starched from her head to her feet and stood out in every direction in little faded cotton angles. And her downcast eyes expressed a woe quite unspeakable. Mamie Kelly's face was tear-stained over the soap that shone upon it. For had she not refused to wear her pink gown because it reminded her of Mary, and had not Mrs. Kelly, quite unsentimentally, overcome this refusal with severe manual coercion? Vrona Pedroffski, her black eyes flashing, glared defiantly at the ceiling. Did they think that they could comfort her with a tree? She'd show them! She wouldn't even look at their tree. And each little girl in her own way exhibited the same feeling. They were unable to accept consolation, unwilling to receive it.

Down to the front bench these small maidens filed solemnly. And then — Joy of joys! Wonder of wonders! Miracle of miracles! There was Mary right before them, on a real throne this time, a throne of dark-green fir, hung with glittering chains and lights, with gold and silver flowers, with red and green and blue and purple banners—Mary looking down on them with her soft brown eyes, looking at each one of them with all her old-time love and sympathy.

"Mary! Mary!" they shouted, stretching their arms to her. For a few moments it seemed as though their clamorous worship of their queen would override their awe of the strange ladies and gentlemen who had asked them to come to this wonderful tree. But, before long, order reigned once more and the exercises of the evening began. There were a few words about Christmas, a song or two, and then the children themselves were asked to do their part.

Suddenly Emmy Jones heard her own name called.

"Come up on the stage, dear. You will speak your little piece now?" But Emmy only stood before the tree gazing adoringly at Mary.

"You must make your bow first, you know, and look out toward the people, the way I told you."

But Emmy bowed low before her recovered queen. She had never a thought for the hall full of people. She had no thought at all for anything in the world save Mary, and, in a piping little voice, she began :

"I'll tell you how the leaves came down ——"

"No, child, no!" Miss Muriel held out her hand. "Come here, dear, and say it here."

But Emmy heeded not.

> "'I'll tell *you* how the leaves came down
> Golden and yellow and red and brown,
> I'll tell *you* how they all came down.'"

And straight through to the end she told the whole story to the wide-eyed pink doll that had heard it all so many times.

The audience smiled, then laughed, but Miss Muriel, recognizing the sincerity, caring intensely to foster every germ of love she found, made no further interruption. Only when the poem came to an end she drew Emmy on to her lap, and there she heard from the child's lips the story of Mary.

"And now we can have her ag'in?" asked Emmy, as she concluded.

"You are going to have her for your very own," answered Miss Muriel.

"My own, my very own!" gasped Emmy. But then her eyes wandered to the little row of blissful faces on the front bench. "But couldn't she be put where she was before, so that we could all have her, just as we did before?"

Now Miss Muriel knew that it was probable that Emmy said this because she was afraid that she would not be allowed to have undisputed possession of the much-loved Mary, but she knew, too, that it was possible that the child was really willing to share the joy of ownership with her little companions of the street. And it was this possibility that made her hold Emmy close in her arms for just a moment.

And now something wonderful happened. Emmy was again sitting in her seat between Sophie and Mamie, her eyes riveted on Mary, when there came from behind the tree a man bearing in his arms a doll which he laid in Sophy's arms. It—it was only a doll as yet, and "it"—but when the little motherly arms closed around it, it, too, underwent the great change.

"Oh, ain't she lovely?" cooed the new mother, exhibiting her treasure but still softly enfolding it, and Mary, thenceforth, missed one pair of adoring eyes. There were dolls for all, all dressed in silk, all copies of Mary, herself, with tiny variations of color in gowns and eyes and hair. But what does the mother care when the baby lies really in her arms if the eyes are black or blue or brown, if the hair is yellow or gold or red? It is her own, her very own, and so she cooes to it and cradles it. So these little courtiers of Mary turned to their own treasures, each one happy, each one content. Even Emmy was no more content, no happier than the others when the original Mary was laid in her arms, nor did she ever know that she owed this privilege to big bluff Macteft. But he had told the story of Mary to his own brown-eyed Mary, and she, in her turn, had told it to the ladies of the Settlement. And so the great peace of Christmas itself came even into Avenue A.

Her Penance

By Susan Sayre Titsworth

SHE boarded the Boston sleeper at Columbus, a tall girl with a figure which her shapeless rain-coat could not spoil, and wearing, with an effect that went far to condone it, a flat, wide hat with a drooping veil. She sank into her seat with a preoccupied manner which became a brown study after the train started, and sat with one glove half off and her eyes fixed on the sliding landscape most of the time to Cleveland.

She watched the jostling crowd in the gloomy Cleveland station in the same absent way for a moment, but suddenly she started up, and pressed her face against the window in an endeavor to follow some one's movements. Apparently disappointed, she leaned back again in her corner, but her reverie was broken. She glanced carelessly at passing people, and as the train moved out sat up and pulled off her glove. She had just slipped off her rain-coat and thrown it across the seat opposite and had lifted her hands to her hat-pins, when a man appeared at the door of the car, and their eyes met. For a moment each of them was absolutely still, then the girl dropped her hands and stood up, and the man hurried to her side.

"Nancy!" he exclaimed. "And who would expect to see you here?"

"Then it *was* you I caught sight of in the crowd!" she returned. He was holding both her hands.

"Nancy!" he said again. "What are you doing here? Where are you going? Isn't to-morrow the day—why, you're going in the wrong direction, child!"

"How can you say that, when I've met you?" she asked, with a little laugh and a droop of her long lashes. He dropped her hands and glanced uneasily about the car.

"Let's sit down," he suggested. "We seem to be rather too much the centre ring."

"Oh, very well," she responded, with splendid indifference to the curious looks that annoyed him, and when he sat down beside her, she laid her hand on his arm with an affectionate gesture. "I didn't really hope to see you, you know," she said. "I just thought it was barely possible that something might call you to the station, and when I caught that glimpse of you I didn't really believe it was you—I thought my desire to see you was making me imagine a likeness. But to have you get right into the car—why, Ralph! I honestly believe it is a special Providence!"

"A special delivery would have been surer," he returned. "Why didn't you write me?"

The girl smiled at him. "As long as you're here!" she said, caressingly. "You see, Ralph, I left it to Fate. I've made such a mess of things myself that I simply put it out of my hands, and here you are. Good old Fate!"

He looked at her curiously. "Now, I wonder," he began, and then broke off. "Where are you going, and how do you happen to be way down here? Isn't the wedding to-morrow, or am I——"

She nodded with compressed lips. "To-morrow noon," she said.

"Am I to infer—" he hesitated.

"Anything you please," she returned, proudly. "Do you really imagine I'd stay to see that woman marry my father? I left Chicago six weeks ago."

"Where have you been?" he asked.

"In Columbus, with a school friend," she answered. "And I'm going to Radcliffe to study."

"Humph!" he commented, looking keenly at her. "And are you so very strong for it?" Her eyes fell before his.

"I suppose I should add a pious D. V.," she returned, lightly. "But that's the place I'm starting for." There was a moment's silence. She looked away from him toward the window; he looked at her with a queer, grim little smile at the corners of his mouth.

"Nancy," he said at last—"Nancy, turn around." With her color deepening, she obeyed, but her eyes stopped at the top button of his coat. "Look up," he added.

"Say please," she murmured, defiantly.

"Nancy," he went on, "a year ago you said you wouldn't marry me."

"Well, so far—" she suggested, with a quick arch glance up at him. He caught her hand.

"Nancy, are you sorry?" he asked. Her eyebrows curved meditatively above her downcast eyes, but she said nothing. "Because," he went on, "to study at Radcliffe—it doesn't seem quite your long suit, you know."

"Well, I decline to stay at home and watch her pouring my father's coffee at my mother's breakfast-table," objected the girl, with spirit. "She doesn't know what mahogany means. You know that is impossible, Ralph. What is there for me to do? I can't visit my friends indefinitely, and—it's a year ago that you asked me to marry you."

"You've been away from home six weeks!" he said, ignoring her lowered tone. "Why didn't you write me, Nancy?"

"Good lack! but isn't this bad enough?" she demanded. "I made up my mind that if I saw you in Cleveland by any chance—of course I knew they were twenty to one against it—I should tell you—oh, you know! but I hadn't the courage to write you. I know I treated you shamefully, Ralph."

"I agree with you perfectly," he said, grimly. "But you used to whack hearts about as if they were tennis balls, anyway. I thought, though, that you were engaged to that Denver man—what's his name? The one who comes on to Chicago every other Sunday—Crawford, you know." The girl looked up at him with narrowed eyes.

"How do you know anything about Mr. Crawford?" she asked. "Has Flora told you?"

"Well, she's mentioned him," the man admitted.

"Lately?" demanded the girl.

"The other night when I was calling there, she read me a part of your last letters," he confessed. "It wasn't her fault—don't blame her. I begged her to. I hadn't heard from you for nearly a year, and I was hungry for a little news. It seemed as if you were more likely to emigrate to Denver than to Boston."

"Flora must have edited those letters, or else she read you old ones, if you got that impression," the girl said, quietly.

"Then Crawford isn't in it now?" the man asked.

"There's nobody in it," insisted the girl, "unless——"

"Nancy, I should like to kiss you!" the man said, meeting her eyes. "All this year I have dreamed of kissing you—ever since you jilted me so mercilessly. I wish there wasn't anybody else in this confounded car!"

"Have you dreamed it often?" she asked, with a little smile.

"Night after night," he declared.

"I believe in dreams," the girl returned, softly. "I consider them prophetic." The fleeting side glances she gave him were bewitching; he was holding her hand firmly, and the harsh lines of his face softened as he watched her, but his eyes were sombre.

"I love you!" he said, suddenly. "It's the last time I'll tell you so, Nancy Bell! I'm not going to throw my heart into your lap again to have you pat it and pinch it into any shape you please. You're a flirt, Nancy, a deadly flirt, and a man's not safe with you. But I love you." The girl looked up.

"Good gracious, Ralph!" she said. "You're scowling frightfully! Don't be so tragic. Have I got to go back and marry Mr. Crawford, after all?" He put her hand away with a little groan, as she smiled at him.

"You witch! you siren!" he said. "So Radcliffe's only third choice and Crawford's within call! Got your little umbrella right with you, haven't you, Nancy Bell? Well, it's wise to go prepared for all kinds of weather."

"It was a year ago, you see," protested Nancy. "I've experienced a change of heart, and perhaps, you know—you might have changed your mind in the meantime."

"My mind, perhaps; never my heart," the man responded. "That's yours, Nancy, even if you marry Crawford."

"I do not wish to marry Mr. Crawford," said the girl. "I am going to Radcliffe to study, unless—what's the matter, Ralph? Don't you believe in me yet? Don't you understand that I want to do penance for a year ago?" She put out her other hand and he took them both.

"Penance!" he repeated. "Nancy, do you mean it?"

"Try me!" said the girl.

"Will you kiss me?" he asked.

"Here?" she questioned.

"And now," he added. With a proud indifference to the attentive audience, she raised her lips to his. His face was very white and hers very pink as he crushed her hands together and rose to his feet. "I'm going into the smoker to write a note," he said, and as she nodded assent, he turned and left her. She leaned back in her corner and watched the sliding landscape, careless of the interest that was patent in the faces of her fellow-travellers, as the train rushed on through the gathering twilight. Presently it stopped at a way-station. She glanced up at the door as if expecting him to return, but no one came, and as the wheels ground on the rails in their start, she turned back contentedly to her window. The porter came in, buttoning up his white jacket, and pausing by her seat, handed her a note.

"The gemmen lef' that foh you," he said. She took it uncomprehendingly.

"Left?" she repeated.

"Yas'm; he got off last stop," the porter answered as he went on. She opened it deliberately.

"Nancy, Nancy Bell," it began, "I love you. That's all I have to say, dear. I love you, more even than I did a year ago. I swore then that some day you should do penance for your treatment of me, and I meant to make you, but God knows I never meant this. I thought I had forgiven and forgotten you, but to-day I know I haven't done either. I was a coward to put you to the test, dear, but I'd do it again for a kiss like that. The Fate you conjured up—it hasn't played fair with us. You're the only woman in the world, Nancy Bell, and I love you with every drop of blood in my body; but last week I asked Flora to marry me, and I hope I may never see your face again. Don't try to forgive me, Nancy, but don't forget that I love you.

"RALPH."

She read it through twice, leaning forward to get the light upon it; then, straightening herself up, she looked around, and for the first time met the curious eyes of the other occupants of the car. She challenged them with a sweeping slow glance, and then, tearing the letter through twice, dropped the pieces from the open window, and leaned back in her corner again, looking out at the night.

While Madame Was Paying Calls

By Thomas McKean Meiere

THE devil always finds work for idle hands; but Marie was not idle. On the contrary, she was busy, straightening Madame's room.

Madame had just gone out to pay calls, and Marie had seen the carriage turn the corner. Even if no one were at home Madame would not return for two hours. Had not Marie seen the list of calls?

On the bed lay the new gown which Madame would wear this evening to the opera. It came soon after Madame drove off. What a triumph it was: a masterpiece of the modiste's art.

Madame would look well in it. Ah! but how would Marie look in it? Was not Marie an edition-de-luxe of Madame, an exquisite French counterpart? A glance in the cheval mirror told her that.

Marie would probably never have a chance of seeing herself in such a creation. No, even if she married, she could only have a cheap imitation of it. Her decision was made.

Suppose, at the last minute, there should be a bit of lace to be caught, a thread to be drawn, an eye or hook to be moved. Was it not Marie's duty to see that it was quite right? Marie's conscience was soothed.

Although the gown was Madame's by right of ownership, it was Marie's! Marie's by right of innate appreciation, an inborn love of the beautiful, which Madame could never feel. Marie's by right of the eternal fitness of things, the countless *je ne sais quoi* which French women possess, which Madame could never buy.

Yes, Marie's by justice, even for a few sweet moments. She would claim her own: the thing she loved most in all the world, of which her existence was the most barren. So thought Marie as she donned the frock.

And Madame? Was it not all the same to her? An endless succession of superb new gowns, dinners, dances, opportunities? They were all alike to Madame.

Marie stood before the mirror. How beautiful she looked! Such a gown; such a fit! How she adored it!

One drop of Madame's delicious violet on her lips, her finger tips (it would wash off before Madame's return); one breath of color on her chin, her cheeks; the shadow of a line at her eyes.

There! Madame or all the world might envy her. Marie was delirious; there was no Marie. No French maid about her, if you please. No, it was Madame herself, Madame dressing for dinner.

. . . .

With noiseless steps on the heavy carpets, Madame had reached her door, pushed aside the portières, and stood dumfounded. Impossible! The incomparable Marie turned faithless? Madame could not believe her eyes.

But Marie was perfecting her make-up, and was rattling on in a jargon of French and broken English, as she pirouetted and posed; or, with her chin resting in her hands, her elbows on the dressing-table, leaned forward and gazed at herself searchingly and admiringly.

She was addressing an imaginary Marie; commanding, railing, now angry, now appeased by a compliment from the mythical Marie.

Perhaps it was this perfect imitation; perhaps something else: that still small voice inside, which we call a conscience, that made Madame recognize herself, and for the instant seek shelter behind the portières, intending each moment to burst upon her victim.

"Quick, Marie. Can you not see I am already late? Little fool, not that one, the new one. Idiot; my hair. There, let it alone. I'll do it myself. D—n it, Marie, what do I pay you for?"

Like a vision in an opera, Madame saw pass before her a copy of herself so perfect that it copied all of her; a new mirror, unlike her own flattering ones; a mirror which reflected not only the beautiful form of the whited sepulchre, but the inside as well; the whole truth; the side she knew, to be sure, but tried to forget, the hateful woman beneath it all.

"There, Marie, we are ready. Get my slippers, my wraps, fan. Hurry, child. Monsieur is waiting."

Madame loosened her tightening hold, and the curtains fell together. With a sweeping grace, Marie, still enacting her *rôle*, strode toward the door where, grand and terrible in her furs and wraps, Madame stood.

Marie stopped, and her face became white with terror. The curtains—they had moved. Someone must be— She waited.

Not a sound. If caught she were, she would meet ruin face to face; like Samson, she would pull destruction down upon herself. She must act at once, or scream.

Like a tigress she sprang toward the door and snatched the curtains apart.

But no one was there.

The Glaciers of Regret

By ARTHUR STRINGER

THE eternal peaks of icy Wisdom scarred
By Youth's hot sun where Law its bastion rears,
The endless siege, the eternal heights debarred,
And all—the slow source of Earth's endless tears!

With the Procession

Happenings of the month stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

THE REPUBLICAN PROGRAMME

In an interview the Hon. John Dalzell, a distinguished member of the House of Representatives from Pennsylvania, gives the impression, otherwise corroborated, that the Republicans mean to legislate as little as possible in the called session and in the regular session of Congress. Cuban reciprocity for the first; the regular business for the second. No monkeying on the tariff or the currency. No experiments; nothing new and dangerous. Probably the wicked, wicked Democrats have other views. The Republicans may "stand as pat" as they can. The Democrats will nag them, stir the animals up, make things lively. Put not your trust in almanacs. It is 1904 already. The campaign has begun. About this time look out for hot and heavy firing of political speeches, the explosion of magazines of "campaign material," cordite and dynamite and blatherskite. The fun begins. Nothing but fighting for nearly a year to come. Congress will be a political "rough house." The eagle will scream. The "lie" will be "hurled." Every politician's lungs will howl overtime. The grand quadrennial insane asylum is now open.

* * *

STUDIES IN TRUST-BUILDING

What is the difference between a captain of industry and a chevalier of industry? The name. The affairs of the Ship-building Trust were spread before the public last fall. Mr. Daniel Le Roy Dresser, "a bankrupt, formerly a banker," undoubtedly won the sympathies of the public, and his testimony had the smack of truth. He declared—and some think he proved—that Mr. Charles M. Schwab, after getting almost twice what his Bethlehem Steel Works were worth in cash, went to work, under his mortgage, to seize all the plants of the ship-building company. That is, having persuaded people to invest, he drove the Trust into bankruptcy and skinned the investors. The steel syndicate got $5,000,000 of stock for nothing. If this is so, it is all right, mind you, perfectly legitimate from the Wall Street point of view. One merry little incident of the game was the appearance of young "dummy directors," lent by a New Jersey corporation which makes a specialty of them. One of these handy men testified that he had voted to increase the capital stock from $3,000 to $45,000,000, and for the issuance of $26,000,000 of securities. For his share in these creative mysteries of "high finance," he got $20. He did not know where important constituent companies of the "combine" are. In fact, he knew very little about the business. Why should he? All he had to do was to obey orders. The price of industrial stocks shows how much confidence the public puts in the trust-makers. The "great financier" and the humble "bunco-steerer" are brothers under their "skins."

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MR. CLEVELAND'S ALARM

When a public man out of office begins to view things with alarm, it is fair to assume that he longs to return to power and set aright the world out of joint. Mr. Cleveland's speech at Chicago in October had all the marks of his well-known, heavy-weight style, which clumps and shuffles along like a procession of elephants. It seems to be an effective style, in its results, but it makes you think of Nebuchadnezzar's criticism, in the Oxford prize poem, of the diet of his salad days:

> And murmured, as he scanned the unwonted food,
> "It may be wholesome, but it is not good."

There is too much wealth, selfishness, vice, corruption and what not in the United States, according to Mr. Cleveland, and something is going to happen if we are not very careful. Fishing continues good. Princeton is salubrious. Life is comfortable even for an ex-President. But power is sweet. Retirement palls. Sweet to the nostrils of the veteran circus charger is the smell of the sawdust. Mr. Cleveland is healthy. He'll come without your calling very loud.

BUSINESS A TEMPERANCE REFORMER

ALL the railroads that centre in Chicago have prohibited the use of liquor or tobacco by employees when on duty. Practically all the important railroads now concur in this prohibition. The Western Electric Company and numerous other great business concerns in the West forbid not only the use of liquor, but of cigarettes and the habit, now grown to an almost incredible extent among all classes of the community, of "playing the races." Business reasons thus make necessary the control or avoidance of habits against which moral reasons are too often helpless.

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THE CLOTHES OF A KING

THERE are some drawbacks to the king business. It must be annoying to feel that any time you appear in public you run the chance of stopping a bomb. Then, even with the deftest of valets, it is a nuisance to be donning and doffing clothes a dozen times or so a day. How does the Emperor William manage to keep so busy? The mere process of shifting uniforms must take a good deal of his day. His uncle, Edward VII., who deserves the title of the First Gentleman of Europe much more than did that lumbering "Prince of Whales" who came to be George IV., is still "the best-dressed man in Europe." An English journal publishes what purports to be an interview with one of the king's tailors, doubtless a much less democratic person than his employer. This tailor says that the King "gets through with quite a hundred pairs" of trousers and a dozen suits of evening clothes in a year. His tailors' bills, uniforms apart, must "make a big hole in $5,000 a year." Plenty of our American sovereigns spend much more than that in adorning themselves. But the King pays smaller prices than they. "For trousers," says our English authority, "he pays from forty-two to fifty shillings." Must get them ready-made! "For a frock coat and vest he pays eight or ten guineas." Away, base slave, away! Edward, R. & I., scorns to wear a "vest." He wears a waistcoat.

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THE TREATY WITH CHINA

THE important part of the new treaty between the United States and China is the provision for the abolition of the vexatious "likin" or duty on goods, in provincial transit. For the "likin" is to be substituted at a time hereafter to be fixed, a "sur-tax" of one and one-half times the tariff duty. Exports from China are to pay the present duty of seven and one-half per cent. *ad valorem*, to be collected at the port of exportation. If the Chinese Imperial Government wishes to secure, and can secure, American goods from paying the "likin," the United States will reap considerable commercial advantage. In fact, the abolition of the "likin" is the greatest benefit that could happen to foreign traders. But Chinese officials are not apt to learn new tricks or surrender old pickings. The value of the opening of the Manchurian ports to international trade depends upon our straightforward and truthful friend, Russia. The value of the concession to the missionaries of the right to rent and lease in perpetuity such property as they may need, and the value of the guarantee to the so-called native Christians of the free exercise of their religion, depend upon the good faith which certainly does not now exist and is not likely to exist—of the Chinese Government. Besides, does anybody doubt that the mass of Chinese despise and hate native Christians and all missionaries and "foreign devils"?

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THE FAVORITES

A VOTE of the people, would name Theodore Roosevelt as the Republican candidate for President, and there would be no second choice. A vote of the people would name Grover Cleveland as the Democratic candidate for President, by at least a plurality over any other Democratic candidate.

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THE "NEW DEPARTURE" IN GREAT BRITAIN

Is anything really settled in the world of politics? Here is Mr. Chamberlain boldly proposing to undo the work of Cobden, and Peel, and Gladstone, and smash Free Trade, that British fetich of the last half century. In Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" is quoted a speech made by Disraeli in 1872. One passage of it is a prophecy of Mr. Chamberlain: "Self-government, when it was conceded [to the colonies], ought to have been conceded as a part of *a great policy of imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accomplished by an imperial tariff.*" Mr. Disraeli, a new man, was distrusted by his party as Mr. Chamberlain is distrusted. The great old-time Whig territorial aristocrats, like the Duke of Devonshire, who is likely to be the next Prime Minister, are frightened away by Mr. Chamberlain. The languid Mr. Balfour, and the set of nobodies lately added to the Cabinet, are only stop-gaps. It rests, as it has so often rested, with the Irish members to decide the fate of the Government.

THE PROFESSOR OF DRESSMAKING

Ruskin University, at Glen Ellyn, Ill., is a thoroughly modern institution, with no mediæval moss on it. At Ruskin the young women study that fascinating science, "the psychology of husbands." Now they are to be initiated into a science or art, the value of which all sensible men appreciate. A chair of dressmaking has been established, and Mrs. Goldzier, of Chicago, has been asked to fill it. If Mrs. Goldzier does her duty, and the fair young Ruskinites learn to make their dresses skilfully and inexpensively, statues of her will be erected by a grateful people, and no Ruskinian maid can escape matrimony. Every girl, rich or poor, should be a competent dressmaker. If she marries a rich man, her knowledge of the art will enable her to exercise an intelligent supervision over dressmakers and the haughty, and often clumsy, race of men tailors for women. If she marries a poor man, she will win his undying admiration and save him lots of money by appearing in her own "creations," things spruce, full of "style," marvellously neat. From purely economic reasons a wife skilled to build dresses is worth hundreds of dollars a year. Then, she is always better dressed than ignorant women, no matter how rich they are. A woman ought to be just as much ashamed of not being able to make her own "gowns" and "frocks" as of not brushing her teeth.

THE COLOMBIA "RAISE"

By the Hay-Herran treaty the United States agreed to pay Colombia $10,000,000 for the right to build the Panama Canal. The Colombian Senate, besides otherwise tinkering the treaty to the disadvantage of the United States, raises Colombia's pay from $10,000,000 to $25,000,000. As a frank Colombian statesman says, Colombia "needs the money." She can keep on needing. Hail Colombia, "cheeky" land!

THE BIG GERMAN TRUSTS

While so many American trusts are suffering from locomotor ataxia, general paralysis and a complication of diseases, Coal and its brother Steel, are strutting majestically in Germany. A Steel Trust, in the form of a joint-stock company, for each constituent concern of which is fixed a percentage of the whole product, has been formed for five years. Every member must pay five shillings for every ton it produces in excess of its allotment, and will get the same sum for every ton less than its allotment. The Coal Trust will go hand in hand with the Steel Trust against foreign trade. Five years is a long time in the life of a Trust. "It is beautiful," said the Fairy Prince of the Rainbow, "but, excuse me, will it last?" Anyhow, these German trusts are nice for Protection Joe Chamberlain to hammer on.

DOWIE—ELIJAH

Many persons insist that they are Napoleon, or Julius Cæsar, or some other mighty man of old. Most of these persons are permitted to nurse their illusions in institutions furnished by the State for people who, after all, may not be much madder than the rest of the world. It is the distinction of the eccentric but shrewd little autocrat who is sure that he is a reincarnation of the prophet Elijah, that, instead of being in an asylum, he is a rich ruler, the founder of a religion, the idol of a sect of mostly worthy and industrious men and women. As a professor of Billingsgate, Dowie is unexcelled. But let us not forget, in the violence of his language, that discharge from some crack in his intellectuals, that he has a wonderful power of organization, an unintelligible power of inspiring obedience in his followers. It is an old phenomenon, this blind credulity, this worship of an ugly idol. A Frenchman has written a book on "The Little Religions of Paris." How many such "little religions," how many cults as strange or as foolish as Dowieism exist in other great American cities which imagine themselves so superior to Dowie?

THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY DECISION

The decision of the Alaskan Boundary Commission conceded to the Americans at least no more than their just rights in Alaska, rights which they would not have surrendered in any case. When gold was discovered in the Klondike, it seemed desirable to Canada to extend her actual Pacific coast line, running some 500 miles north from the State of Washington to the south end of Prince of Wales Island and Portland Channel. So she made a modest claim of only 450 miles more northward from Portland Channel to Mount St. Elias. Long before the discovery of gold, the Hudson Bay Company had been eager to have that long strip of coast declared English territory. The Russian foreign office knew better than to give it up. Russia had to have a strip along the coast from Portland Channel, or her insular possessions off Alaska would have been at the mercy of English settlers on the mainland. The treaty of 1825 between Russia and Great Britain defined the boundaries between their possessions in the northwest. The Russian rights, so acknowledged, passed to the United States in 1867. These boundaries have been substantially reaffirmed by the Commission, a tribune of reference, not of arbitration. The irritation of the Canadians at Lord Alverstone, the British member, seems excessive. There was never the shadow of a possibility that the Americans would give up Skagway and Dyea and Juneau City, the control of Chilkoot Pass and the Porcupine gold fields. Canada is shut off from Lynn Canal, but she can bond her goods across the American strip. She gets the American post-village of Bennett, and certain miles of mountain and glacier, and the Commission makes the western arm of the Portland Canal the line of demarcation, and gives her Pearse and Wales Islands. These have a great strategic value. Our Canadian friends must now push along the British Columbia Northern and Mackenzie Valley Railroad to Dawson City and beyond.

OBITUARY

The Consolidated Lake Superior Company was born in the spring of 1901, with a paper capital of $102,000,000. These were the glorious days when trusts were formed while you waited, and charters were commoner than flies in fly-time. December, 1902, it stopped paying dividends. October, 1903, it went to everlasting smash. There was not much the matter with it, except want of real capital, want of cash, want of prudent, skilful, one-headed management. Some thousands of unpaid workmen and bitten investors are left to mourn its loss. Gone to join the Asphalt Trust and others of the Great Busted!

RAPID GERMAN TROLLEYING

Some two and a half years ago, the engineers of the Marienfelde-Zossen Military Road, an experimental line, asserted that they would be able to run electric trains at a rate of 155 miles an hour. October 6th, a four-motor car, with an aggregate horse-power of about 1,100, made a "record" of 125⅛ miles an hour. The fourteen passengers, all engineers, prudently insured their lives before starting. They say, however, that the motion was no more than that of an ordinary express train. It is said that the engineers will recommend that a train with a speed of ninety-three miles an hour be run between Berlin and Hamburg. Fascinating to this greased-lightning age as trains would be that could trot from Chicago to New York in less than eight hours, such electric super-expresses are not probable at present. But why shouldn't those mile-eating plutocrats who find the automobile too slow build little electric roads of their own, and treat themselves to a new sensation?

CORN CROPS AND DESPATCHES

Is there a good, big, fat, corn crop, a "husky" crop, if we may so call it and live? So it seems, but it is not the fault of the prophets who send their divinations from Chicago to the newspapers. By the way, is there much farming in Chicago now? The place was pretty thickly settled the last time we were there, but it must be a fine corn country. This fall, as in previous falls, sad tales of the condition of the corn came from Chicago. The frost, the cruel frost, had nipped the greatness of the corn crop. Nebraska, Illinois, Kansas, and other States too numerous to mention were all severely frost-bitten. All was over with the corn. Eastern apprehension was a little relieved by the remembrance of similar despatches in other Septembers and early Octobers. There must be some people in Chicago, with partners in New York, who make a practice of pulling a long mouth about the corn crop. Not with any view to affecting the market. Oh, no! They just want to surprise the country when their little joke is exposed.

WICKED RICHFORD

SOME towns are born wicked, some achieve wickedness. Richford has just had wickedness thrust upon it by one of the best and richest men in the world. Richford is in Tioga County, N.Y., not a million of miles from Owego, the voting residence of that happy young benedict, Senator Platt. Richford (population about 400) is the birthplace of Mr. John D. Rockefeller. This most prosperous product of Richford shudders at that spot of sin: "There was no religion in Richford. When I was eight I moved to a town made up largely of God-fearing people. I shudder to think what I should have been if I had remained in Richford all my life. There are so many men who hunt a little, fish a little, and drink whiskey a little, and only attain a little success in life, and all for the lack of a little religion." But if he had stayed in Richford would he not have made it rich and good? Is it too late to do so now? Hardened as the occasional hunters, fishers, and drinkers may be, they must still have ears for this new gospel of Mr. Rockefeller's, which tells them: "Be very religious and you will be very successful."

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PIUS TENTH'S FIRST ENCYCLICAL

THE first encyclical of Pius X. bears the date October 4. It was received with eager curiosity. What is to be the policy of the new Pope? The encyclical is what might be expected of the glorified parish priest, the man of simple life and ardent faith. "Oppositions of science falsely so called" do not disturb him. While he wishes well to scholars, to those who devote themselves to "ecclesiastical and literary erudition," yet his preference is for those who, while they cultivate that, "dedicate themselves more closely to the welfare of souls, through the exercise of the ministries proper to a priest zealous for the divine glory." His programme is to "restore all things in Christ, so that Christ may be 'all in all.'" If he were a Protestant, he would be said to belong to the "evangelical party." Inevitably, later encyclicals will have to deal more definitely with existing social and political conditions.

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THE GOLD-CHEAPENING MACHINE

THE price of diamonds has been raised, a fact near to the business and shirt-bosom of the United States, which wears five-eighths of the "sparklers" of the world. As diamonds go up, perhaps gold will go down. This is a by-law of Compensation. Placer mining, successor of the primitive pan and shovel, saves only some twenty per cent. of the placer gold. Invent a machine that will save twenty or thirty per cent. more, and you will be rich beyond the dreams of Carnegie —that is, if gold be not made too common and cheap. Mr. Edison devised an electric machine for the purpose, and it was tried and failed in New Mexico. Next, Johnson, of Pittsburg, had the brilliant idea of endless-washing water. His machine. improved by Colonel Wood, runs by steam. Steam shovels dig the dirt and dump it into a big pan of water, which is worked much as the old placer miner's hand-pan was. The water runs off into tanks and is pumped back again; the waste, which is said to be only ten per cent., being made good by pumping from artesian wells. This gifted contrivance works anywhere, uphill or down, whereas, hitherto, placer mining has been possible only on a slope, where the water could come down from above. There are six of these machines on the Gold Bullion tract in New Mexico. It is truth or legend that ninety-five per cent. of the gold is saved by the process. Why, then, shouldn't gold come to be as cheap as tin?

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SENATOR FAIRBANKS'S GREAT IDEA

SENATOR FAIRBANKS of Indiana has been "mentioned" as a candidate for Vice-President and for President. Nothing is half good enough for him. His convolutions are throwing off great thoughts copiously. Peep into that wonderful machine. "Rural mail delivery is a good thing," says the Senator to himself. "The statesman that helps it along will be appreciated by the farmers. Why shouldn't the government give the farmer telephone privileges? It shall. I will propose it myself." And he did. The postmaster is to read the farmer's letter to the farmer over the telephone. The farmer sits down, writes an answer, and has it ready for the rural mail carrier. Gorgeous notion, isn't it? Everybody likes to have his letters read by the postmaster. Only a few millions would be needed to make and to keep the post-office's telephone exchanges. Rural free telephone delivery will be a good institution, if the farmers will only give up their prejudices in favor of reading their own letters and attending to their own business.

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SECRETARY HITCHCOCK

Every honest Secretary of the Interior makes numerous and bitter enemies. Fraud is always going on in that department: land frauds, timber frauds, Indian frauds. Many Congressmen hate him, because he will not spare their appointees or constituents caught in schemes to bilk the government or the Indians. To bilk the government is considered legitimate by many persons who regard themselves as models of honesty; and the Indians have always been fair and easy prey.

For two or three years Secretary Hitchcock's honorably earned enemies have been looking for his scalp. It is even said that Mr. Roosevelt came near displacing him. The publication of the Indian allotment frauds has stimulated the barkers against him. He is too independent for his own good.

He informs the Indian Rights Association that he has been investigating the land frauds. He is still investigating them. He has engaged Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, as honest a man as lives, to investigate them. His character is a guarantee that he will not spare any guilty officials.

The Secretary of the Interior has the most thankless task of any member of the Cabinet. Mr. Hitchcock is trying to put down fraud in a department peculiarly rich in ways and means of fraud. It is not the part of fair-minded men to heed the howls of the boodlers.

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THE NERVOUS DEPRESSION OF ENGLAND

Awaking to the fact that the supremacy of England in commerce and manufactures has passed away, the English are having an unusual, but not unwholesome, attack of modesty. They begin to distrust themselves, to study the Germans and Americans, to try to find out what is the matter with the inviolate island. Dr. Lockyer turns from reading the stars to lament the dwindling of English brains, which are probably just as good as they ever were, and that is saying a good deal. A party of Englishmen has come to the United States to study the American system of education. Something may be learned from that, especially in technical education, in which Great Britain is deficient. But the cause of American progress is not there, or, at least, is by no means wholly there. The power of initiative, the free play of individuality, the carelessness of tradition, the quickness and seeming recklessness with which the costliest machinery is discarded for better, the superiority of the skilled labor, somewhat hampered, it is true, by the imperious resolve of the labor unions, which have been so ruinous in England, to lower the average of performance, the comparative absence of lines of social cleavage, the opportunity open to all—these are the main causes of American success.

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RURAL FREE DELIVERY

There was no reason for the fear that the discovery of the postal frauds would interfere with the extension of the rural free delivery service. A statement prepared by Postmaster-General Payne shows that 2,455 new routes were established in July. Out of a total appropriation of some $12,000,000 for the year for the entire service, some $3,000,000 is left for new routes. This is enough for about 4,000. There is nearly double that number of applicants. If "politics" has had its part in the development of the rural free delivery system, why, we are to remember that the "greatest business organization in the world" has long been a great political organization as well.

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A DISTRIBUTOR OF THE SURPLUS

It is believed in Washington that President Roosevelt means to ask Congress to put the Government Printing Office under control of the Department of Commerce and Labor. That office has an unchallenged distinction. It is the most extravagant printing shop in the world, and prints the most worthless and superfluous stuff. It can be defended only as the St. Louis *Progressive Printer* defends it, by saying that the "Government vaults would be gorged" if "some provision is not made for distributing the surplus revenue back into the hands of the people." As a surplus distributor and antidote to vault gorging, the Government Printing Office has unquestionable genius. Probably nobody will interfere with it, even when the surplus sinks into a deficit.

Music

THE "MESSIAH"

It is a good test of our musical enlightenment that we cling so faithfully to Handel's "Messiah," flocking to hear it in ever-increasing numbers every Christmas week. There exists here, it is true, the same tendency that characterizes opera in the United States, the sacrifice of perfect *ensemble* to the drawing power of a single artist. Mr. Bispham, who is a model oratorio singer, never permits himself to be led astray by dramatic opportunities, but delivers his solos with a reposeful simplicity far more effective, and if he unconsciously dominates the concerted music he also inspires his coworkers to their best efforts. But with a few such notable exceptions, choir quartets are the natural Oratorio singers, and societies everywhere begin to recognize the fact. Frequently these young men and women double their church salaries by the aid of the "Messiah" alone, journeying from city to city, filling ten or twelve profitable engagements in a fortnight and making enviable reputations for themselves. Their services are sometimes bespoken a year ahead, and as each season creates a new demand for fresh young voices, the popularity of the "Messiah" is not likely to wane.

* * *

A BATTLE OF PIANOS

One phase of an insidious commercialism that is imperilling the dignity of art, at least in America, might be called piano-booming. Artist and manufacturer enter into an ironclad agreement that sometimes leads to difficulties. Recently a battle royal was waged upon the boards of a famous auditorium, by a violinist and two singers who insisted upon using different pianos, though either instrument was good enough to have satisfied any reasonable being. To the right of the stage was a small grand, bearing the usual golden legend, to the left a concert grand, similarly adorned. When the singers appeared, the smaller piano was dragged to the front, and at the conclusion of each group of songs, it withdrew into its corner. At every violin number these manœuvres were repeated with the big grand. The performance speedily degenerated into a piano war and the audience forgot the excellence of the music in watching the advance and retreat of rival factions. This particular *fiasco* was due to the inexperience of amateurs managing a charity concert, but there will always be danger of a clash so long as artists allow themselves to be used as advertisements.

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FOREIGN CONDUCTORS FOR THE PHILHARMONIC

The Philharmonic Society, which began its sixty-second season in November, has taken a somewhat sensational method to regain its popularity, which has waned steadily since the days of Thomas and Seidl. Instead of giving the season's concerts under one conductor, as heretofore, a succession of different leaders will take charge, seven of them imported, through the generosity of several rich men, from European capitals. Richard Strauss will conduct his own compositions, and Edouard Colonne of Paris and W. de Safanoff of Moscow will represent the national schools of France and Russia, the former giving special attention to the Berlioz Fantastic Symphony, while Safanoff interprets Tschaikowsky and perhaps Dvorak, according to the Slavonic conception of these familiar writers. Gustav Kogel of Frankfurt, until recently conductor of the Frankfurt Museum Society, Felix Weingartner of Munich, one of the greatest living interpreters of Wagner, Henry Wood of London, and Victor Herbert of Pittsburg will also appear. These are all possible candidates for permanent leadership, should any show the qualities that a symphony orchestra must have in its leader if it is to hold the somewhat uncertain interest of the American public.

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CYRANO IN MUSIC.

Having had Cyrano in French and Cyrano in English, we are now to have Cyrano in music. Mr. Walter Damrosch's opera, "Cyrano de Bergerac," is now completed and will leave the publisher's hands in November, early enough to put it in rehearsal if Mr. Conried accedes to the request of many subscribers to bring it out in America before it is produced in Europe. The libretto, written by Mr. Henderson of the *Sun*, contains many charming lyrics, and the musical settings are more tuneful than anything the composer has yet offered us. Mr. Damrosch's knowledge of stage craft, his dramatic instinct and musical equipment, coupled with the unusually fine opportunities of the play itself, should make Cyrano a work worthy to take high place in the long-deferred school of American opera.

STRAUSS AND BOSTON

BOSTON and its Symphony Orchestra seem to have had a slight falling out. Why the Orchestra did not invite Strauss to conduct one of its home concerts is a mystery, but that the omission was a mistake is only too clear. The discourtesy, following the retirement of such old favorites as Kneisel, Loeffler, and Shroeder, put Boston in a bad humor, and brought not only criticism, but a falling off of subscription. And now the stronghold of music has summoned Fritz Scheel and his Philadelphia Orchestra, with Strauss at the head, to give two concerts, financial success guaranteed. Madame Strauss de Ahna is included in this protest of the Boston citizens. She will appear as soloist and sing her husband's songs.

Books

FIRST AID TO MOTHERS

A FRESH batch of Goops has come from the pen of Gelett Burgess, accompanied by warning rhymes for the improvement of infant manners and morals. For instance:

> All your life you'll have to dress
> Every single day (unless
> You should happen to be sick),
> Why not learn to do it quick?

Any mother who has struggled to uphold a breakfast hour must be grateful for such a suggestion. In behalf of tidiness, it is written.

> I think you are a Goop, because
> You never shut your bureau drawers,
> You do not close the door!
> You leave your water in the bowl!
> You put your peelings in the coal!
> I've told you *that* before!

The children are also exhorted not to "try on the wraps, The bonnets and caps Of company coming to call," and whenever they are eating soup, to remember not to be a Goop.

Theoretically, nothing could be more helpful. As a matter of fact, the reprobate Goops, depicted as terrible warnings, are sometimes seized upon as examples. There was one small boy who, after three days, boasted that he could "make every face" in the book! But it made him happy, so why not.

BUZ, BUZ!

ONCE there was a pond with many fish in it. A minnow playing along the edge was caught by a wave and washed ashore, and lay flapping until he tumbled into a pool, where he had room to float, dart, and wriggle as he pleased. He was very happy, and began saying to himself, "I am the biggest minnow in the pool." He was quite two inches long. In a few days the pond rose and the minnow swam away. "Ho," he shouted, "in the pool I was the biggest fish; this must be the ocean, so I am a whale." He began to thrash fiercely about, and made a ripple that really could be seen. This fable teaches about Cyrus Townsend Brady and his "A Doctor of Philosophy." When Mr. Brady was writing about lumbermen and the Canadian Rockies, he was in his pool. The wild freedom and strangeness of the life he described atoned for a woful want of structure and characterization; the atmosphere of his stories sustained them. Dr. Brady, however, must needs wrestle with social problems and sophisticated life; but (unlike Jacob) his thigh is out of joint before ever the wrestling begins. "A Doctor of Philosophy" is puerile. It is full of the cheap, irrelevant, all-knowing comment of sermonizing sentiment. What in the lumber-camp stories received a touch of nature from the strangeness of the life, in this story of modern social conditions turns into false melodrama—for example, the fifty-times-worn-out incident of the heroine's rescue from a burning house by a hero all unknown but loved *instanter*. The characters are insipid, and scarcely a line about them is convincing. As for the English, it is unspeakable; the pages bristle with the crudest and most careless errors.

> " . . . He stooped down to see what injury she had sustained, for something was wrong with the shoeless foot evidently. . . . fleeting glimpses she had caught in the firelight of the doctor's face. . . . She recalled the quick, masterful way with which, *without explanation or unnecessary words*, he had effected her rescue. In the midst of her terror she had been conscious of the strength with which . . . he had carried her through that inferno till she fainted."

Thus, wordy, prolix, and formless, the book contains whatever happened to drip from the author's pen, as if only to trickle down the nib of such a pen would exalt, refine, and inspire. If beauty is its own excuse for being, "A Doctor of Philosophy" ought to be its own good reason for expiring.

❧

"THE ADVENTURES OF GERARD"

His sword, his horse, his regiment, his mother, his Emperor, and his career: so the gallant Brigadier Gerard sums up the elements of a Hussar's life, in the order of their importance. Those who know Conan Doyle know what to expect from "The Adventures of Gerard"—rousing adventure, bloodshed, and strategy, with the hero saving his skin or the honor of France at the eleventh hour. Those who know the mighty D'Artagnan of Dumas know who fathered this boasting, slashing, love-making Grenadier, but it is an honorable parentage which no author need shrink from admitting. Dumas founded a school of heroes; the followers of D'Artagnan are not imitators, but honest disciples of the school. In Gerard is emphasized a certain endearing absurdity, and his adventures have a saving humor that makes them acceptable even to those who care little for carnage and thrills.

❧

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

"Ladies have to be happy even if their husbands are dead. And a dead husband isn't a nice thing to keep thinking about, so you think about another one." Thus speaks infant wisdom, in "A Child's Letters to Her Husband"—a startling proof of the close bond between childishness and the extreme of sophistication. All through this delightful little book one finds the child mothering the woman. A friendly servant refuses to mend her errors of grammar; "so now I shall not say anything more to her, but do just as God does, let her go on and make mistakes," writes the child. Youth never comes to such decisions: only babes and experienced maturity are so wise. "Aunt Cornelia told me not to eat any green apples, because if I did I would be sick. So I ate some to see if Aunt Cornelia told me the truth, because sometimes she doesn't. I suppose you don't always have to tell the truth when you grow up, only when you're small and don't always know what the sure truth is. This is so you can find out. But Aunt Cornelia did tell me the truth, and I said so to her." This is baby innocence or grown irony, as one pleases. "I am so bad that I know I shall never go to Heaven when I die, . . . but I don't care, and it is strange how little difference it makes when you are once used to it." Here is the terrible honesty of the child or the worldling. Some may lay this precocity to Helen Watterson Moody, the ostensible author; but the child is convincing, and we prefer to believe in her. Virginia was born, not made.

❧

"THE HEART OF ROME"

One lays down "The Heart of Rome" with a grievance against Marion Crawford. He has told a good, even a thrilling, story, peopled with living men and women, two of whom he leaves in each other's arms, to the great satisfaction of the reader; and then, with only a row of asterisks as warning, he drops his lovers and uncovers the machinery of his story, explaining whence he derived his material, what part is history and what fiction, devoting several pages to a dispassionate analysis suitable only to a preface, where it might be read cold-bloodedly, with an eye to facts. He has not respected the illusion of his tale; the loves of Malipieri and the Princess had been so real, in spite of the somewhat flimsy obstacle holding them apart, that there was inevitably a chill of disappointment when the author turned off the lights and hoped that you had enjoyed his little show, with a smiling word or two about the brand of sawdust used for his puppets. No doubt there are some who can read a good novel purely as fiction, without a stir of the pulses; but it must be terrible to be so sophisticated.

❧

"THE HOUSE ON THE SANDS"

"The House on the Sands" is a story built upon a rock, a rock of sound, dominant common-sense. A man and a woman elect to defy the world in outer seeming by living together without marriage. Their relation is a purely mental one, based on theories of intellectual congeniality and misread Tolstoi; but for that, naturally, the world has its tongue in its cheek. After several years the two outgrow the situation, and then this love they had so scorned comes to trip them—

hers for another man, as fine as herself, his, on a much lower level, for her. The two were in actual fact blameless, and yet, because this could not be understood by the crowd, a far-reaching circle of disaster spread out when the waters came and beat upon that house. And great was the fall thereof. Charles Mariott has told the story with perfect sympathy for the builders, yet with perfect understanding of the crowd that condemned; giving a fine, mature piece of work with an inexorable lesson underneath.

THE BOSS

WHEN a man writes what he knows, you have a book worth reading. "The Boss" is the work of one who served for years as a newspaper correspondent in Washington and then, coming to New York, became a familiar of Tammany Hall and its greatest chief. No one ever had better opportunities for getting at the New York political organization from the inside than Alfred Henry Lewis, and this extraordinarily vivid character study into which he has poured the observation of years is entitled even to greater attention than its sterling merits as a story will gain for it. It's a big novel, but it is also a powerful document. Its indictment is not less of the dwellers of New York than of the men who wield the sceptre of leadership. "Whatever New York may pretend, it will always be found in possession of that sort of government, whether for virtue or for vice, whereof it secretly approves," says one of Mr. Lewis's characters. "Should Providence," he asks, "waste a man's government on a community of dogs?—a dog public should have a dog government—a kick and a kennel, a chain to clank and a bone to gnaw." "The Boss" is like unto no other political novel, and no other civilization but our own could possibly afford it *mise en scène* and *dramatis personæ*. One might quote endlessly from the book. It is full of epigrams, of wise sayings, and trenchant criticisms, yet the wit and wisdom are fitted where they belong and come naturally from the powerful, unscrupulous men who speak them.

Here are a few of Mr. Lewis's political aphorisms:

> The New York definition of an honest man has ever gone that he is one who denounces any robbery in the proceeds whereof he is not personally interested.
>
> Th' man who's too good to go into a saloon, is too good to go into politics; if he's goin' to dodge th' one he'd better duck th' other.
>
> Don't be fooled by a cheer or by a crowd. Cheers are nothin' but a breeze; an' as for a crowd, no matter who you are, there would always be a bigger turn-out to see you hanged than to shake your mit.
>
> Never trust a man beyond his interest; an' never love the man, love what he does.
>
> Politics is only worth while so long as it fills your pockets. Don't tie yourself to anything. A political party is like a street car; stay with it only while it goes your way. A great partisan can never be a great Boss.

Old Mike, the father of Big John, is about to die. Here is the parting message of the wise old Irishman to his son:

> "Jawn," he said, "you'll be th' Chief of Tammany. The Chief, now fightin' for his life will lose. The mishtake he made was in robbin' honest people. Jawn, he should have robbed th' criminals an' th' law breakers. The rogues can't fight back, an' th' honest people can. An' remember this: the public don't care for what it hears, only for what it sees. Never interfere with people's beer; give 'em clean streets; double the number of lamp-posts—th' public's like a fly, it's crazy over lamps—an' have bands playin' in every par-rk. Then kape th' streets free of bad people—tin-horn min, an' sich. You don't have to drive 'em out o' town, only off the streets; the public don't object to dirt, but it wants it kept in the back alleys. Jawn, ef you'll follow what I tell you, you can do what you plaze. The public will go with you loike a drunkard to th' openin' of a new s'loon."

"A SEQUENCE IN HEARTS"

A BRISK, keen, audacious little book, cocksure as a fox terrier, youthful without being young, wholesome but sophisticated—one is grateful to Miss Mary Moss for "A Sequence in Hearts." It must be called a "little" book because the love affairs of modern, well-bred, well-controlled beings who are faintly satirical of their own sufferings suggest, as a rule, "cabinet size" rather than wide canvases. But the story is carried by living men and women drawn with admirable sureness and much humor. Miss Moss is still a young woman, a Philadelphian, and is said to have something of the alert, vivid personality of her work.

"THE LAW OF LIFE"

"THE Law of Life," according to Anna McClure Sholl, is that we shall abide by the consequences of our mistakes. Even though a woman, in childish ignorance of what marriage means, gives herself to an elderly scholar who would have liked her quite as well in the capacity of daughter—yet when enlightenment and real love come, she cannot break away from her blunder. She may mean no more than home to her husband, heaven and hell to the man she loves: the inexorable inner law keeps her bound. Miss Sholl has placed her story in a co-educational college, and saves herself heroically, by dint of humor and common-sense, from the sentimentalism that seems to lurk in wait for all who write of the relations of college women. The book begins in cleverness but ends in real power: the author has grown with the heroine.

Art

NEW ACQUISITIONS BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

THOSE whose privilege it is to secure art treasures for the Metropolitan Museum do not seem to have been dismayed by the experience of the Louvre in connection with the discredited Tiara of Saitapharnes. One of the first important purchases to be made with the fund available under the Rogers bequest is that of an Etruscan *biga*, or chariot, discovered a year since by some peasants who were digging for the foundation of a house near the ancient city of Nursia, about thirty miles south of Rome. This chariot, which has only recently been placed on exhibition, displays singular beauty and elaborateness of workmanship. It is thinly plated with bronze, showing reliefs and more minute decorative features dating from 500 B. C., or perhaps earlier. It is unquestionably an object of unique interest and value, but its appeal is restricted to a limited class, even among connoisseurs. Moreover, the $50,000 said to have been paid for the *biga* represents a sum which might possibly have been spent to broader advantage. Even art museums may sometimes look to the element of general appeal, particularly in a country whose interest in such matters is by no means universal.

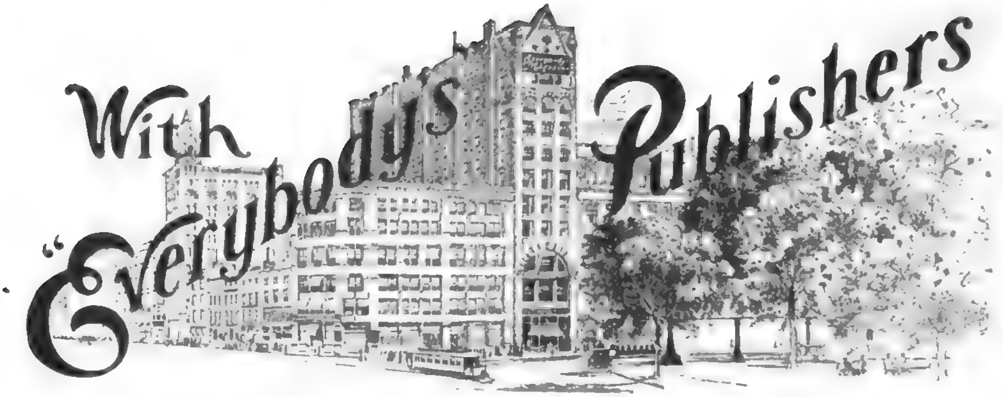
THEATRES DE LUXE

THE theatre of to-day, like the hotel of to-day, is a sumptuous affair, costing hundreds of thousands and enlisting the services of prominent artists as well as architects. People are as fond of the play as ever, but they like to sit in playhouses which are elaborately decorated as well as "absolutely fireproof." Nowhere is this better illustrated than in New York during the present season. Neither London, Paris, Berlin, nor Vienna can boast theatres to compare with the New Amsterdam, the Hudson, the Lyceum, the Lyric, or the New Empire, not to mention the Majestic opened only last year. The modern auditorium must be constructed on the cantilever principle with no pillars to obstruct the view, and the decorations from foyer to curtain must be not only rich but in perfect taste. Whether in the Art Nouveau, Byzantine, or Greco-Roman styles the patrons do not care so long as the effect is sufficiently regal and inspiring. The mummer has left his canvas-covered cart and his crude platform and is now handsomely housed, and the great public of our larger cities watches play and players in palaces which are marvels of scientific ingenuity and artistic resourcefulness.

THE KAISER AGAINST MODERN ART

HOWEVER progressive he may be in other matters, the Kaiser is certainly reactionary in his attitude toward art. His influence on sculpture is baneful, for it is practically confined to patronizing those who contribute to the glorification of the Hohenzollerns. It is the same, or even worse, in regard to painting, the War Lord being the sworn enemy of the modern, or secessionist group so strong in Munich, Berlin, and elsewhere. The fight has thus far been confined to Germany, but it has recently assumed an international aspect. It seems that the German paintings, which were to have been a feature of the St. Louis Exposition, are not going to materialize owing to ructions between the academic and the impressionist factions. Professor Kampf, who had charge of selecting the pictures to be sent, was informed that no secessionist canvases were to be included. Being a man of spirit and conviction, Kampf thereupon resigned, and in the resultant rumpus, the whole scheme was cancelled. The Kaiser's stand in the matter is unquestionably grotesque, even childish. It will deprive Americans of the opportunity of seeing some of the best modern art of to-day, but it will only strengthen those tendencies he is trying to crush.

With "Everybody's" Publishers



UNION SQUARE NORTH

IT wouldn't surprise us to learn that we have a little touch of "swelled head." It is the last thing in the world we want, but it is just possible that we have a touch of it. We were with the *Ladies' Home Journal* when it was gaining its prestige and its great circulation. We were with *Munsey's* when it shot up from 5,000 to 500,000 copies a month. We were with *The Delineator* when it doubled its circulation, and swept up to almost the million mark. The genius at the head of each of those publications made it. We had almost nothing to do with the result. But we added constantly to our stock of "know how."

We had the conviction we could make Everybody's grow. Frankly, we had no idea it would grow so fast. We never dreamed that it would have a quarter of a million circulation in six months. The Manager of the American News Company says that in all his thirty years' experience no magazine or periodical that they have handled has grown as Everybody's has.

Then the advertisers of the country surprised us. We thought if we could get 120 pages of advertising in November it would be remarkable. You can imagine our feelings when our Advertising Department rolled up 160 pages! You can appreciate, too, what a supreme moment it was when on top of all this our counting-room brought us the monthly statement showing that there was a little profit on the November number —a little profit when we are carrying 60,000 subscriptions for which we do not get a cent—a little profit when our advertising rate is about half what our space is worth on the circulation we give!

In six months Everybody's circulation jumped from tenth place to third place among the general magazines. We are also third in the number of pages of cash advertising. Perhaps you will be inclined to be charitable with us for a little while, even if we do show some signs of enlarged cranium. Of course we don't admit that there are any signs. We are attending to business just as strictly as we did six months ago, and we haven't consciously slackened our pace, nor lessened our zeal. When our harbor is a million a month, a quarter of a million seems a long way from shore. We put the "little profit" we made on the November number into the color work in this number and into the Booth Tarkington story.

HE WAS NOT DEAD

We sent out a number of expiration notices, beginning, "Dear Expiring Subscriber," and asked for a renewal. We hoped by addressing our subscribers in this unusual way to get a careful reading of the circular. They are all worth reading. You know when a story or an article begins well, there is ever so much more likelihood of its being read. One of the "expirers," a minister in New York State, received his notice and replied as follows:

> The Ridgway-Thayer Company.
> *Messrs.:* Your "Dear Expiring Subscriber" has expired: please bury him, and oblige, Yours truly, ———.

It interested us. It reached us on a very busy day. We wrote across the bottom of his letter, "What Epitaph?" and sent it back. We thought a man who could write so cleverly ought to like the magazine.

Again the letter came to us—the epitaph was supplied:

"In EVERYBODY'S ranks he would not stay,
Since he could not, with thanks, his bill now pay,
Better, he thought, while dear, just to expire,
Than to live on in fear of later fire."

It will not be necessary for you to write to us if you decide not to renew your subscription. No good publishers nowadays send their magazines beyond the expiration period, and try to collect for them. Some of you will wish to renew, but will have good reasons for not renewing. We do not ask for these reasons. But in the case of those who do not renew because they do not like the magazine, we make the strongest sort of a request that they write and tell us why. It will only cost two cents, and it will be worth gold dollars to us.

PUNY BY COMPARISON

If your subscription expires within the next few months, we shall be gratified and encouraged, and should esteem it a vote of confidence if you will send us a dollar for another twelve months. If we do not make the dollar worth three dollars to you and to your home, we shall not ask you to renew another time.

If it is your custom to order your magazine in a club, remember, please, that EVERYBODY'S is not clubbed. No books, nor calendars, nor any premiums are given as a bait for *your* subscription. But you can add EVERYBODY'S to any clubbing offer at $1.00 if it better suits your convenience, or you may send the dollar to us.

In all candor, now, isn't it wonderful that such a magazine can be made for a dollar a year? Friends call it a big, beautiful, clean, wholesome, entertaining ten cents' worth. You have spent a dollar and a half for a book before now that did not have as much in it as this single December number contains. The cheapest thing in the world to-day is a good dollar magazine. Anybody's Magazine—EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. Think how little you can buy for a dollar in any other line. How far will a dollar get you in a jewelry store, in a dry-goods' store, on a railroad train, in a grocery store? Then pile up twelve numbers like this December number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE and see how puny anything else looks—anything else that you can compare with it.

ALL YOUR FAULT

What's the use trying to do things right? After the hardest kind of a struggle and many disappointments we got our new machinery working for cutting the leaves. Our editions have been delayed from two to six days. We thought, better a little late and have leaves cut, than on time and the leaves uncut. Now see what we are up against. Before we got the machinery well installed the magazine had outgrown it. It will take three months, possibly six, to get more machinery.

Meantime the magazine is growing. Will some kind friend tell us where it is going to stop so that we will know how much machinery to order? We are running the folders night and day to get as much of the magazine cut as we possibly can. But even then some of the pages will have to go in uncut. When you run across one remember the proverb: "A still tongue makes the wise head." It won't do you any good to holler at us. We are doing all we can. Anyhow you are more to blame than we are. If you hadn't talked so much and got other people to buying the magazine, we would now have just a nice, comfortable circulation that we could handle easily, instead of this wild thing that keeps us up nights.

Did you ever hear the story of the fellow who yoked himself to a yearling calf, to show it a thing or two? The calf started off soberly, but presently began running at top speed, and when they passed some of his neighbors the man had scarcely breath enough to yell:

"Ketch us—darn our fool souls—we're running away!"

TWELVE THOUGHT-WAVES OF APPRECIATION

About this time you are beginning to think of a desirable present that you could send some friend. Did you ever have a friend of yours make you a present of a year's subscription to a magazine? Did you ever give such a present? The twelve numbers are a monthly reminder of your thoughtfulness—really twelve Christmas presents—and only one dollar. What can you buy for a dollar, either for yourself or your friends, that begins to measure up with twelve numbers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

This is not the kind of a gift that is made with the thought, "I hope it will be appreciated." You, in your home in the city or country, as the case may be, will read some article or story, and you will say, "Brother Bill and Aunt Eliza will enjoy that, I know." One reader expresses this thought so well we print her letter:

The Ridgway-Thayer Company:

> "I love dogs and I did so much enjoy that story, 'The Reform of Shaun,' in the November number. My sister read it to me, and I *did* shed a few tears over Shaun. I was afraid his master wouldn't return in time. I am so glad my brother, who is now in Texas, gets Everybody's, for we love to write each other about the things we read. Please, Mr. Editor, give us more dog stories as good as that one. I, too, am Everybody's friend.
>
> "Cordially,
>
> "__________"

A MESSAGE TO YOUR FRIEND

We have gotten up a very attractive announcement, nicely printed on a fine Bristol card, which we will fill out and mail as a notification to your friend or relative of your gift.

We will mail it at the proper time, so that it will be received on Christmas Day. We reproduce the card below, but we would ask you to write the name and address very plainly so that no mistake will be made. If you prefer, you may fill out the blank below and send it to us with the dollar for each yearly subscription. If you wish to make more than one present, write the different names and addresses, with your name, in your letter, enclosing the money, and wherever your friend may be, the card will reach him on Christmas Day announcing your gift.

Within a month from the time you see this number, we anticipate that at least twenty thousand of our "expiring" friends will renew their subscriptions. Perhaps you are one of these twenty thousand. You will not disappoint us. Our anticipations have been more than realized so far. We are making the magazine for you. If you like it, send in your subscription now.

Mr ....

Requests

The Ridgway-Thayer Company

to announce to you that

Everybody's Magazine will be sent to you for one year

commencing with the next issue

The Publishers

beg to join the donor in the hope that the recipient

of the twelve numbers

will receive from them the same enjoyment

that prompted the gift

To ....

Booth Tarkington's New Story in this Number

Vol. IX   No. 6

Everybody's Magazine

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Issued monthly. Yearly subscriptions, $1.00 in advance. Single copies, ten cents.
Copyright, 1903, by The Ridgway-Thayer Company in the United States and Great Britain
THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY, 31 East 17th Street, Union Square, New York
10 Norfolk St., Strand, London, W. C., England
Entered at the New York Post-office as Second Class Matter

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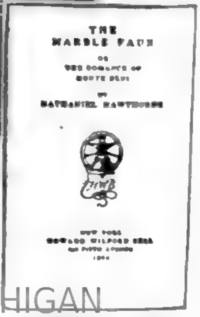

THE
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¶ Send us your shipping directions and your Christmas greeting and we will see that the books and the message are delivered on or just before Christmas morning.

METROPOLITAN BANK
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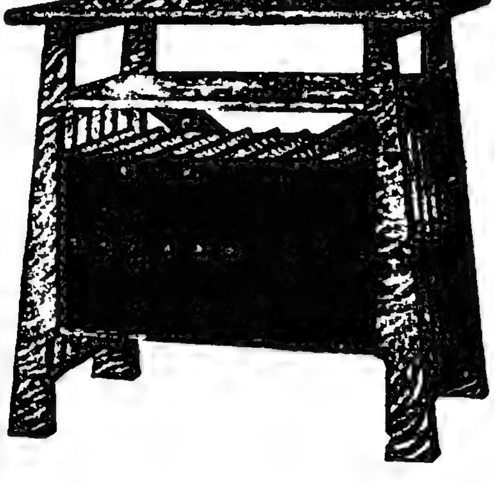

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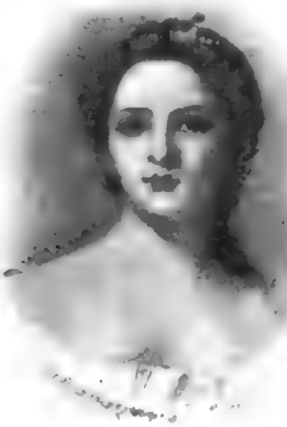

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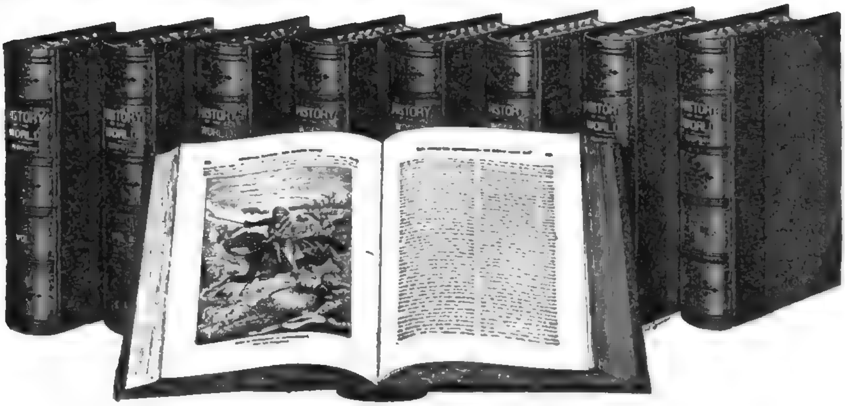

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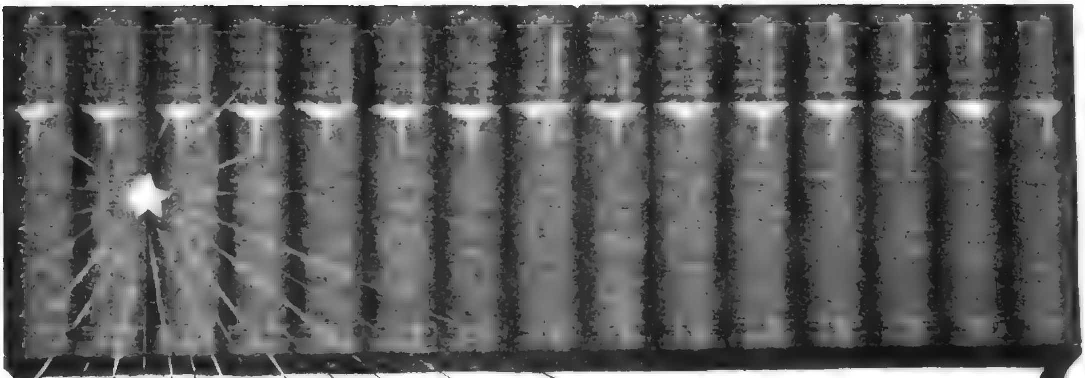

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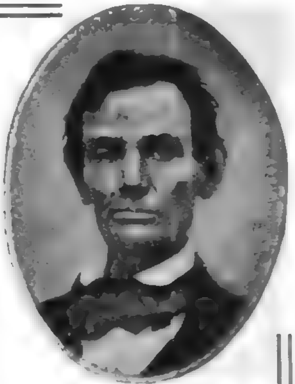

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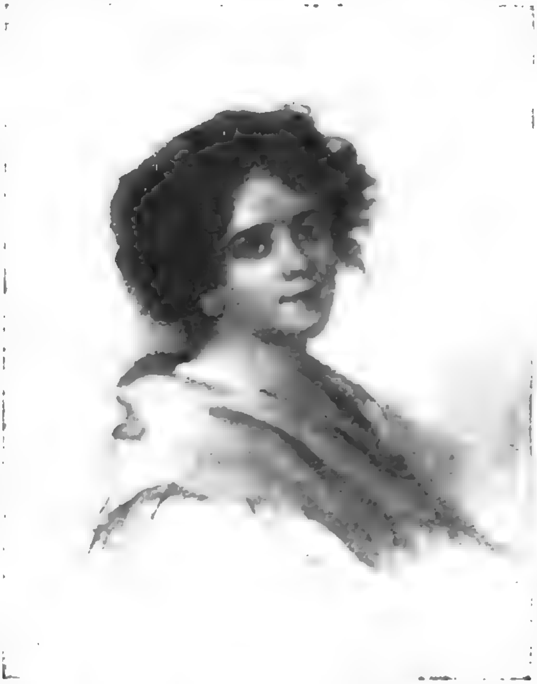

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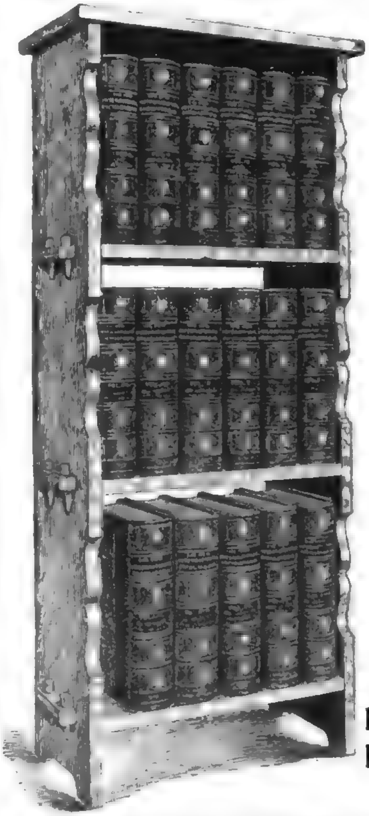

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AMONG the illustrations that have appeared in "Everybody's" from month to month, have you noticed any that particularly appealed to you, so that you coveted the original drawing? If so, write to us, specifying your choice, and we will give you a chance to buy it at a special rate. These have cost us from $15 to $200 apiece; the readers of "Everybody's" may have them at half this cost, or less.

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If you will send $1.00 for a year's subscription to Everybody's Magazine we'll keep that dollar till you've read the next number. Then, if you will write us that you haven't had more than three times 8⅓ cents' worth, we'll send that dollar back!

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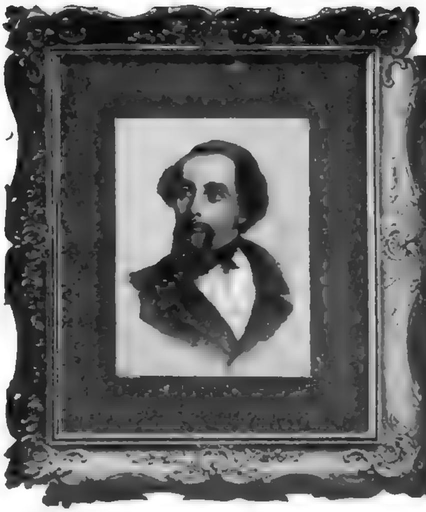


This is a copy of Graves' striking steel engraving of Charles Dickens. It is impressed on Imperial Japan vellum, and constitutes a most appropriate portrait for the walls of any library. The impression is unframed and measures 9½ x 12 inches.

The original painting, by W. P. Frith, R.A., is hung in Lord Rosebery's Buckinghamshire home. It portrays the author at the age of 47, when the now immortal SYDNEY CARTON was in process of creation.

If you are a lover of Dickens (and who is not?) you will prize this fine engraving and will give it a prominent place in your library. I send it to you with my compliments and simply request the privilege of forwarding you **on approval** and **entirely at my own expense** a specimen set of the

New Victorian Edition of Dickens' Complete Works

It is called the "VICTORIAN" because it is the counterpart of the edition presented by the author himself to Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria.

To secure the American market, and to prove to American book-buyers that I have produced as handsome a set of books as the English edition, and for **one-third** the price of the imported sets, **I have brought out this new VICTORIAN EDITION.**

New Type—New Illustration Plates—New in Every Particular

I have made it possible for the American reader to own a complete de luxe "library" Dickens without the necessity of paying import duty, freight tariff, and the excessive cost of English composition and plate-making.

There are 160 illustrations in the set—comprising all the famous drawings that were made under the eye of the author by Cruikshank, "Phiz," Seymour, Browne, Bernard, Green, French, Fraser, Fildes, Maddox, Walker, and Stone—celebrated artists, everyone.

The set consists of twenty imperial octavo volumes, size 9 x 6 inches; 700 pages of text; binding, a blue silk buckram; deckle-edged paper, gold tops.

Every detail of typography and binding is admirable. The pages are set up in clear and readable style, and printed on a hand-made, laid, white stock.

100 Specimen Sets at About the Cost of the Unbound Sheets

I am naturally proud of the "Victorian," since I believe that its production will establish me as the representative American publisher of Dickens' writings, a position that has long been held in England by a single London house.

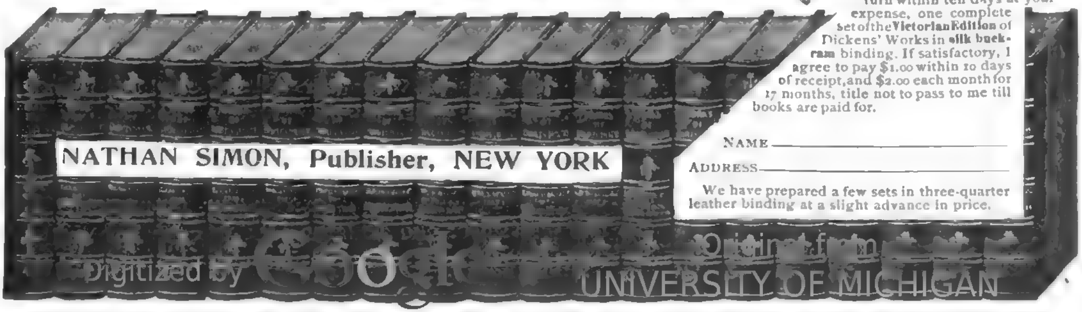
In order to have my edition thoroughly examined in every section of the country by the American public I will distribute 100 complete sets, magnificently illustrated and bound, at about the cost of unbound sheets, charging the deficit to "advertising expense."

As before stated, the make-up of the VICTORIAN EDITION is in every detail identical with the famous edition which Charles Dickens dedicated to the Queen, and which cost £24 ($120), besides import duty and freight tariff; my own edition will eventually cost $65, but you can just now secure one of these specimen sets for only $85, and on easy payments.

Sent Free for Examination

Send the coupon and I will forward you on approval all the volumes for examination at your leisure. This is, in fact, the first American Dickens that will *stand* examination. You may then keep the set, or you may return it at my expense—I'll have an expressman call for it. **In any case you may retain the portrait with my compliments.** It comes to you in the box with the books. But mail the coupon to-day, while these 100 sets are offered.

Of course I will gladly supply any additional information, but I much prefer to send the volumes themselves on approval; they tell their own story. Then, too, correspondence takes time, and if you desire to participate in the distribution of these 100 sets **you must act quickly.**



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Mail To-day

Cut this Corner off and

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Nathan Simon
116 Nassau St.
New York

Send me for examination, free of all obligation to purchase, charges prepaid, and subject to return within ten days at your expense, one complete set of the **Victorian Edition** of Dickens' Works in **silk buckram** binding. If satisfactory, I agree to pay $1.00 within 10 days of receipt, and $2.00 each month for 17 months, title not to pass to me till books are paid for.

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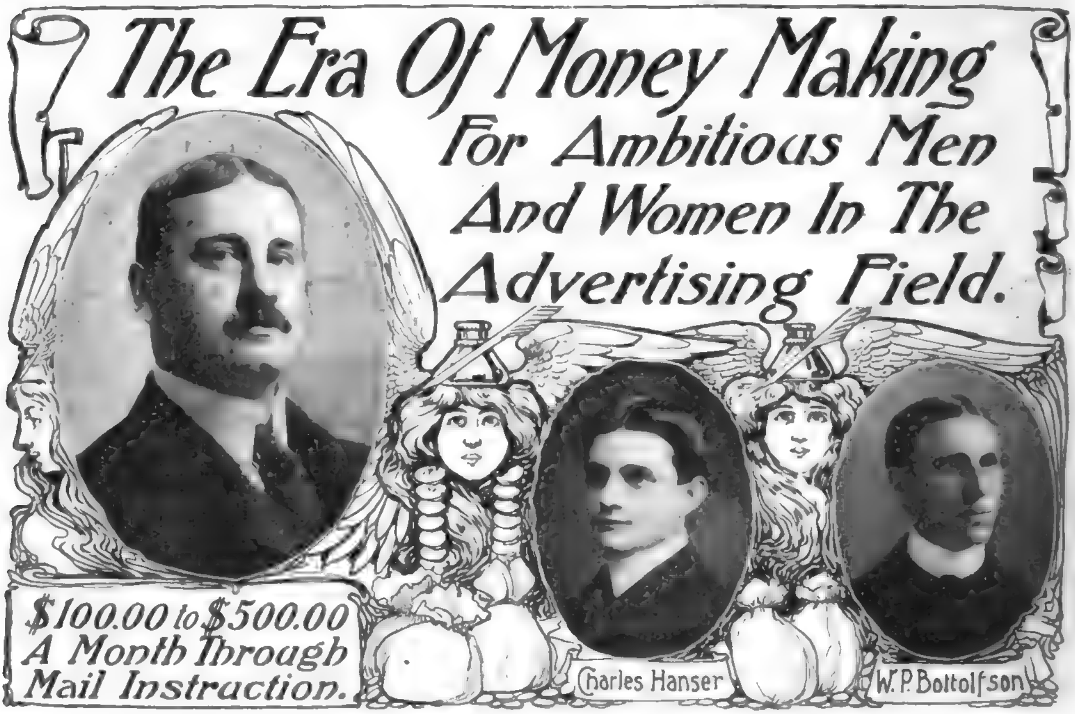
The Era Of Money Making For Ambitious Men And Women In The Advertising Field.



By George H. Powell.

I HAVE a double object in view this month—pointing the way for young men and women to enter the field of advertising writing at larger salaries than has, perhaps, been thought possible—and furnishing advertisers all over the country with names of skilled ad. writers who have been taught by me to execute the best copy.

The readers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE who have noted from month to month the portraits of the host of clever, earnest young men and women, many of whom are earning from $1,200.00 to $6,000.00, and in some cases even more, through my teachings, cannot have failed to wonder more or less seriously whether they themselves, or perhaps relatives or friends, ought not take up the study of advertising as a means of profitable livelihood.

Those who have written me have been given the best advice, but for the benefit of others who are prone to put off correspondence duties I shall herewith give a few words of advice. In brief this advice is as follows: Take up my System of Advertising Instruction if you have been interested in the ads. which are fairly flooding our magazines—*don't* take up my course if the good salaries are the sole reason. Take up my System of Advertising Instruction if you have a common school education—*don't* take it up if you haven't. Take up the study if you can average an hour or so daily, and are willing to work and co-operate with me for final success—*don't* if you are indifferent, and have no real ambition to win out and better yourself.

I will also act on the suggestion of my students by adding that ability to draw or execute pictorial cartoon work is absolutely unnecessary. It is the illustrative IDEAS only that count, and when I say that within the past fifteen years I have originated many of the most popular type effects which are manufactured by leading type founders it will be more fully appreciated when I also add that yet I can *draw* nothing. To describe the skeleton idea is easy for me or my students, and artists who can execute are too plentiful to make it worth the while for the ad. writer to waste time in drawing, even though able to do so.

My graduates are so thoroughly fitted and trained that they are able to fill positions without delay. Perhaps it may be well to add that in these days, when business men everywhere from coast to coast are seeking for competent ad. writing skill, the mere fact that one is a "graduate" of some school of advertising is by no means enough. THE SKILL MUST BE THERE, and in the case of Powell Students IT IS.

J. A. Brainard
Advertising Manager
Brill Bros., New York

MR. J. A. BRAINARD, Advertising Manager of the four famous clothing stores of Brill Bros., New York, is another example of success due to steadfastness of purpose and the most expert instruction. About a year ago Mr. Brainard left college and went to New York City, where he soon discovered that general ability was a drug on the market. Through the advice of one of the largest advertisers he took up my system of Advertising Instruction, and, on becoming qualified, found his present position. Few young men have a more promising future, and his advertisements are very generally conceded to be models, and as a result he is copied extensively.

I teach advertising in a way never yet fully attempted, even, by others. And so overwhelming is the vast cumulative evidence that no doubt remains as to the superiority of my methods.

Business men who want skilled ad. writing, and cannot do it themselves, can get up-to-date copy prepared by Powell Students, whose portraits, names, addresses, appear in these pages from time to time. I take from the list: S. O. Seitner and J. M. Kemper, Dayton, Ohio; Herbert G. Veasey, Bradford, Mass.; Norton Mattocks, Duluth, Minn.; E. T. Healey, Jamesburg, N. J.; J. N. Paige, Troy, N. Y.; H. D. Barto, of the Sherlock & Barto Agency, Philadelphia; Ernest F. Gardner, of Gardner-Commons Agency, Aurora, Mo.; *Charles Hanser, Newark, N. J.; *W. P. Bottolfson, Winona, Minn.; Fredk. H. Mantor, Seattle, Wash.; and W. A. Pier, Oneonta, N. Y. Advertisers will, on request, at any time be supplied with ad. writers or managers.

H. D. Barto
of Sherlock & Barto Agency
Philadelphia

MR. H. D. BARTO, of the Sherlock & Barto Advertising Agency, of Philadelphia, Pa., about a year ago was a Powell student at Syracuse, N. Y. He had enrolled with another school prior to taking up my course of instruction, but gave it up after seeing it was entirely incompetent. Mr. Barto's testimony in my behalf is worthy of perusal by all who want to avoid mistakes and loss of time. As to income, Mr. Barto's agency handles over a quarter of a million dollars for clients annually, and his expert hand plans and executes the bulk of this vast appropriation.

I will also take this opportunity to inform the business men readers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE that I am able to supply expert ad. writers at short notice; and particularly do I wish to impress upon them the fact that I have former students now filling in the most acceptable manner positions as ad. writers and managers, and who are ready for promotions to \$3,000.00 to \$6,000.00 positions.

My students and graduates will readily testify to the fact that my methods are far in advance of others, and that I am able to create that originality and snappy style so essential—and not attempted by others.

I TEACH NOTHING BUT ADVERTISING, and am the only teacher of any note who thus confines himself. My entire time and energies are centered along the one line of qualifying ambitious people to get out of the ruts and into large salaries as ad. writers.

I shall be happy to mail a copy of the most instructive prospectus ever published if you ask for it. It tells the story of success and gives a wealth of proof for investigation. Simpy address me. GEORGE H. POWELL, 61 Temple Court, New York.

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* It is impossible to mention the achievements of more than a few of the successful Powell students in this limited space, and those who write for my prospectus will find a vast array of detail in regard to possibilities. Mr. CHARLES HANSER, of Newark, N. J., is another shining example of Powell graduates who established themselves and win their share of the money. Mr. Hanser writes for all kinds of businesses, and he is about to double up again. Mr. W. P. BOTTOLFSON, of Winona, Minn., is a Powell graduate who has distinguished himself as an up-to-date writer of advertising, particularly in his work for the Wingold Flour, the product of a leading western milling company. He will tell ambitious workers about the Powell System and what it has done for him.

The Delineator

FOR (THE MOST NECESSARY MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN) 1904

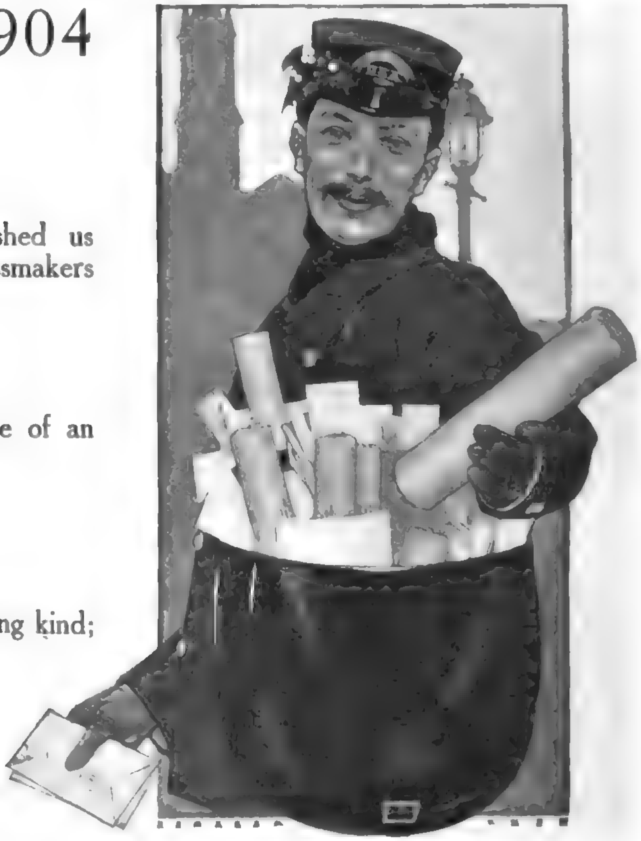
will contain:

THE LATEST FASHIONS
developed from designs furnished us exclusively by the leading dressmakers of Paris and New York;

PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLD HELPS
each department being in charge of an acknowledged authority;

FICTION AND GENERAL LITERATURE
of the most interesting and elevating kind;

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH
the best series of articles on personal attractiveness ever written.



The DECEMBER (CHRISTMAS NUMBER)

was issued on November 15th with a first edition of over One Million Copies

THE EVOLUTION OF A CLUB WOMAN

appears in its third installment in this Number. This most remarkable story of club life began in October, and for the benefit of later subscribers who wish the story complete, a reprint has been made of the October and November issues. It has also fiction by Andrew Lang, Richard Le Gallienne, Albert Bigelow Paine, W. A. Fraser, Harriet Prescott Spofford; Special Articles by Gustav Kobbé, Carolyn Wells, Clara E. Laughlin, J. C. Hemment and Grace Peckham Murray.

Of your newsdealer or any Butterick agent, or of the publishers, at 15 Cents a copy. $1.00 for an entire year.
THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, Ltd., 7-17 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

FREE We have issued a beautiful 50-cent (25 cents to subscribers) four-sheet calendar for 1904. It is printed in colors, artistically mounted and represents *Babyhood, Childhood, Girlhood and Motherhood.* A black and white miniature of this will be sent free to anyone writing a postal for it and mentioning this magazine. Write to-day.

"Nature Bound in the Covers of a Book"

We would like to send you—at our expense—a set of our Library of Natural History for examination. We make this offer because we can devise no better method of showing those interested in nature-study the superiority of this over all similar works.

We might extend this advertisement to several pages, but we could not adequately describe the scope of this magnificent nature-study Library, or the richness of its illustrations, or the thread of human interest that runs through it and makes it a work entertaining to every member of the family. One of our customers, the president of a large Western college, says of this Library: "It is the nearest approach to an ideal natural history. It is nature bound in the covers of a book."

The Library of Natural History

This is the only comprehensive natural history that is illustrated throughout—from cover to cover—with reproductions of **actual photographs.** This alone gives it a peculiar superiority over the ordinary natural history filled with clumsy wood-cuts. The sets are in **five de luxe volumes,** 11½ x 8½ inches in size, printed on the finest satin-finish paper, and bound in red half-leather or cloth, stamped in gold.

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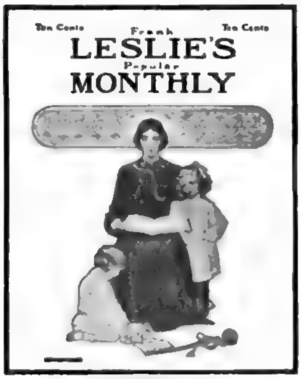

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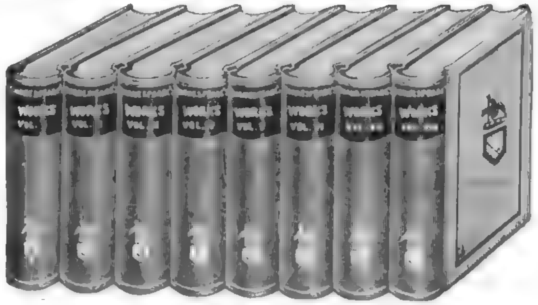

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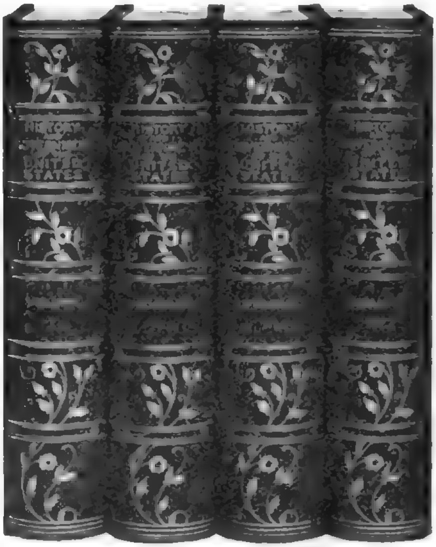

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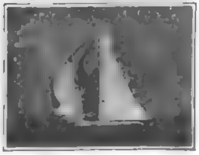

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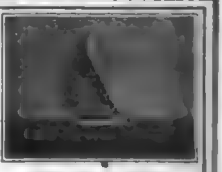

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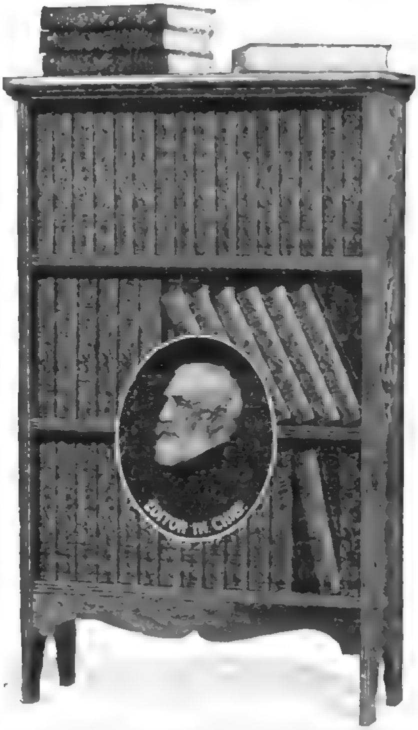

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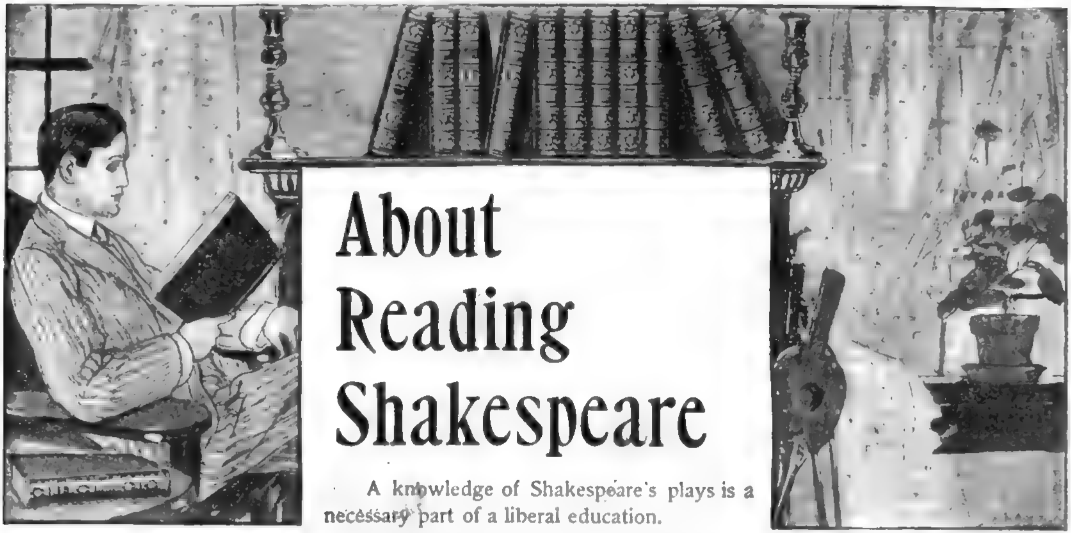

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Readers of the "Everybody's" Praise

Cereta

Silverware

"Kansas City, Sept. 29.—The Cereta ware has given perfect satisfaction. I have had your cereal spoons in constant use on our table for over a year. They do not tarnish or get dull as other silverware does, but remain bright and new looking."—Mrs. J. I. Sloan.

"Enclosed find 92 coupons and money order for $7.35 for which send Cereta ware as follows: 5 tea spoons; 6 table spoons; 6 table forks; 6 table knives, plated blades." Chas. B. Benson, Chicago.

"Enclosed find money-order for $2.05 and 52 coupons, for which send eleven Cereta tea spoons and two Cereta cereal spoons."—Mrs. R. G. B., Chelsea, Mass.

"Enclosed find 49 coupons and money order for $1.88 for which send me 1 dozen Cereta tea spoons Eight cents in excess of cost of ware to pay registry charges."—Albert R. E. Kline, Champaign, Ill.

Grand Prairie Seminary, Onarga, Ill., Sept. 28.—"Cereta silverware has my unqualified endorsement in every particular. In style and finish it closely resembles solid silver, and we have had some of the Cereta spoons in use for nearly a year and are very much pleased with the excellent wear they are giving. I have received *eight dozen* spoons and expect to order more in the near future. Mrs. Clarke, the Matron of the Boarding Hall, is especially pleased with the ware and wear and wants me to get her some of the knives and forks for home use."—Geo. L. Clarke.

"Enclosed find 80 coupons and draft for $4.00 for which please send me 20 more Cereta spoons."—Geo. L. Clarke.

AT first they sent for only one Cereta Spoon. Now they are sending for spoons, forks, and knives by the dozen. They are stocking silver chests with Cereta ware. They are sending for it because a set of Cereta Silverware makes a beautiful Christmas present.

They know Cereta quality now. A single Cereta spoon does more to prove the beauty, the exquisite workmanship and the superior quality of Cereta Silverware than pages of advertising description.

This is the ware which can be secured only by saving the coupons in packages of Quaker Oats, Pettijohn's Breakfast Food and Apitezo.

It can not be bought in stores. No stores show silver-plate to match the exquisite designs and the solid silver effect of Cereta ware.

The newest addition to the Cereta series is the Cereta Sauce and Gravy Ladle, the graceful lines and perfect balance of which are shown in the illustration. On the bowl is a plate of gold, over the full plate of silver—more than triple-plate.

New Pieces for Christmas Presents

A Cereta Gravy Ladle will be mailed to any address for four Cereta coupons and seventy-five cents in coin.

A Cereta Tea Spoon will be mailed to you for four Cereta coupons and fifteen cents in coin; or Cereta Cereal Spoon for twenty cents and four coupons; or Cereta Table Spoon for thirty cents and four coupons.

A Cereta Tea Fork will be sent for twenty-five cents and four coupons, or a Table Fork for thirty cents and four coupons.

The knives are furnished with steel blades or plated blades, as preferred. Either Tea Knife or Table Knife for fifty cents in coin and four Cereta coupons.

The figures mentioned here represent about one-third the retail value of the ware.

Cereta ware is plated more heavily than triple-plate. The silver used is 999-1000 fine. And with each piece is sent the manufacturer's guarantee for twenty years of family use.

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Oats
and
Pettijohn's
Breakfast Food

THE NEW
CERETA
GRAVY LADLE
EXACT SIZE

Free Contest

$10,000.00

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to the persons sending us on our coupons the nearest correct estimates of the official number of paid admissions to the grounds of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, Mo., on July 4, 1904, Independence Day.

This offer, with complete information on which to base estimates, is on the back of the New Cereta Coupon. The coupon also bears a Special New Offer in relation to Cereta Silverware.

When accompanied by three coupons taken from packages of Quaker Oats and Pettijohn's Breakfast Food—

—This Counts as One Coupon—Good for One Estimate.

I estimate the number of paid admissions to the grounds of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition on July 4, 1904. Estimate.......................... Name ....

Street and No. .... City .... State ....

Write plainly. **Eb.** Address **THE AMERICAN CEREAL CO., Dept. S., 1111 Pontiac Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

Did You Ever Know

That Improper Food Often Causes the Liquor Habit?

It's a great proposition to get rid of a taste for liquor by changing food.

Improper food and stimulants like coffee and tea create unnatural appetites. The one who eats only proper food is normal in health and therefore normal in appetite.

By way of example take the case of a well-known business man of Lowry City, Mo., who says: "About three years ago my appetite failed me and my food disagreed with me. I got weak, nervous and dull and entirely unfit for business. Then like a fool I went to taking liquor to stimulate an appetite.

"For a time this worked well and I thought I had found a simple remedy, but I noticed I had to take more all the time and before long I found that I could not get along without the whiskey and I was in a pitiable condition.

"I tried to quit but it seemed impossible, as I needed nourishment and my stomach rejected food, and the more whiskey I drank the worse I got. I kept fighting this battle for more than two years and almost gave up all hope. Then I noticed an article about the food GRAPE-NUTS and concluded to give it a trial.

"I found I could eat GRAPE-NUTS with a relish and it was the first food that I found nourishing me in a long time. Soon my stomach trouble stopped, my appetite increased and then the craving thirst relaxed until all desire for drink was gone.

"I have used GRAPE-NUTS now for more than a year and I am now entirely strong and robust, entirely cured from drink and able to work hard every day. My gratitude for GRAPE-NUTS is unspeakable, as it has saved my life and reputation." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

A
Free
Sample
of
Delicious
GRAPE-NUTS
Food sent
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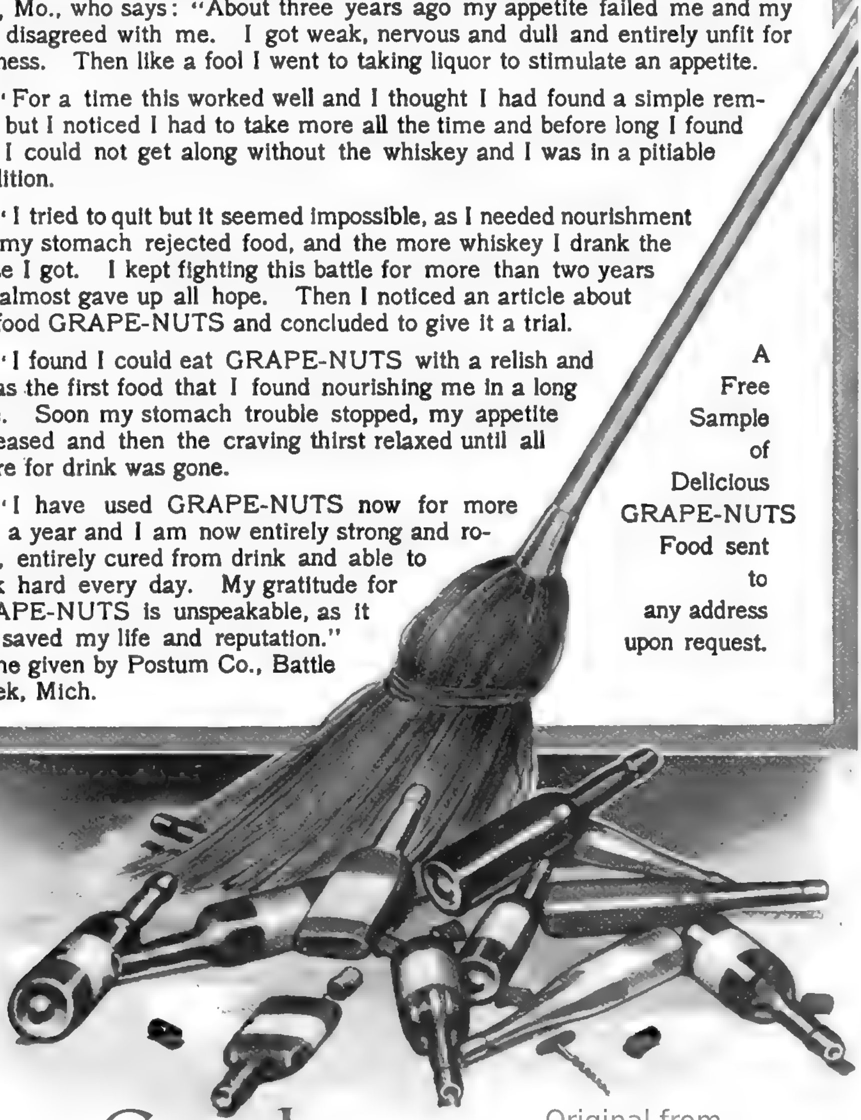
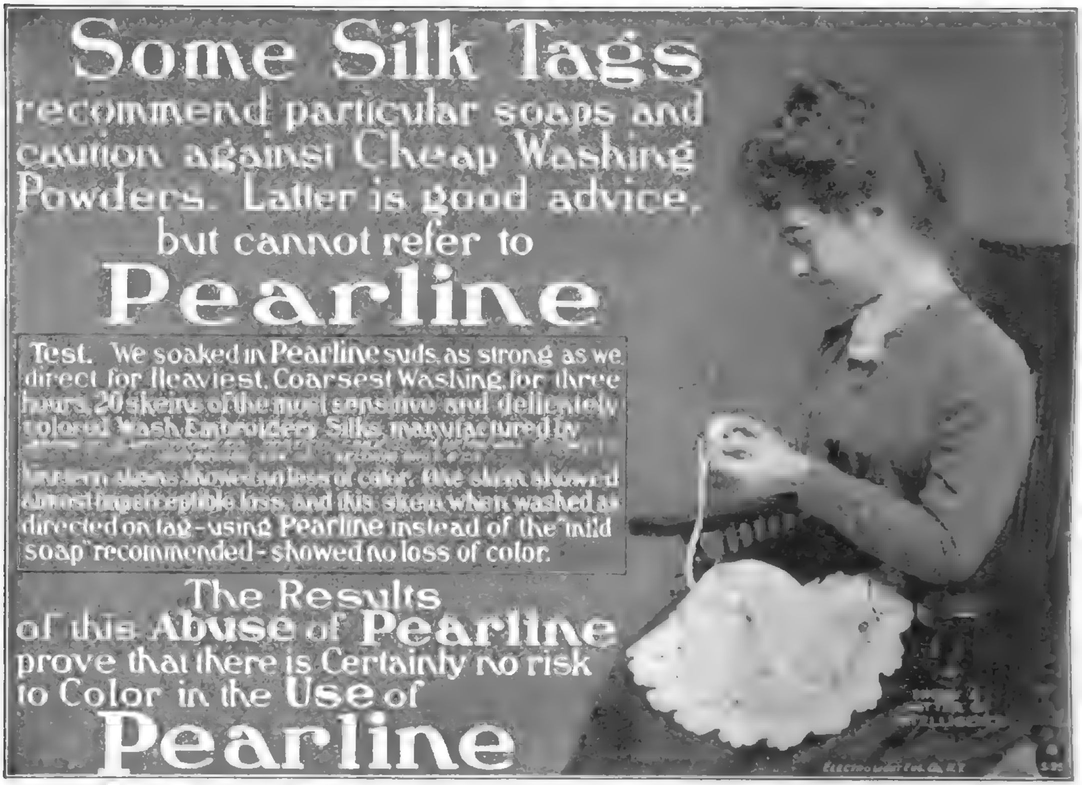
any address
upon request.





Some Silk Tags recommend particular soaps and caution against Cheap Washing Powders. Latter is good advice, but cannot refer to Pearline

Test. We soaked in Pearline suds as strong as we direct for Heaviest, Coarsest Washing for three hours, 20 skeins of the most sensitive and delicately colored Wash Embroidery Silks, manufactured by [illegible] Nineteen skeins showed no loss of color, one skein showed almost imperceptible loss, and this skein when washed as directed on tag - using Pearline instead of the "mild soap" recommended - showed no loss of color.

The Results of this Abuse of Pearline prove that there is Certainly no risk to Color in the Use of Pearline

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Model "Classique," Style 309

A PIANO FOR XMAS.

Surely nothing can make a more acceptable or appropriate Xmas gift than a beautiful Ivers & Pond piano. If you will write us at once we will send you our handsome new catalogue, just off the press, containing half-tone pictures of our 1904 styles, and will also give you full information as to how one of these charming instruments can be placed in your home before Christmas, even though you live in the most distant part of the United States. Ivers & Pond pianos, from a musical and artistic standpoint, cannot be excelled. No amount of money could buy any better materials or workmanship, richer or more musical tone, or greater durabliity.

HOW TO BUY. If no dealer near you sells them we can supply you from Boston. An order entrusted to us will be executed with the nicest discrimination in regard to tone quality, perfection of action, and beauty of case finish that would be exercised were the piano to be for the personal use of one of our officers. The wisdom of this care on our part is obvious when we willingly ship the piano subject to approval, not asking that it be accepted unless it proves entirely satisfactory. We sell on time payments (in the most remote village or city in the United States as simply and safely as if you lived in Boston), requiring a small cash remittance at time of purchase, and balance in 12, 24, or 36 equal monthly payments. Old pianos taken in exchange. A personal letter with list of cash and time prices if you will write.

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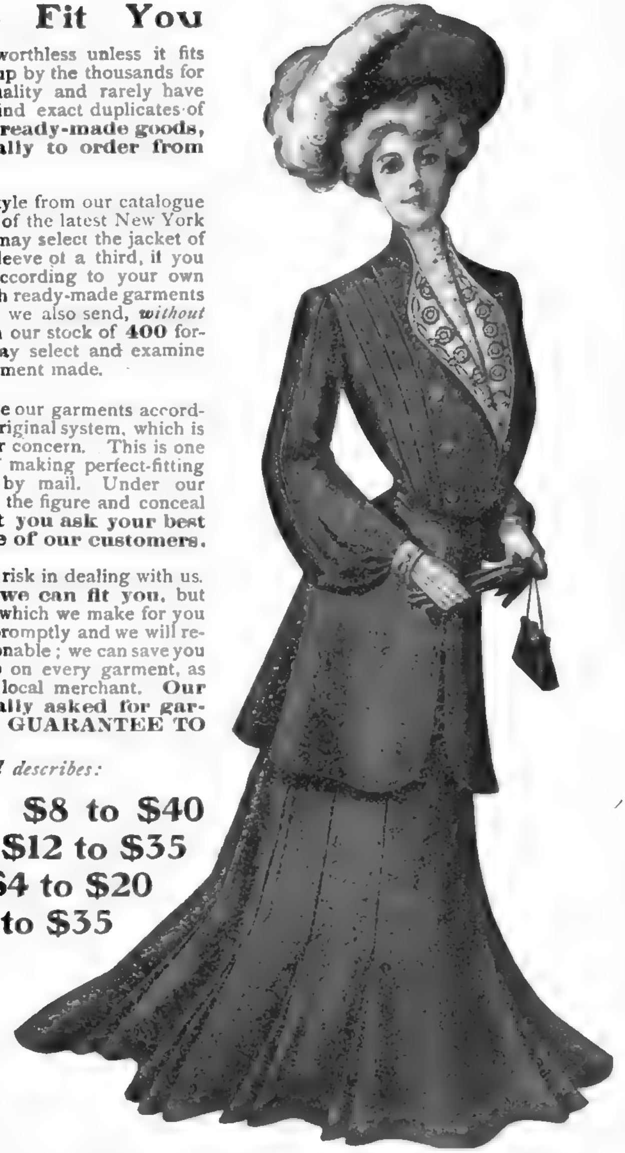

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A very little money will make a great Christmas, for you need pay but one-fifth when you select and take the goods.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.

Diamonds—Watches—Jewelry

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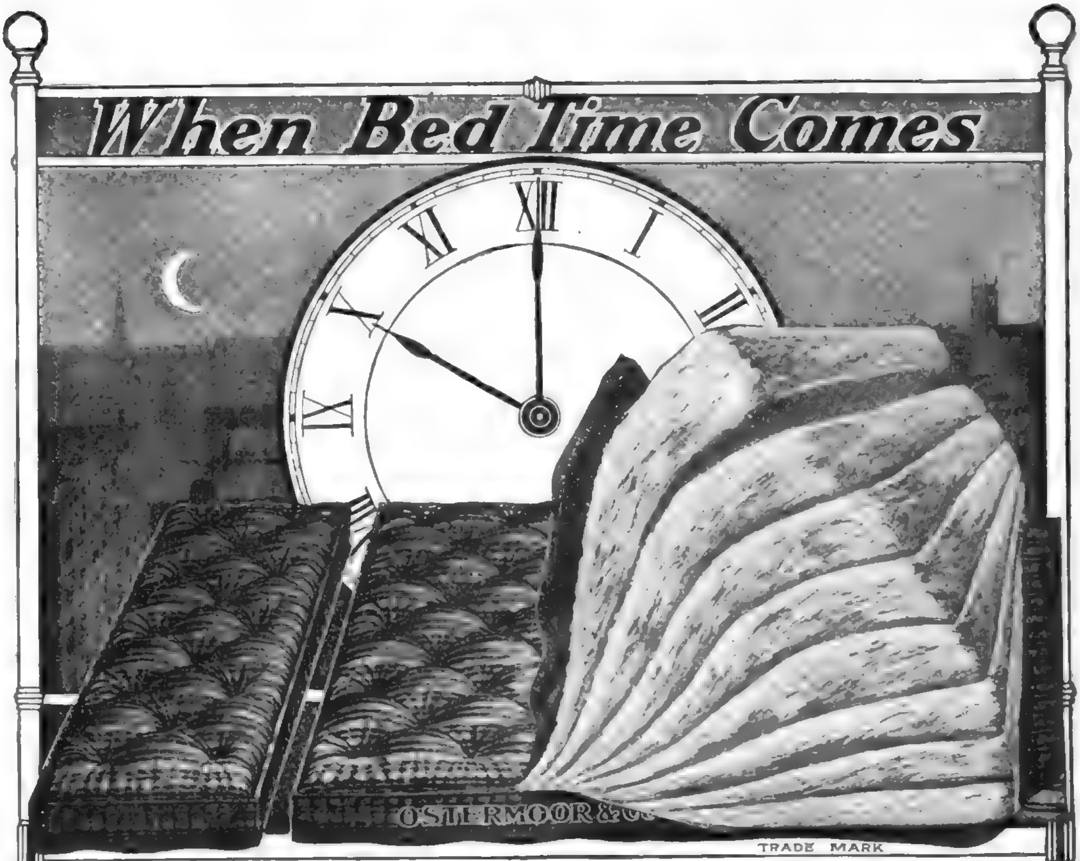

When bed-time comes around, does sleep tempt you or do you lie and toss and fret, vainly seeking that "soft, cool spot" which lulls you to forgetfulness? There is one mattress that gives sleep to the sleepless—rest to the restless—the famous

Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress $15.

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Sleep on it thirty nights and if it is not all you have hoped for, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked."

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LOOK OUT! Dealers are trying to sell the "just as good kind." Ask to see the name "Ostermoor" and our trademark label, sewn on the end. Show them you can't and won't be fooled. It's not *Felt* if it's not an *Ostermoor*. Mattresses expressed, prepaid by us, same day check is received.

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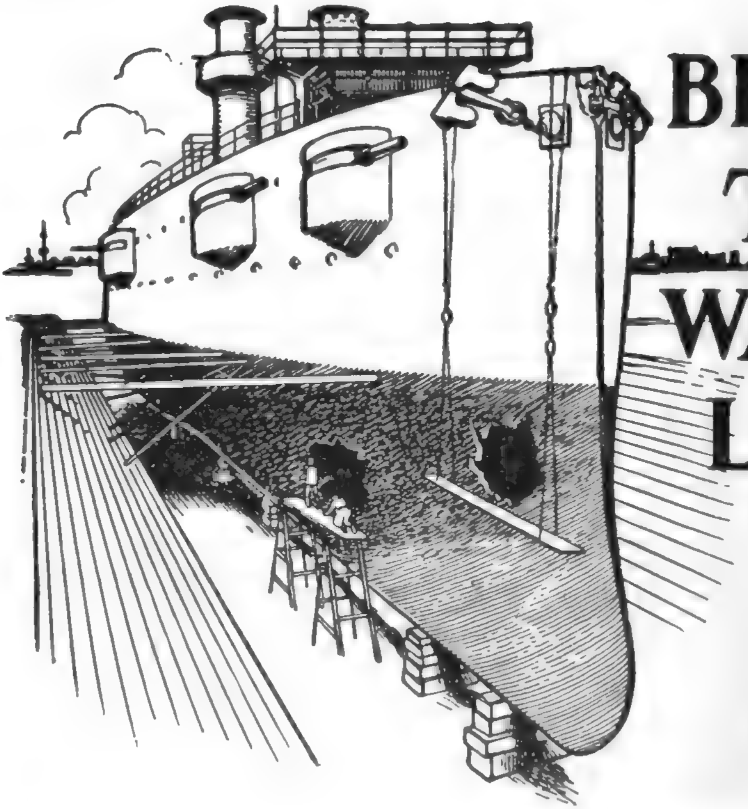


BELOW THE WATER LINE

Many a good ship received a blow below the water line that didn't show, but the ship went down.

Many a man and woman is being fatally injured by coffee, but the hurt don't show sometimes until it is too late.

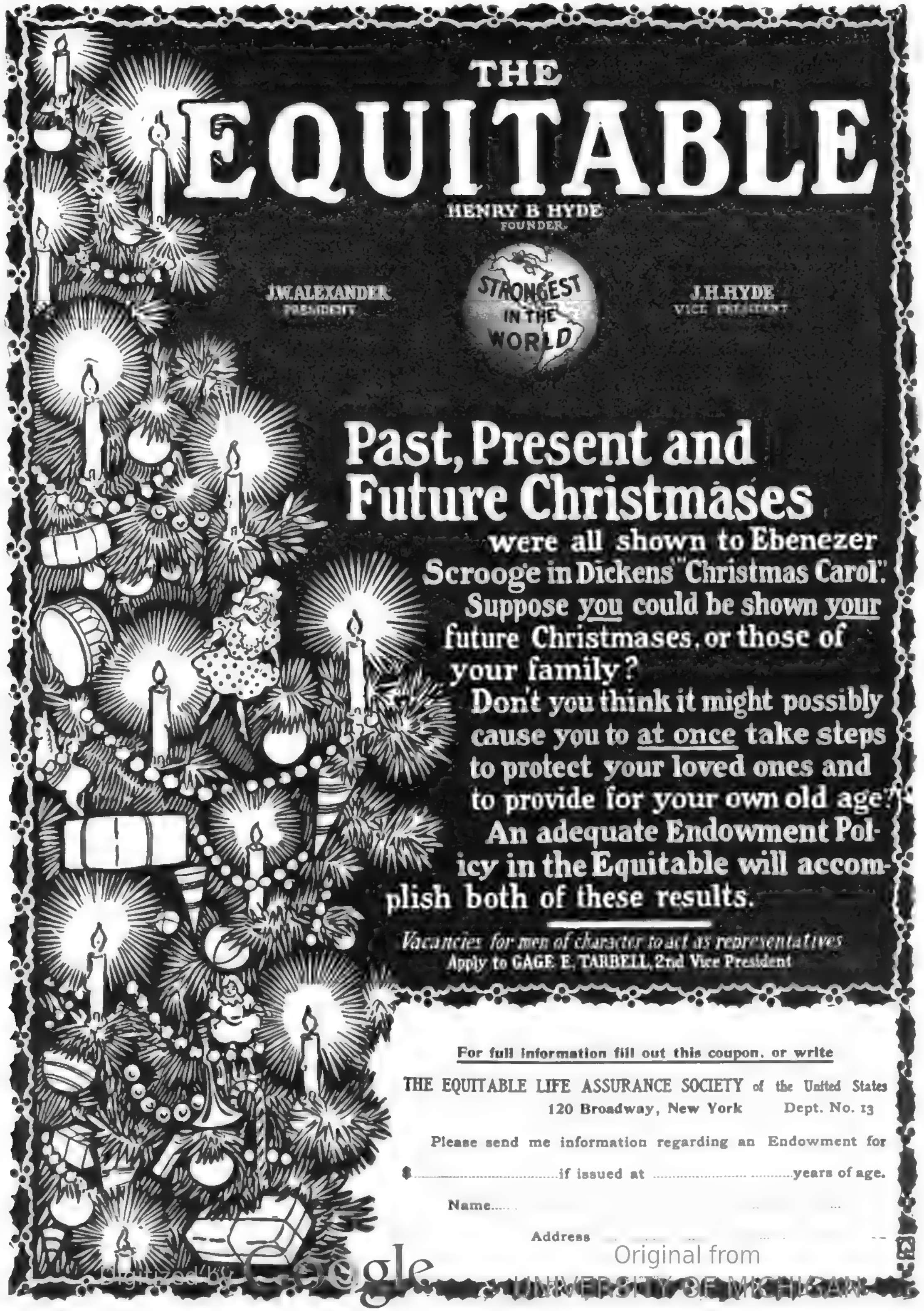
If coffee causes stomach and liver troubles, or shatters the nerves, it will finally locate a fixed disease in some one of the organs, and then the " ship may sink."

It is easy to quit coffee by changing to POSTUM FOOD COFFEE well boiled and delicious, with a flavor all its own.

Look sharp that cook boils it enough.

There's a reason for

POSTUM



THE EQUITABLE

HENRY B HYDE
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Past, Present and Future Christmases were all shown to Ebenezer Scrooge in Dickens "Christmas Carol". Suppose you could be shown your future Christmases, or those of your family?

Don't you think it might possibly cause you to at once take steps to protect your loved ones and to provide for your own old age?

An adequate Endowment Policy in the Equitable will accomplish both of these results.

Vacancies for men of character to act as representatives
Apply to GAGE E. TARBELL, 2nd Vice President

For full information fill out this coupon, or write

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of the United States
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Please send me information regarding an Endowment for
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INGERSOLL Dollar Watch

"NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT" AND NO PRESENT LIKE THE TIME

Puzzle your brain for a Christmas present, but you'll always come back to a watch as being gifted with a charm possessed by no other thing in the world.

In the hearts of two million American boys the Ingersoll Watch is enshrined. They will remember it as a faithful companion for years, almost hourly reminding of the giver who chose so wisely. From it they have learned their first lessons in the value of time and punctuality.

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Practical in every sense of the word.

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Messrs. Tiffany & Co. suggest to patrons that early orders permit of more deliberate selections and the advantage of first choice from this season's manufactures and importations for the holidays.

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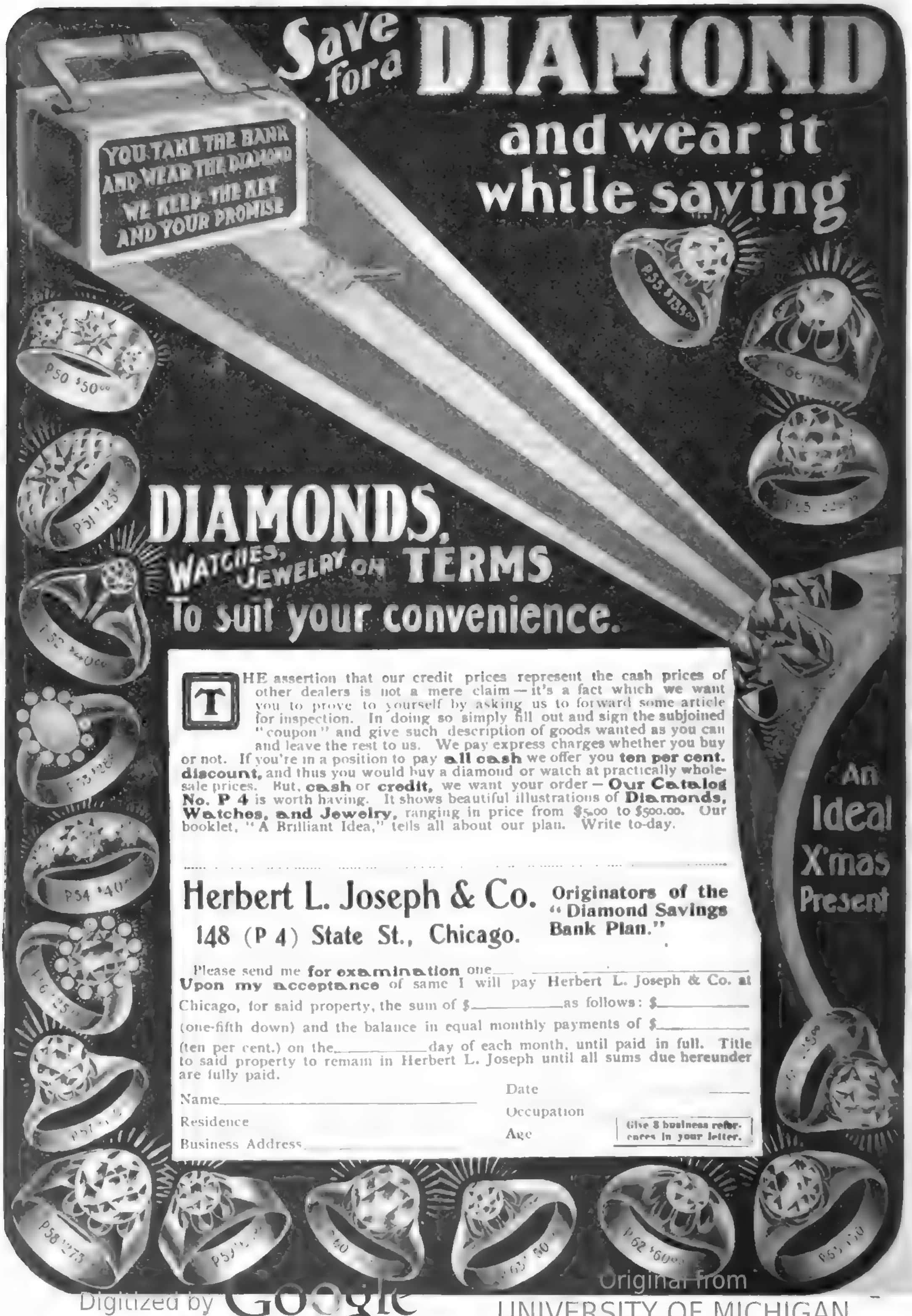
Save for a DIAMOND
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YOU TAKE THE BANK AND WEAR THE DIAMOND WE KEEP THE KEY AND YOUR PROMISE
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To suit your convenience.
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Please send me **for examination** one____________________ **Upon my acceptance** of same I will pay Herbert L. Joseph & Co. at Chicago, for said property, the sum of $__________as follows: $__________ (one-fifth down) and the balance in equal monthly payments of $__________ (ten per cent.) on the__________day of each month, until paid in full. Title to said property to remain in Herbert L. Joseph until all sums due hereunder are fully paid.

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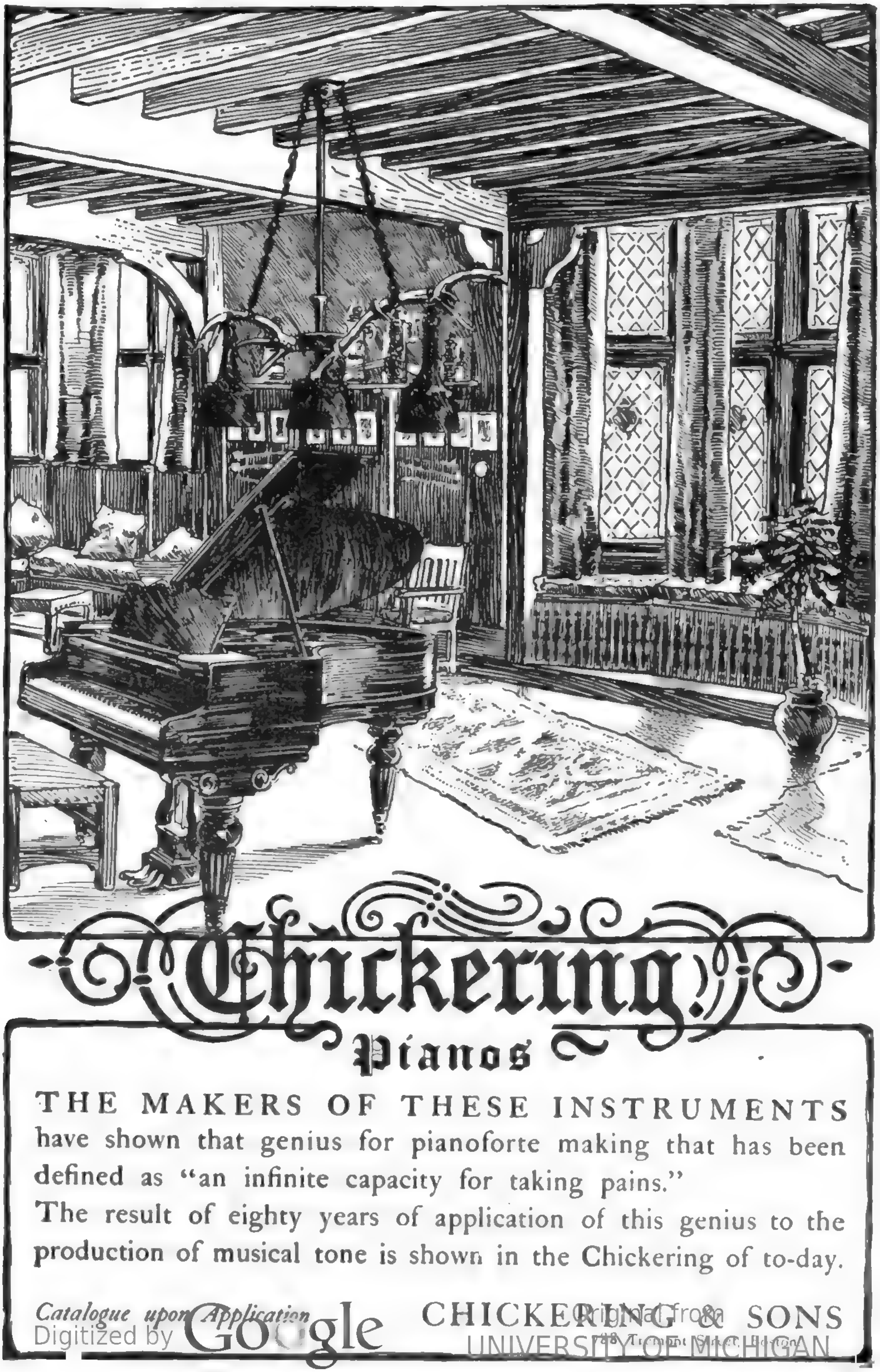

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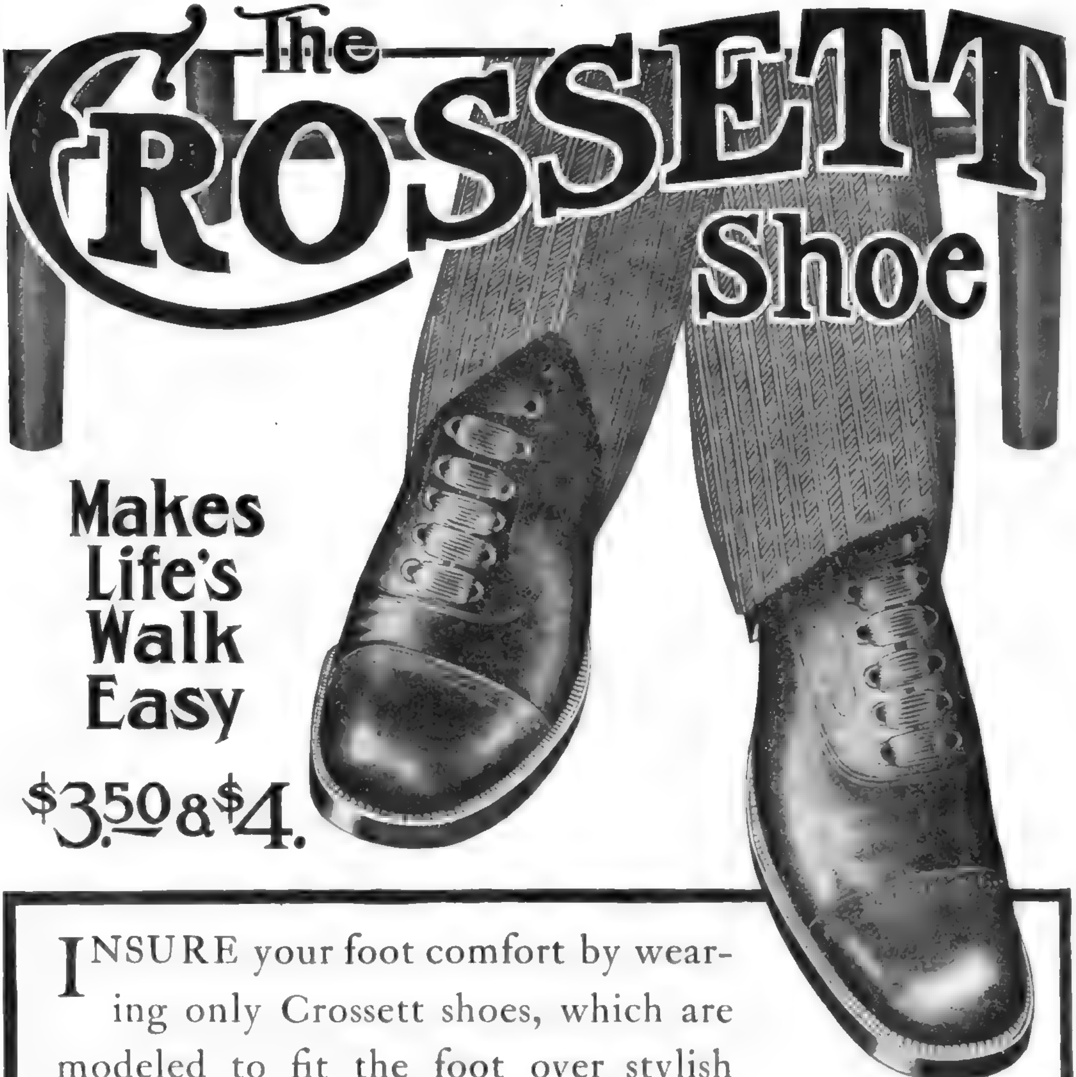

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Made by skilled workmen, from the choicest of leathers, they are from every standpoint the finest shoes manufactured. If your retailer does not have them write us and we will inform you where to find them.

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The Most Magnificent Resort Hotel in America

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To St. Louis, 1904

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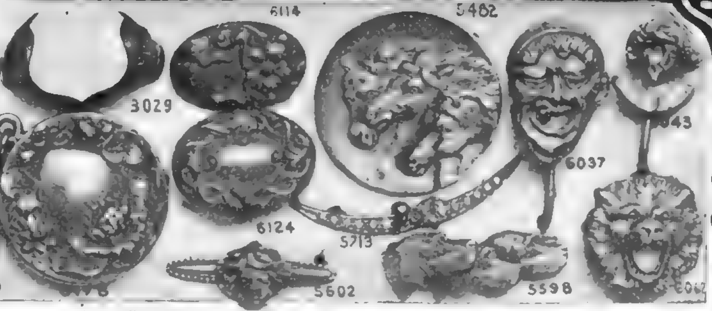

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5482	Brooch, sterling gray	1.00
5495	Waist Pin, sterling	.85
5500	Brooch, sterling gray, chatelaine hook	1.25
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6067	Bar Links, sterling gray,	1.25 per pair
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6060	Bar Links, sterling gray,	1.25 per pr.
6062	Bar Links, sterling gray,	1.35 per pr.
6037	Scarf Pin, sterling gray, ruby	.75
6043	Scarf Pin, sterling gray	.60
5337	Scarf Pin, sterling, gilded, turquoise	1.00
5013	Scarf Pin, 14K, pearl	1.25
4995	Scarf Pin, 14K, rose	1.25
6152	Tie Clasp, solid gold	1.25
6124	Bar Links, solid gold, rose,	$3.50 per pr.
6114	Bar Links, solid gold, rose,	2.50 per pr.
6178	Locket, solid gold, 2 pictures	4.75
6251	Brooch, solid gold, pearl	8.50
5777	Sash Pin, 14K, rose	2.50
5713	Bar Pin, 14K, pearls	4.00
5785	Bib Pin, 14K, pearls	3.25
5812	Cuff Pin, solid gold	.75
5598	Collar Pin, sterling	.75
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WABASH

WABASH

Where the Flag leads 'tis safe to follow.

THE WABASH LINE

CARRIES IT BETWEEN

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The Wabash Line has its own rails direct to the World's Fair Grounds in St. Louis. All Wabash through trains pass through the beautiful Forest Park and stop at World's Fair Station in order to give passengers an opportunity to view from the trains the World's Fair Buildings.

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"A land flowing with milk and honey."

CALIFORNIA IS THE MECCA.

Seekers after rest and recreation in a bracing climate, amid enchanting scenery surrounded by fruits and flowers, are going to California this winter in greater numbers than ever before.

The way to go is by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

The new trains of this system give a fine service, fast time, and afford every convenience and luxury. Inquire of ticket agents regarding the new facilities.

Four-Track Series No. 5. "America's Winter Resorts," sent free postpaid on receipt of a two-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

THE ALTON'S 1904 COW-BOY GIRL

TRADE-MARK.

"Sequel to the Fencing Girl."

Copyright, 1903, by Chicago & Alton Railway.

ART CALENDAR

Four graceful poses from life; figures ten inches high, reproduced in colors by a process far superior to last year's calendar. Highest example of lithographic art.

"THE ONLY WAY"

to own one of these beautiful calendars is to send twenty-five cents with name of publication in which you read this advertisement, to GEO. J. CHARLTON, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railway, CHICAGO, ILL.

The best railway line between CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY and PEORIA. Take the "Alton" to the St. Louis World's Fair, 1904.

TRADE "1835 MARK
R. WALLACE"

For a Christmas Gift

nothing is more acceptable than the ***"1835 R. Wallace"*** Silver Plate, the one brand that offers all the best qualities of Sterling Silver at Plated Ware prices.

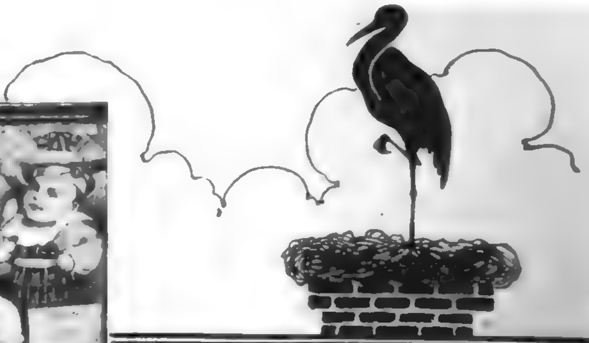
Isn't this "Floral" Game Carving Set Attractive?

Also the Cream Ladle and Dessert Spoon? So are the many other pieces and various combinations in our different patterns.

Ask your Jeweler to show you the "1835 R. WALLACE" Silver Plate before making your Christmas purchases.

Our beautifully illustrated book, "How to Set the Table," by Mrs. Rorer, will be sent anywhere for ten cents in stamps.

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO. Dept. X, Wallingford, Conn.



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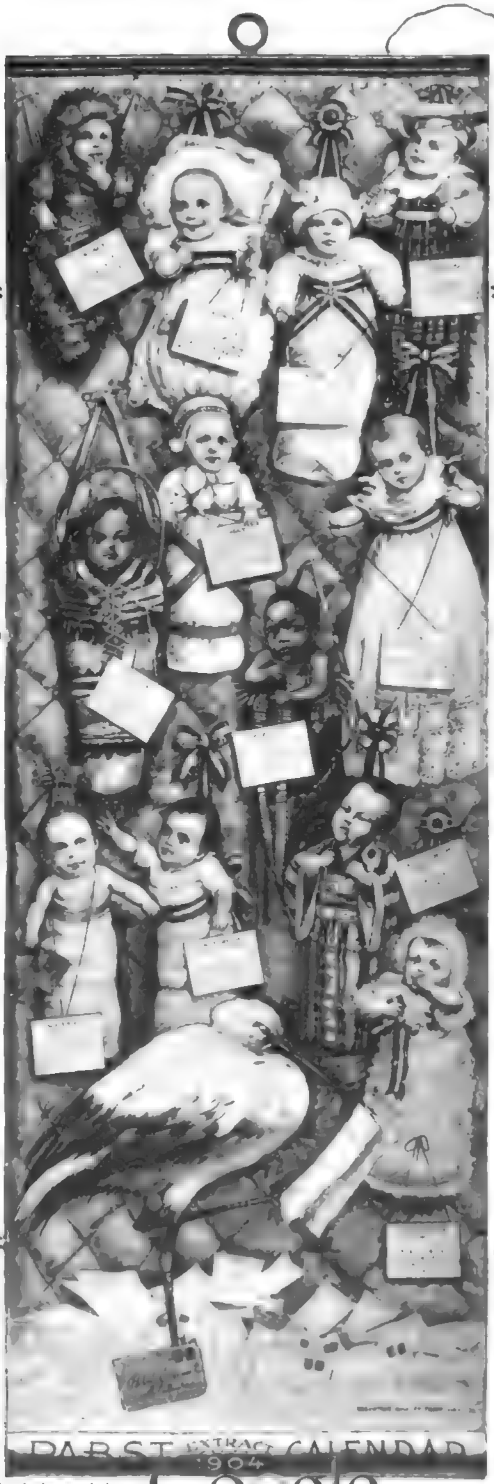

Pabst Extract

Calendar for 1904.

Maud Humphrey, the celebrated painter of babies, conceived this beautiful and interesting subject, wherein are most artistically and winsomely grouped Babies of every Land and Clime.

In this Calendar the types and national characteristics are reproduced with great care and fidelity; in both dress and features are shown all the delicate coloring and artistic effects so charming in the original painting.

The illustration herewith gives but a faint idea of the beauty and cuteness of the Calendar itself. This Calendar will delight every recipient. It makes a rich and decorative Art Panel, size 10x30 inches, ready for hanging.

The edition is limited; order early. Sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents in coin or stamps. It is worth more in any art collection or home.

Mention this magazine.

Pabst Extract Department
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The great tonic for tired, nervous, dyspeptic and run-down conditions, is often imitated. Insist upon the genuine, which you can get at all druggists.

Order Your CHRISTMAS GIFTS *By Mail*

Send for our Year Book for 1904. The SOMETHING DIFFERENT you wish for Christmas may be found in its 188 pages. Of the numberless articles in solid Gold and Sterling Silver it contains, over 3,000 are between 25 cents and $5.00

95042
2178
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90549.—Belt Brooch, **$1.25**
852.—Locket, above design and size, for two pictures **$2.25**

88026.—Puff Box, with Puff and Mirror, shown open, **$2.00**

158.—Emery Case, **75** cents. Many other sewing articles in our Catalogue.

2201.—Christmas Coffee Spoon, **$1.00**; with gold bowl, **$1.15.** We have a Christmas Tea Spoon for **$1.50**

These four articles are shown actual size. All Sterling Silver.

Any article sent safely, prepaid. All Sterling Silver. Illustrations one-half scale.

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199.—Consolation Prize	1.25
230.—Thimble, wild rose (state size)	.75
946.—Rattle, "Buster Brown" pearl ring with silver bell	1.25
949.—Bib Holder	.30
1044.—Tea Strainer, sterling silver with copper berries	$4.50
1196.—Tea Spoon, clover, very heavy	1.60
1526.—Pin Cushion	.50
2278.—Cucumber Server, $1.50; with gold blade	1.75
3670.—Brooch, heavy, sterling silver, gilded, with baroque pearl	2.75
2178.—Pepper, individual	$2.00
3672.—Brooch and Chatelaine, clover	.90
3673.—Belt Pin, "To our next merry meeting"	.50
4794.—Hat Pin, four-leaf clover	.75
81037.—Match Box	1.75
95042.—Fob, all silver, very heavy, with seal	4.25

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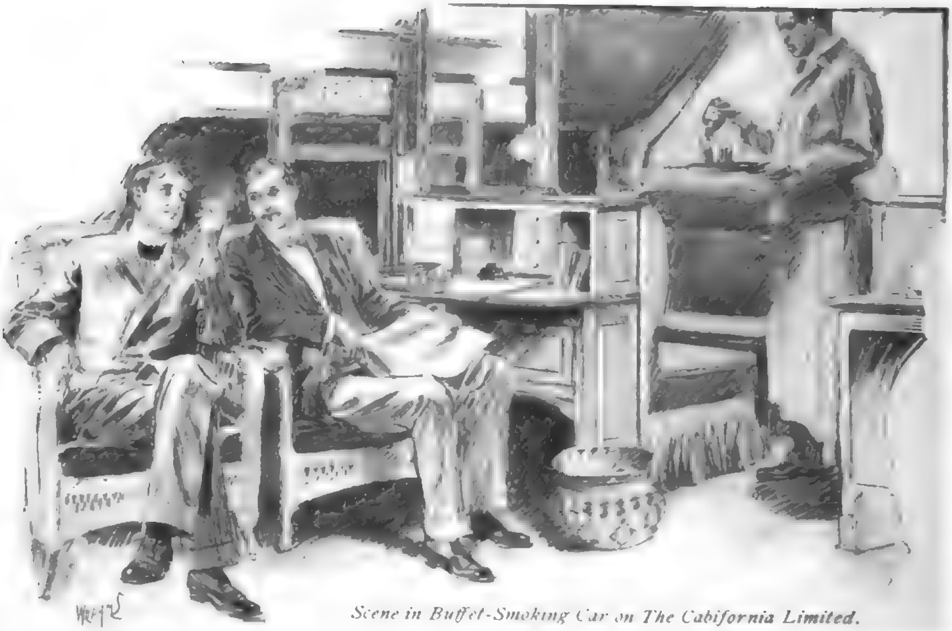
Jewelers·and·Silversmiths

222 Essex St., Salem, Massachusetts



Scene in Buffet-Smoking Car on The California Limited.

California

The Buffet-Smoking Car on **The California Limited** is a place in which to take one's ease, to forget all worries, and be genuinely comfortable ... Club luxuries greet the city man ... Rather pleasant, isn't it, when evening comes, to sit here in the warmth and glow? ... Other travel comforts on this superb train. .. ..

The California Limited runs daily between Chicago, Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco. Less than three days to Southern California. See Grand Canyon of Arizona en route—a mile deep, many miles wide and rainbow-tinted.

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Santa Fe

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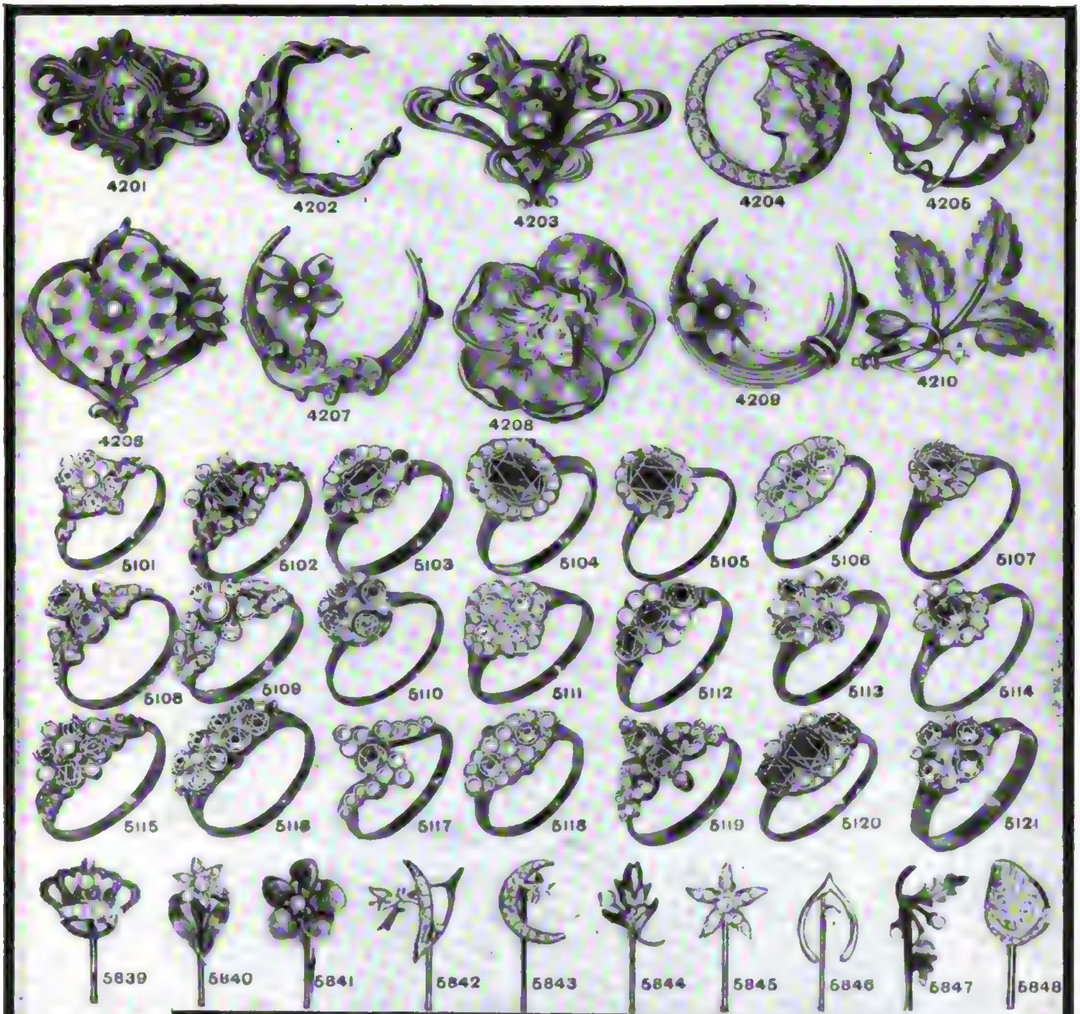
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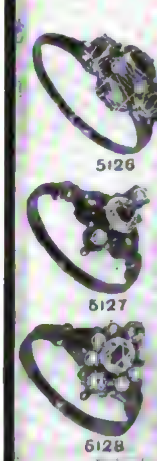
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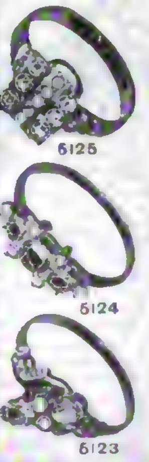
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Fine Solid Gold Jewelry.

Illustrations actual size.

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4206—Brooch, pearl	7.00
4207—Brooch, pearl	3.50
4208—Brooch	5.00
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4210—Brooch, pearl	3.25
5101—4 French Rubies, 5 Pearls	4 00
5102—French Ruby, 6 Whole Pearls	4.50
5103—5 Garnets, 12 Pearls	5.00
5104—French Ruby, 16 Pearls	5.00
5105—French Ruby, 12 Pearls	3 00
5106—3 Amethysts, 18 Pearls	5 00
5107—French Ruby, 12 Pearls	3 50
5108—2 Amethysts, 10 Pearls	4.00
5109—6 Amethysts, 15 Pearls	5.50
5110—4 French Rubies, 5 Pearls	4.50
5111—4 Amethysts, 24 Pearls	5.50
5112—3 French Rubies, 6 Pearls	3.00
5113—4 Amethysts, 9 Pearls	4.00
5114—French Ruby, 8 Pearls	3.00
5115—4 French Rubies, 5 Whole Pearls	$6 50
5116—8 French Rubies, 5 Pearls	6.00
5117—French Ruby, 14 Pearls	4 50
5118—4 French Emeralds, 15 Pearls	4.75
5119—2 Amethysts, 20 Pearls	6.00
5120—3 Garnets, 6 Pearls	5.00
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5123—2 Amethysts, 2 Pearls	3 50
5124—3 Garnets, 6 Whole Pearls	5.00
5125—6 Garnets, 6 Pearls	5.00
5126—4 French Rubies, 2 Pearls	3.50
5127—Amethyst, 2 Whole Pearls	5.00
5128—3 Amethysts, 6 Whole Pearls	5.00
5839—Scarf Pin, 6 pearls	2.00
5840—Scarf Pin, 7 pearls	2.00
5841—Scarf Pin, pearl	1 50
5842—Scarf Pin, 6 pearls	2.00
5843—Scarf Pin, pearl	1.25
5844—Scarf Pin, pearl	1 25
5845—Scarf Pin, 11 pearls	2.50
5846—Scarf Pin, pearl	1.25
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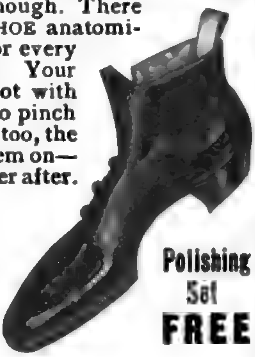
The Florsheim SHOE

PAINLESS SHOES! Sounds odd enough—sounds good though. There is a FLORSHEIM SHOE anatomically foot-formed for every known form of foot. Your size admits your foot with no room to spare, no pinch to hurt—feels good, too, the moment you put them on—feels just as good ever after.



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Polishing Set FREE

For five two-cent stamps, just the amount of postage and packing, we'll send you The Florsheim Polishing Set—Felt Polisher, Box of Paste for all Black Shoes and Handy Dauber—neatly boxed. Also our Fall Booklet "THE FLORSHEIM WAY OF FOOT-FITTING. Write today.

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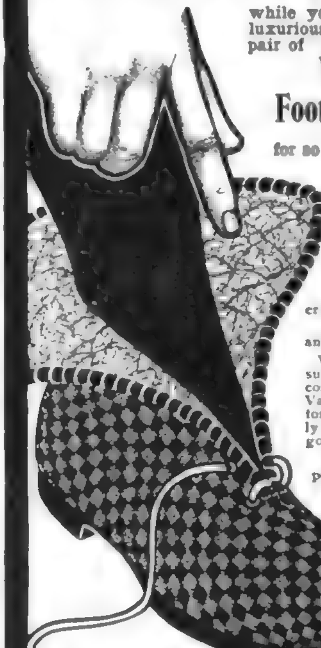
Why suffer with cold feet

while you can enjoy the luxurious comfort of a pair of

Wood's Foot-Warmers

for so little as **$2**



Made of high-grade felt, and lined with pure, natural lamb's wool.

WOMEN'S.—Plain black; flexible leather sole and heel.

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Worn by everybody who suffers from cold feet, bad corns, tender bunions, etc. Vastly superior to slippers for house wear. Especially desirable in cases of gout and rheumatism.

Delivered on receipt of price. State size and width you usually wear.

Wood & Co.
1102 Columbia Avenue,
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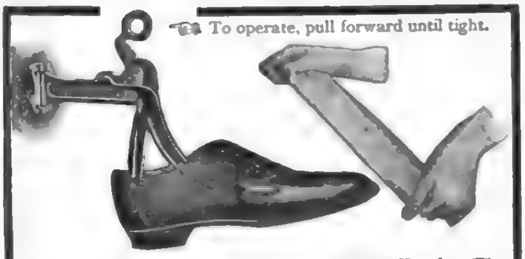


To operate, pull forward until tight.

Just the thing for **XMAS**

The Dandy-Shiner

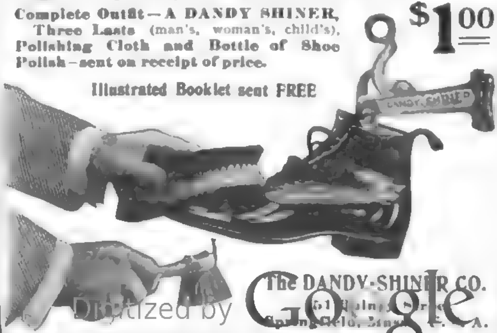
A Household Necessity *Registered Trade Mark*

The only device that holds any shoe perfectly rigid for cleaning and polishing with cloth or brush. Nickel-plated, weighs three pounds; removable when not in use.

Complete Outfit—A DANDY SHINER, Three Lasts (man's, woman's, child's), Polishing Cloth and Bottle of Shoe Polish—sent on receipt of price.

$1.00

Illustrated Booklet sent FREE



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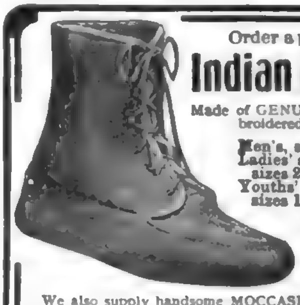
Order a pair of beautiful

Indian Moccasins



Made of GENUINE MOOSEHIDE, embroidered with Indian tribe designs.

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are banished. Warm feet induce sleep. The most comfortable thing you ever put foot into is

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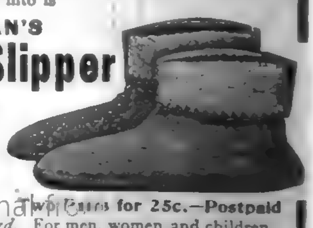

Will keep the ankles warm. Worn in bed and out. Made of a handsome fleece-lined knit fabric; tops beautifully embroidered with silk. Dainty colorings.

Send size of shoe. **Two Pairs for 25c.—Postpaid**

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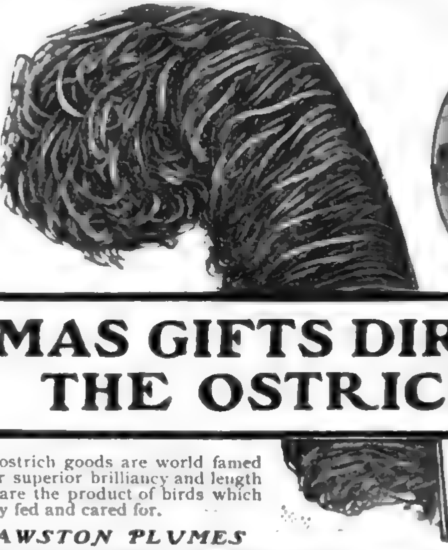

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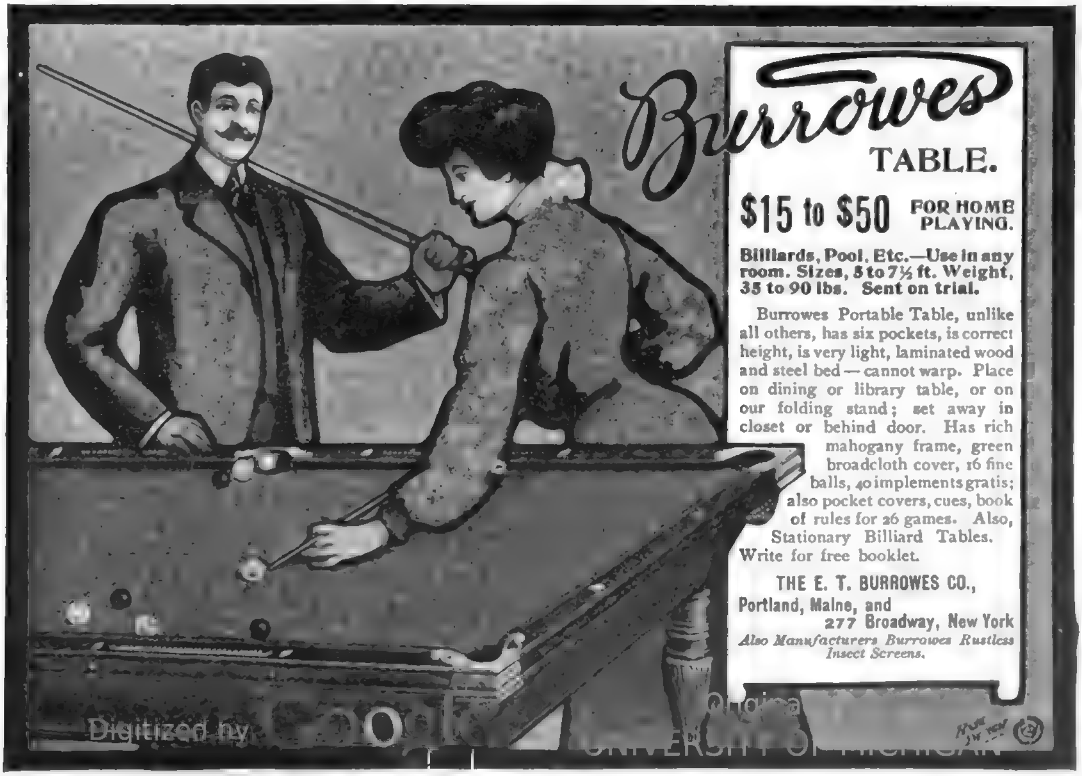
The Original Home of the Ostrich in America **CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM** P. O. Box 51 South Pasadena, Cal.



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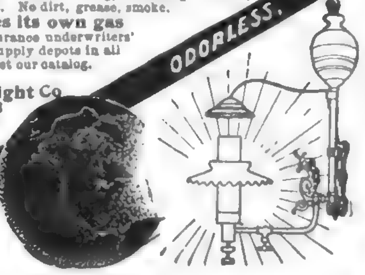
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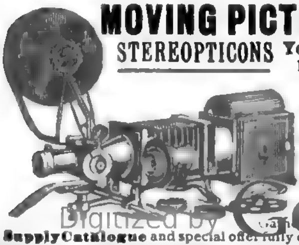

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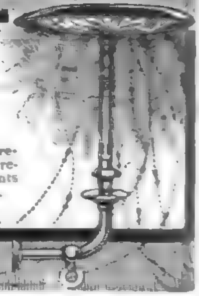

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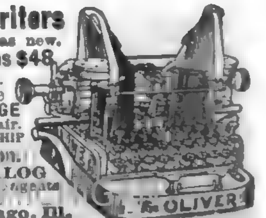

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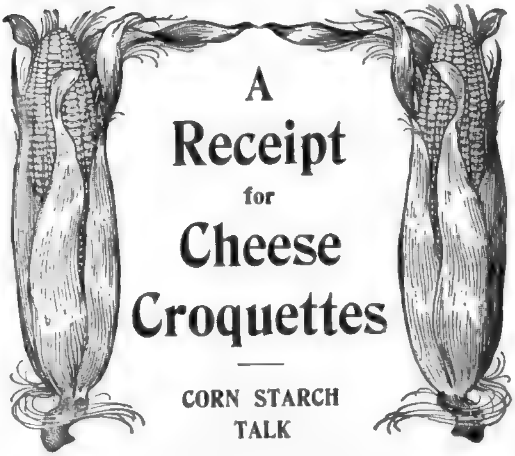

A Receipt for Cheese Croquettes

CORN STARCH TALK

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG.

The use of cheese in various forms is becoming more frequent every year and it is well that it should be so, as cheese furnishes proteid in a high degree. A mild cream cheese, cooked only enough to be melted, is easily taken care of by the average stomach, and greatly to be preferred to the raw article. Cheese by itself is too concentrated and needs starchy food with it to make a perfect combination. The ideal form of starch is obtained in Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, a product which has stood the test of years and is considered the standard of excellence. By combining this with cheese we may prepare many wholesome and delicious dishes. One of the daintiest, perhaps, is in the form of a croquette, and this may be served either as an entree, with broiled tomatoes, or a tomato sauce, or as an accompaniment to a salad.

CHEESE CROQUETTES.

Make a cream sauce with two tablespoons of butter, three level tablespoons of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch and a cup of milk. Beat into this the yolk of an egg and season highly with paprika and a little salt. Add two tablespoons of grated cheese, and when melted remove from fire and stir in gently one and one-half cups of mild cheese cut in cubes. Cool the mixture thoroughly, shape into squares or diamonds and bread them as any croquettes. Fry in hot fat, drain well on soft paper and serve in a nest of parsley or lettuce.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE STANDARD
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Extra bowls for 50c. and 60c. pipes, 20c. each; all others, 25c. each; every pipe warranted.

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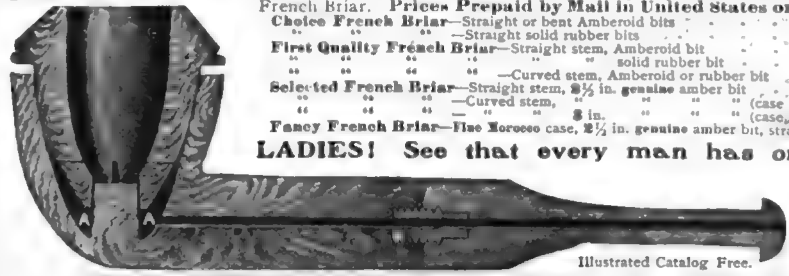

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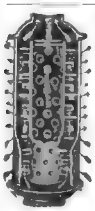

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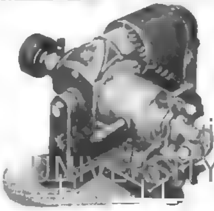

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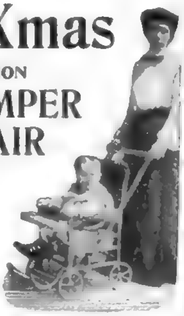

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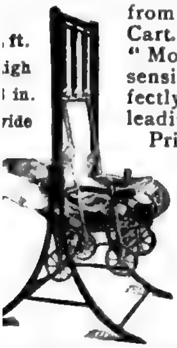

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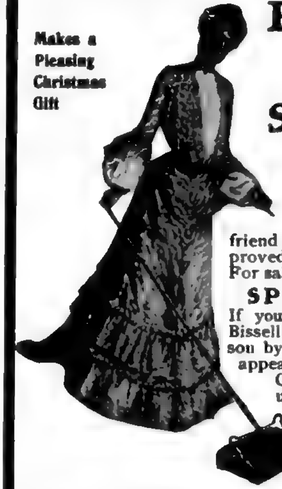

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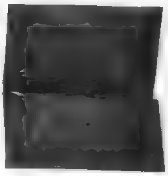

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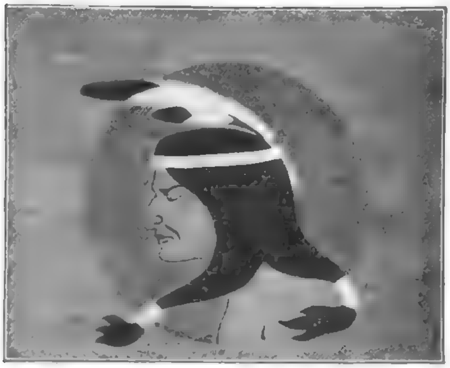

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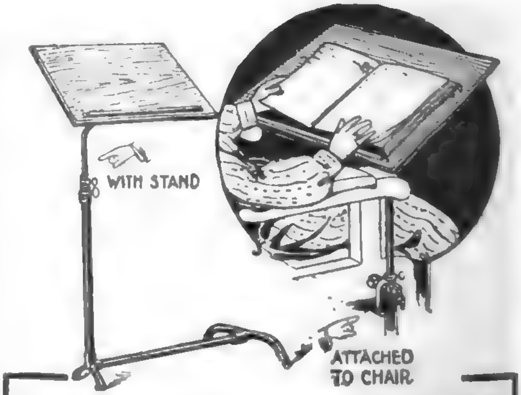

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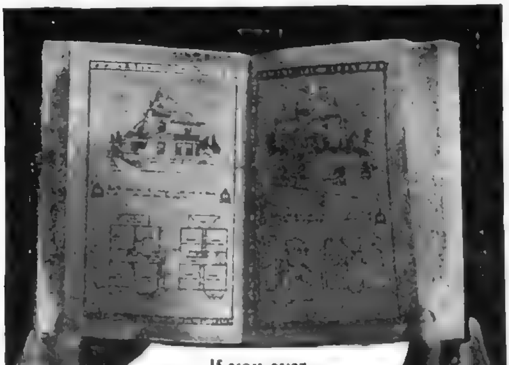

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409 one and two-story Cottages of $300 to $1500; 340 Residences of $1200 to $1500; 379 Residences of $1500 to $2500; 225 Residences of $2500 to $9000; 100 St. Louis Residences.

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HERBERT C. CHIVERS
196 N. 7th **ARCHITECT** ST. LOUIS.

Golf Playing Cards

The BEST
MADE at

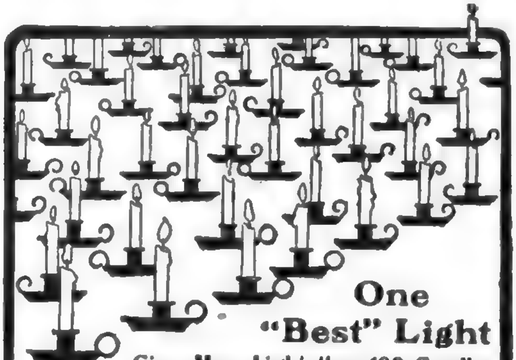
25c. a Pack

If not at your dealer's, send us 25 cents and the dealer's name and we will send you a pack **prepaid** and our

New Book of Rules for Playing Card Games **FREE**

This book is worth 25 cents

**American Playing
Card Co.**
Kalamazoo, Mich.

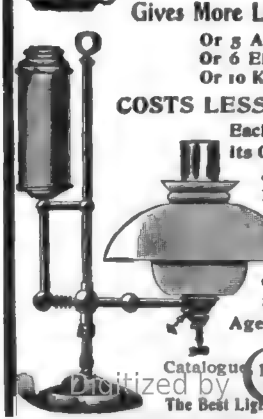


**One
"Best" Light**

Gives More Light than 100 Candles

Or 5 Acetylene Lights
Or 6 Electric Lights
Or 10 Kerosene Lamps

COSTS LESS THAN KEROSENE



Each Lamp Makes and Burns its Own Gas. A Pure White Steady Light. No Wick! No Dirt! No Grease! No Smoke! No Odor! Perfectly Safe! Over 100 styles for in-door and out-door use. Sells at Sight.

Agents Wanted Everywhere
Exclusive Territory

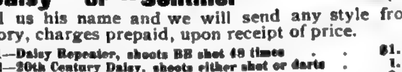
Catalogue, price list, testimonials, etc. upon request.

The Best Light Co., 86 E. 5th St. Canton, O.

Make your boy happy with a *DAISY* or *SENTINEL* air rifle

It is a Christmas gift he would surely appreciate. It will give him lots of innocent amusement, and he'll become a crack shot without danger, noise, smoke, or powder.

The possession of a good gun helps to make a boy manly and affords him amusement of an innocent and practical kind. Our rifles have walnut stocks, handsome nickeled steel barrels, **improved** sights, and **interchangeable parts.**



If your dealer will not sell you a
"Daisy" or "Sentinel"
send us his name and we will send any style from factory, charges prepaid, upon receipt of price.

No. 1—Daisy Repeater, shoots BB shot 48 times	$1.25
No. 2—20th Century Daisy, shoots either shot or darts	1.00
No. 3—Daisy 1000-shot, Winchester Action	2.00
No. 4—Sentinel Single Shot, either shot or darts	1.00
No. 5—Sentinel Repeater, automatic, [illegible] shot	1.25

Darts, assorted colors, per dozen, prepaid, 25 cents.

Illustrated Booklet Free

THE DAISY MFG. CO., Plymouth, Mich., U.S.A.

Die in open air

Rats and Mice leave choicest food and grain for

Rat Bis-Kit

Packed in boxes.

Ready for Use

The only poison it is safe to have about. Acts quickly. Die in open air seeking water. Dry, clean. Put in rat holes, linen closets, pantries, etc., without soiling anything.

Why take risk of mixing poison?

Endorsed by all leading drug houses in the United States. Sold over the entire world.

Ask your druggist. If he hasn't it send us 25 cents for one box or 60 cents for three boxes, express prepaid.

Rats and mice are the greatest germ carriers known.

The Rat Biscuit Co. Dept. O, Springfield, O.

Prompt Relief

FOR SKIN DISEASES

If you suffer from Eczema, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Itch, Acne, or other skin troubles,

Hydrozone

will cure you.

As these diseases are caused by parasites, killing them without causing injury to the healthy tissue cures the trouble. It has cured many cases pronounced incurable and is absolutely safe.

Hydrozone is a scientific Germicide. Used and endorsed by leading physicians. It is absolutely harmless, yet a most powerful healing agent.

Trial bottle at your druggist or by mail on receipt of 25 cents. None genuine without my signature on label.

Prof. Charles Marchand

57-C Prince St., New York

X-RAY
Stove Polish
CUT THIS OUT

Ask dealer for it. Is Guaranteed to go twice as far as paste or liquid polishes. X-RAY gives a quick, brilliant luster and does not burn off. *A 2-cent stamp will bring a sample from*

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., AGTS., 78 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK CITY

$3 to $10 A DAY FITTING GLASSES

is easily made by our men. Write to-day for our 24p. **FREE EYE BOOK.** Tells all about it. We want bright young men and women in every place in the country to write us. We will establish them in business, furnishing all necessary instructions and goods. Profits enormous. Write to-day.

JACKSONIAN OPTICAL COLLEGE (Chartered)
Dept. E. 12 JACKSON, MICH.

INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT

GILBERT'S HEEL CUSHIONS

"Worn inside the shoe."

Increase Height, Arch the Instep, Make Better Fitting Shoes, Remove Jar in Walking. Indorsed by physicians. Simply placed in the heel, felt down. Don't require larger shoes. ½ in., 25c.; ¾ in., 35c.; 1 in., 50c. per pair. At shoe and dep't stores.

READ. Send name, size shoe, height desired, and 2c. stamp for pair on ten days' trial. **GILBERT MFG. CO., 87 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.**

DON'T SHOUT!

The Morley Ear Drum

makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. A miniature **Telephone for the Ear**—invisible, easily adjusted and entirely comfortable. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises. **No case of deafness that cannot be benefited.**

Write for booklet and testimonials

The Morley Company
Dept. 58, 19 South 16th Street
Philadelphia

KLIP-KLIP
THE POCKET MANICURE

COSTS 25 CENTS LASTS 25 YEARS

Solid German Silver. Trims, Files and Cleans the nails with either hand. Don't take imitations. Sold everywhere or by mail for 25c. Manicure Book, "A Handy Hand Book of the Hands"—complete instruction on the care of the hands and nails. Sent for five 2c. stamps. Money back if you want it.

KLIP-KLIP CO., 509 Clinton Ave. S., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Gift that pleases Everybody

John Holland
Fountain Pens

(ESTABLISHED 1841)

Honest all the way through

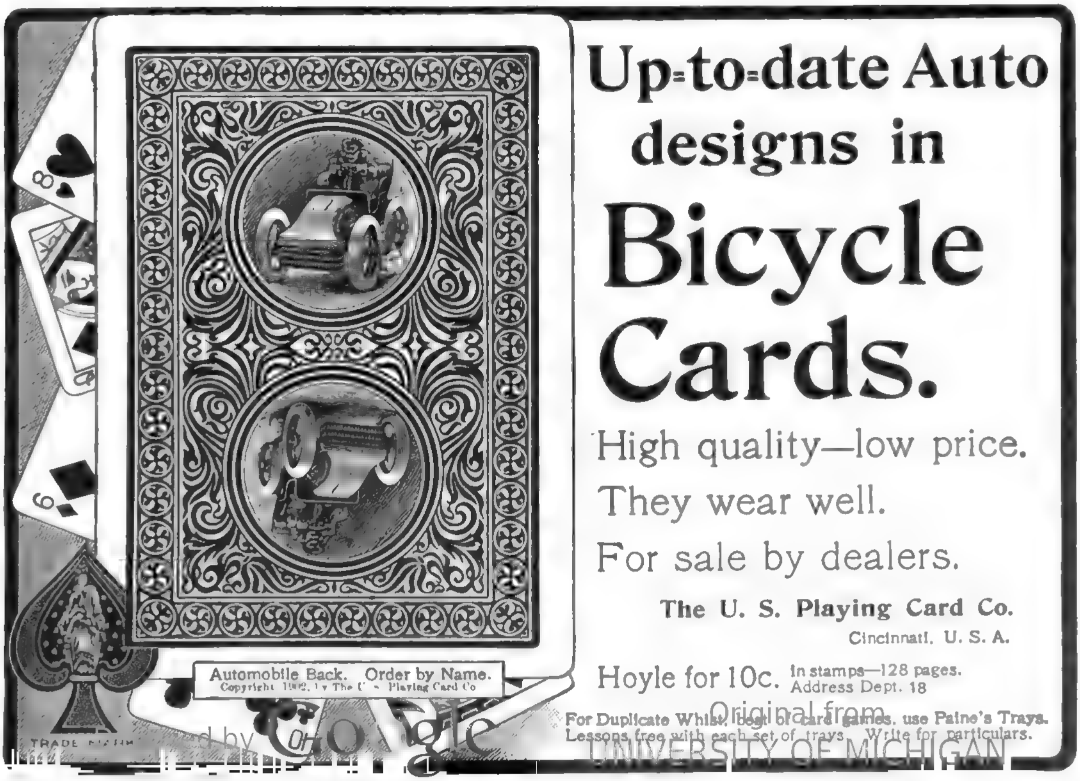
Original and largest makers
of Fountain and Gold Pens

GENERAL LEW WALLACE, the famous author of BEN HUR, writes:— "I find it a good and faithful tool"

Over 100 styles and sizes of Fountain Pens suited to every purpose and every purse. Guaranteed to wear five years and give perfect satistion, or money back on demand.

Ask your dealer, if he won't supply you, REFUSE A SUBSTITUTE, and write us for Free Catalog No. 15, and price list

THE JOHN HOLLAND GOLD PEN CO.
CINCINNATI, OHIO



Up-to-date Auto designs in

Bicycle Cards.

High quality—low price.
They wear well.
For sale by dealers.

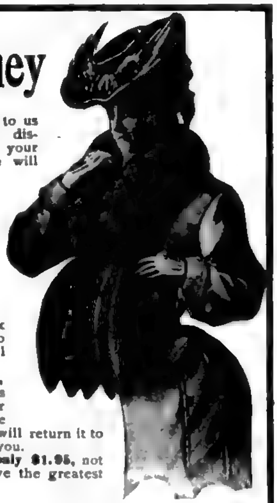
The U. S. Playing Card Co.
Cincinnati, U. S. A.

Hoyle for 10c. In stamps—128 pages. Address Dept. 18

Automobile Back. Order by Name.
Copyright 1902, by The U. S. Playing Card Co

For Duplicate Whist, best of card games, use Paine's Trays. Lessons free with each set of trays. Write for particulars.

Send No Money



Just cut this out and mail it to us with your name and address distinctly written, also name of your **nearest express office**, and we will send free to examine this **MAGNIFICENT LADIES' NECK SCARF**, made of finest quality **French Black Lynx.**

The Scarf has six (6) large full tails, twelve (12) inches long, measures about 54 inches (including the tails), is six (6) inches wide in back, and fastens with a handsome neck chain.

Remember, you run no risk whatever. We send the scarf to your nearest express office, all charges prepaid by us.

You can examine it, try it on, and if you don't think it as good as you can buy from your local dealer for $5 all you have to do is refuse it, and the agent will return it to us without a cent of expense to you.

If you like it pay the **agent only $1.95**, not one cent more, and you will have the greatest bargain you ever saw.

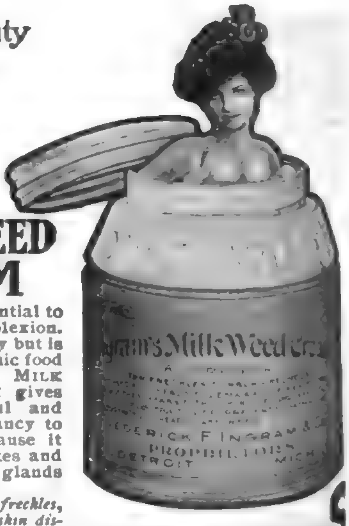
The Du Barry Scarf Only $1.95

We are selling these scarfs at this price in order to introduce our new and complete Fall and Winter Catalog of Trimmed Hats, Millinery, Furs, Shoes, Corsets, and Ladies' Wearing Apparel, sent free upon application.

If there is no express office convenient to you we will send the scarf by mail, postage paid, for $1.95, and will cheerfully refund the money if you are not satisfied with your purchase.

Chicago Mail Order & Millinery Co.
298-300 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

There is Beauty in every Jar.



Ingram's MILKWEED CREAM

is the one essential to a perfect complexion. It is not greasy but is the natural tonic food for the skin. MILK WEED CREAM gives that delightful and healthy brilliancy to the skin because it feeds, stimulates and nourishes the glands and tissues.

It removes tan, freckles, sunburn and all skin disfigurements by simply making the skin healthy. For proof of the popularity and efficacy of MILK WEED CREAM, we can refer you to the toilet tables of the most beautiful women in America. There is beauty in every jar.

Improves Bad Complexions.
Preserves Good Complexions.

Price, 50 cents a jar at druggists or by mail prepaid.

FREE—Send a stamp for a generous sample and "The Education of Edith."

FRED'K F. INGRAM & CO., 47 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich.

The Queen of Dress Fabrics

LANSDOWNE

Ask for the Genuine and

Insist

On seeing the perforation

WM.F.READ

Every three yards on the Selvedge

DENTACURA
TOOTH-PASTE

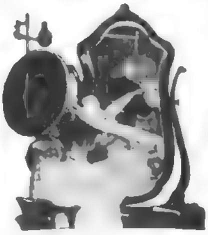
indorsed by 3,000 dentists, is the best

It cleans the teeth, heals and hardens the gums, sweetens the breath, and by destroying the harmful Bacteria of the mouth really becomes

TOOTH INSURANCE

At all druggists or direct for 25 cents.

Dentacura Co., Newark, N. J., U.S.A.



It's So Convenient

to dress the hair, adjust the waist-line, collar, and hat with

MEILINK'S ADJUSTABLE MIRROR

that you'll wonder how you ever did without it. For shaving the men will appreciate it, too. Until we get them into the stores we'll sell direct at the **Wholesale Price**, express paid, making the cost little more than a good hand mirror.

Send Your Name To-day for special introductory offer and complete description, prices, and photo of four styles and sizes. Bracket is made of steel, oxidized—French plate mirror, metal frame, handsome design. Instantly adjustable to any position or angle. Front, side, and back views at one glance. Easily attached to any wall. Folds up completely out of the way.

THE MEILINK MFG. CO., 1040 Jackson Avenue, Toledo, Ohio
Makers of Meilink's Home Deposit Vaults

DIRECTIONS

Cut out the Coupon along the dotted line, **sign** your name on the reverse side, **then** hand it with **fifteen cents** to any newsdealer and get the magnificent Christmas Number of *Collier's*.

The above Coupon is only good in buying the Christmas *Collier's*. The regular price of this Special Number is 25 cents, but with the Coupon you can get it for 15 cents. It will be on sale from December 3d until the day after Christmas, unless the supply becomes exhausted. Those who do not live near a news stand may send the Coupon and 15 cents to the publishers,

P. F. COLLIER & SON
416 424 West 13th St., NEW YORK

Good For 10 Cents

10c

This Coupon will be accepted by any Newsdealer or Bookseller in the United States or Canada as TEN CENTS CASH in purchasing the Christmas Number of Collier's—on sale December 3d. Regular price 25 Cents.

See space for signature of purchaser on opposite side.

Void After December 26th

P. F. Collier & Son
Publishers Collier's Weekly.

CUT OUT THE ABOVE COUPON *AFTER* READING THE DIRECTIONS

WE BELIEVE THAT THE CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER OF

Collier's

contains more good things than any magazine published. We are willing to back this belief to the extent of placing it in your hands FREE. We give you Ten Cents to buy this Twenty-five-cent number, the other fifteen cents going to the news company and the dealer. Turn to the other side of this page and look at the table of contents of this Christmas Number. No American periodical has ever combined such features: Winston Churchill's new novel, a new Sherlock Holmes story, a drawing by Gibson, and a painting in color by Frederic Remington are a few of the attractions.

(SEE OTHER SIDE)

SEE OFFER ON OTHER SIDE

P. F. COLLIER & SON: *Dec.*..........................*1903*

This is to certify that I have purchased the Christmas Number of Collier's Weekly by handing this Coupon and fifteen cents to a newsdealer.

Name of Purchaser..

The Space Below Reserved for the Newsdealer

who must write or stamp his name and address here.

Name of Newsdealer..

Address..

INSTRUCTIONS
to
NEWSDEALERS

Your News Company sent you full particulars how to handle our Coupons and the Christmas (Dec. 5th) Number of *Collier's Weekly*—look up their circular. The genuine signature of the bona fide purchaser must be written on the back of the Coupon. Unless the spaces on the Coupon (see opposite) are filled out as directed thereon the Coupon will not be redeemed by the News Company. All Coupons and all unsold copies of the Christmas (Dec. 5th) *Collier's* must be in the hands of the News Company on or before Dec. 31st, or no credit will be allowed.

P. F. COLLIER & SON

Winston Churchill's Louisiana Purchase Novel

It has been known that the author of "The Crisis" has been at work for nearly two years on a novel which was to deal with the period in American history made memorable by the Louisiana Purchase. Mr. Churchill has been heretofore adverse to the advance serial publication of his work, neither "Richard Carvel" nor "The Crisis" appearing in that form. The Editor of Collier's is fortunate in being able to announce that he has secured for immediate publication (beginning in the Christmas Number) his latest and most important work. While the novel in its entirety is too lengthy for a serial, the story of the famous Indian campaign under George Rogers Clark is in itself a thrilling contribution to American history, and under its title of "The Borderland" makes an admirable serial. One of the earliest scenes describes the battle of Charlestown, and introduces the reader to such famous characters as Daniel Boone and Andrew Jackson. No lover of American fiction or student of American history can afford to miss "The Borderland."

Sherlock Holmes—"Adventure of the Dancing Men"

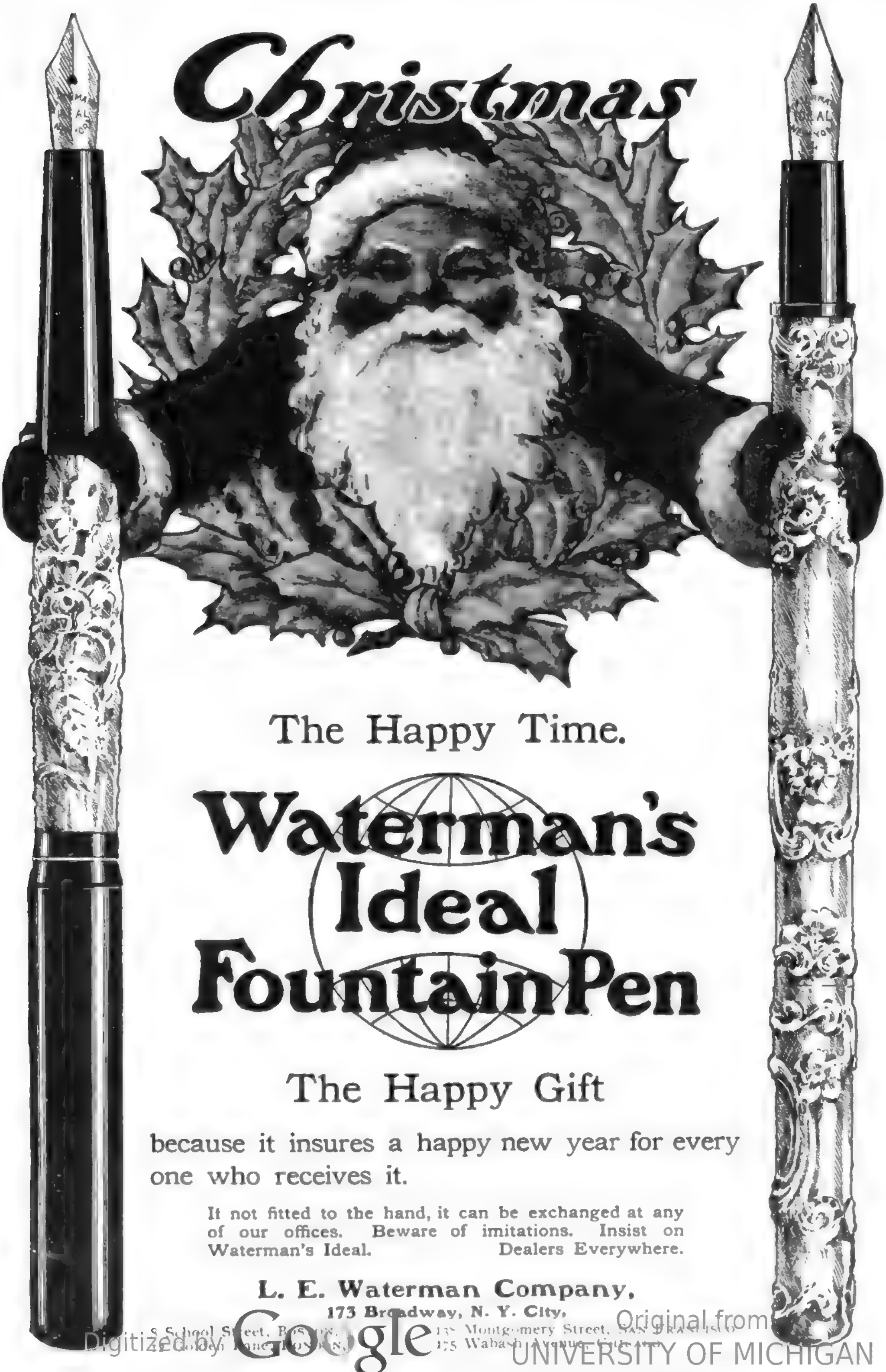
The third in Conan Doyle's new series of detective masterpieces. The problem presented to the great detective by the "Dancing Men" is one of the most difficult he has ever encountered. His solution of it is a triumph of deductive reasoning.

There will be a Sherlock Holmes story complete in every Household Number of Collier's, issued at the end of every month.

Art and Literary Features of the Christmas Collier's

The Christmas Number is rich in artistic color work. The cover, in five printings, is by F. X. Leyendecker. The double-page is a painting by Frederic Remington, depicting in color "The Fight for the Water Hole." There is a full-page drawing by Charles Dana Gibson, and another by A. B. Frost. The literary features are of equal diversity and interest Oliver Herford, Guy Wetmore Carryl, James Whitcomb Riley, Norman Hapgood, and others contribute fiction, poetry, and essays.

(SEE OTHER SIDE)



The Happy Time.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The Happy Gift

because it insures a happy new year for every one who receives it.

It not fitted to the hand, it can be exchanged at any of our offices. Beware of imitations. Insist on Waterman's Ideal. Dealers Everywhere.

L. E. Waterman Company,
173 Broadway, N. Y. City,
8 School Street, Boston.
[illegible] Golden Lane, London.
138 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.
175 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

SANTA CLAUS
MAGIC
J.W.SCRIBNER & CO.

ELECTRICAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

"What shall I give?" is the universal Christmas question.

Before buying your presents look over our list of attractive and useful "MAGIC" Electrical Novelties.

FOR LADIES We have artistic and practical presents; decorative and reading lamps, clocks, flower candles, etc.

FOR GENTLEMEN Canes, scarf-pins, cigar-lighters, and other substantial gifts.

FOR CHILDREN—Locomotives, trolleys, motors, telephones—dear to the heart of every child.

Our "**MAGIC" ELECTRICAL SEARCH-LIGHT** is an invaluable novelty for use in cellars, closets, stores or any place where there is danger of fire, or for children's use. **Absolutely safe and reliable.** You should have one. **Price $2.**

"**MAGIC" GOODS ARE GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION**—or your money back. Send a postal to-day for our illustrated catalog of Electrical Novelties.

J. W. SCRIBNER & CO.

169 Niagara Street Tonawanda, N. Y.

AGENTS—We have an attractive proposition. Write for particulars.

"JUST WHAT I WANTED"

He will be delighted if you present him with

Conklin's Self-Filling Pen.

He knows it is the highest quality, most perfect fountain pen in the world, a century ahead of the dropper filling kinds; the *only* fountain pen that can be filled automatically or that successfully feeds copying ink

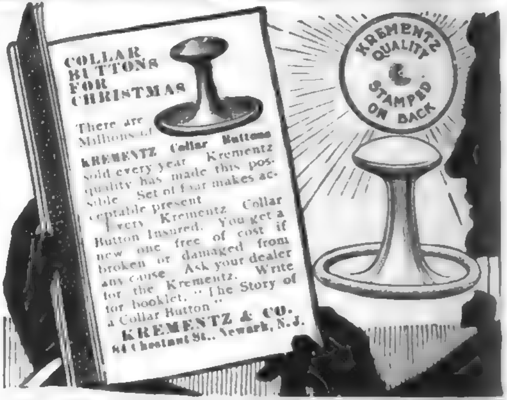
Mrs. Grover Cleveland Says:

Princeton, March 12th, 1903
Your pens would be pretty sure to have large sales here if they were once really known.

Mrs Grover Cleveland

OUR FREE BOOKS give further convincing evidence, and fifty original suggestions for correcting common errors in handwriting

The Conklin Pen Co. 480 Madison Ave. Toledo, O.



COLLAR BUTTONS FOR CHRISTMAS

There are Millions of **KREMENTZ Collar Buttons** sold every year. Krementz quality has made this possible. Set of four makes acceptable present.

Every Krementz Collar Button Insured. You get a new one free of cost if broken or damaged from any cause. Ask your dealer for the Krementz. Write for booklet, "The Story of a Collar Button."

KREMENTZ & CO.
84 Chestnut St., Newark, N.J.

The Greatest Optical Illusion OF THE AGE

SCIENTISTS NONPLUSSED
THEY CANNOT EXPLAIN IT

You can see the Bones in your Hand

THE X-RAY NOVELTY

sent prepaid to any address in U. S. or Canada upon receipt of

25 CENTS

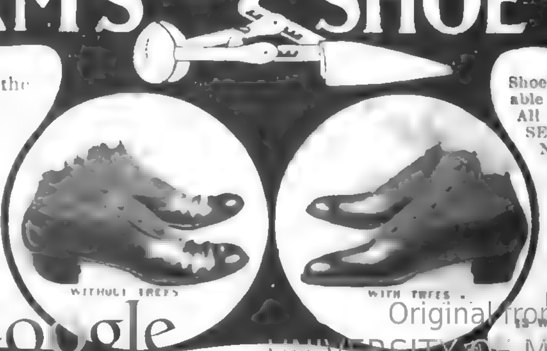
A WORLD'S FAIR SOUVENIR.

Special Terms to Agents.

X-RAY NOVELTY CO., 314 Mo. Trust Bldg., St. Louis, U.S.A.

LEADAM'S SHOE TREES

Take the curl out of the toe.
Hold the sole flat.
Prevent ill effects of wet leather.
Drive wrinkles out of the uppers.
Insure comfort.
Prolong the wear.
Keep the shoe like new.



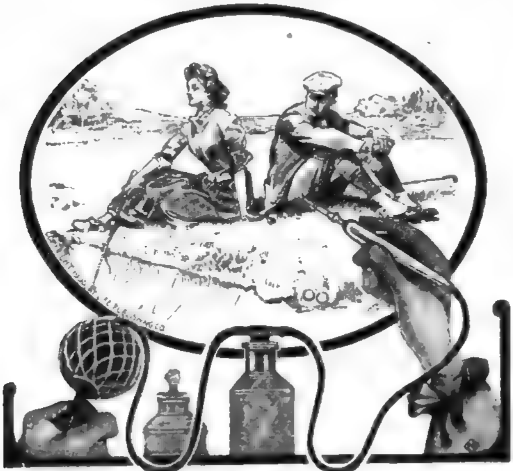
Shoe Trees become an indispensable article with you.

All progressive shoe dealers SELL Leadam Shoe Trees. Name on every pair.

If you cannot be supplied in your town, send direct to me, enclosing retail price of $1. State size of shoe and whether for man or woman.

Booklet sent free.

Lionel B. Leadam
13 West 27th St., NEW YORK



Gibson Pyrography

By contract with *Life* we have the **exclusive right to reproduce Gibson designs for Pyrography. Charles Dana Gibson** is the most famous living pen and ink artist, and his drawings are admirably adapted to Pyrographic reproduction.

Outfit No. 95 value **$2.50**, is temporarily offered for **$1.80**

A high-grade instrument, splendidly made, includes fine Platinum Point, Cork Handle, Rubber Tubing, Double Action Bulb, Metal Union Cork, Bottle, Alcohol Lamp, Two Pieces Stamped Practice Wood, and full instructions, all contained in neat Leatherette Box. For sale by your dealer or sent by us C.O.D. for examination. Write for our big **64-page catalogue** with colored inserts No. E 52—**Free.**

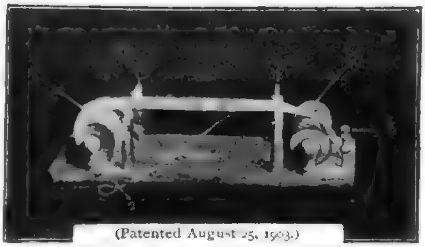
Illustrates hundreds of Gibson and other artistic designs on wood, ready for burning, together with all kinds of Pyrography outfits at lowest prices.

T&C CHICAGO This trade-mark on everything we make. It means quality. Call for T. & C. Pyrographic Goods.

THAYER & CHANDLER, **162-164 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago**

Largest Makers of Pyrography Goods in the World.

DOES BEADWORK INTEREST YOU?



(Patented August 25, 1903.)

We will send, for $2.00, prepaid, a box containing the following complete outfit: Oak Loom as per illustration; 25 Needles; 5 assorted packages Beads; spool of Thread; Instructions and 24 original Indian Designs. Send 4c for our illustrated catalogue of **INDIAN GOODS.**

Beads, all colors, 25 cents a bunch.

BENHAM INDIAN TRADING CO.,
Suc. to Hyde Exploring Expedition
188 West 42d Street, Near Broadway, **New York.**

PARKER LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PEN

What perplexities does Christmas time bring! No one is too old or too young not to be remembered at this season. I can simplify matters for you greatly. If you are in doubt as to what to buy and want to give something that will be a lasting reminder of the giver for many years, select a Parker Lucky Curve. It is an untold comfort to all who write, whether it is used once or 365 times a year. It is a present which will be appreciated by every one who writes.

PRICES

No. 1—$1.50. A splendid pen for little money.

Nos. 15 or 018—$2.00. A larger and better pen. Screw Joint or Jointless.

Nos. 20 or 020—$2.50. No better quality at any price. A most popular pen.

Nos. 023, Hexagon—$3.00. New style. Will not roll from desk.

Nos. 024 or 24—$4.00. Screw Joint or Jointless. Large size pen. Father, brother, or any gentleman would consider this pen a treasure

No. 25—$5.00. Larger than No. 24. Sort of a jumbo. Holds lots of ink.

No. 6—$3.00. Gold band. Distinctively a lady's pen.

No. 11—$6.00. Gold-covered barrel. Very handsome.

No. 12—$6.00. Pearl and Gold; makes a beautiful and dainty present to either lady or gentleman.

No. 30—$10. Full gold cover. Beautiful and rich enough to be handed down as an heirloom.

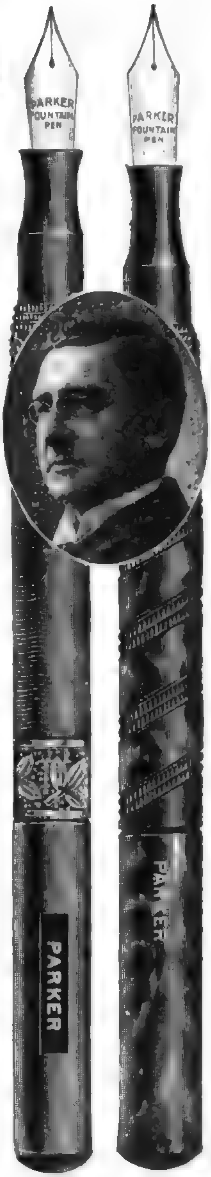
No. 40—$20. Positively the most magnificent looking pen ever made. Engraved gold-covered cap and barrel. Space reserved for engraving name of owner in the center of the barrel. (This also applies to the No. 30.)

The foregoing are all especially fine goods. My catalogue shows engravings of all these styles, as well as others. May I not mail you a copy, and, at the same time, give you the name of one or more of the 9,000 dealers who sell the "Lucky Curve"? In event there is no one in your locality please order direct.

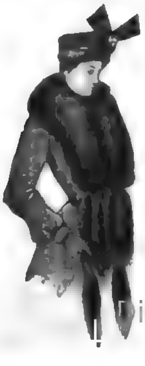
Some people have ordered as many as a dozen Parker Pens for Christmas presents. Kindly write me to-day.

GEO. S. PARKER
The Parker Pen Co.
38 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

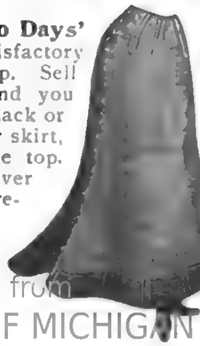
P. S.—If you will state in your letter that you are an INTENDING PURCHASER of a fountain pen I will send send you complimentary a 6-in. Aluminum Rule and Paper Cutter on receipt of stamps for postage; to others, 12 cents.



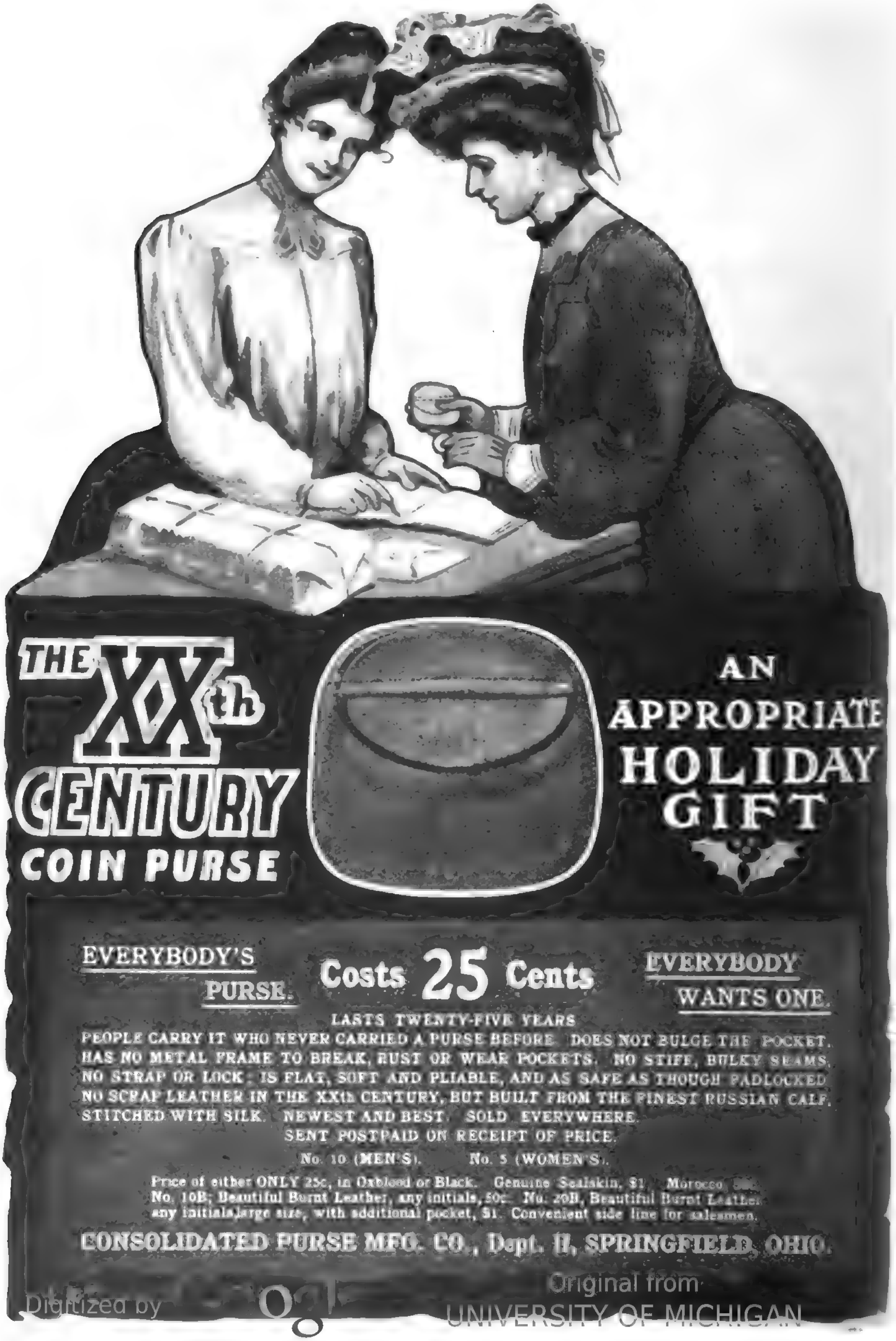
THIS FUR SCARF OR SKIRT EASILY EARNED



Simply send us your name, **no money,** we will send you **on 30 Days' Trial** 24 "THE BEST" SKIRT SUPPORTERS, the only satisfactory device ever invented for holding the waist down and the skirt up. Sell at sight at **25c** each. Send us the money collected and we will send you for your trouble either this beautiful fur scarf, very latest style, black or brown Arctic Fur; or the latest style novelty goods, Oxford gray skirt, 9 rows stitching around the bottom; 4 to 8 inch straps around the top. Scarf or skirt worth $7 at retail. Nothing like them or as good ever offered as premiums before. We give over 100 other desirable premiums. Send us your name to-day.



SMITH NOVELTY CO.
508 Madison St., Toledo, Ohio



THE XXth CENTURY COIN PURSE

AN APPROPRIATE HOLIDAY GIFT

EVERYBODY'S PURSE. **Costs 25 Cents** EVERYBODY WANTS ONE.

LASTS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

PEOPLE CARRY IT WHO NEVER CARRIED A PURSE BEFORE. DOES NOT BULGE THE POCKET. HAS NO METAL FRAME TO BREAK, RUST OR WEAR POCKETS. NO STIFF, BULKY SEAMS. NO STRAP OR LOCK; IS FLAT, SOFT AND PLIABLE, AND AS SAFE AS THOUGH PADLOCKED. NO SCRAP LEATHER IN THE XXth CENTURY, BUT BUILT FROM THE FINEST RUSSIAN CALF, STITCHED WITH SILK. NEWEST AND BEST. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

SENT POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

No. 10 (MEN'S). No. 5 (WOMEN'S).

Price of either ONLY 25c, in Oxblood or Black. Genuine Sealskin, $1. Morocco [illegible] No. 10B; Beautiful Burnt Leather, any initials, 50c. No. 20B, Beautiful Burnt Leather any initials, large size, with additional pocket, $1. Convenient side line for salesmen.

CONSOLIDATED PURSE MFG. CO., Dept. H, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

The Wanamaker Store

A Christmas Piano

Have you thought of giving somebody a piano for Christmas, and dismissed it as impossible because of the expense? Let us tell you an easy way to accomplish it, and to secure an excellent piano at a moderate total cost.

By Paying Ten Dollars

you can include the piano among the gifts on Christmas morning, and while you are paying the remainder of the price, in easy sums of six dollars a month, *the piano is in undisturbed possession and use.*

And this ideal arrangement costs you absolutely nothing—you merely assume the interest, at 4 per cent. per annum, on the unpaid part—a plain business proposition.

But the piano—is it worth buying? Yes—decidedly so. It's

The Frederick Doll Piano at $185

and we can conscientiously and heartily recommend it. In fact, we control its sale exclusively, so convinced are we of its merits.

That's worth noting, for it is hard to get a thoroughly trustworthy piano at a moderate price. There are many pretty pianos, with nicely polished cases, that soon prove to be hollow shams and worthless rattle-boxes. The Frederick Doll Pianos, on the other hand, are built for a lifetime. We sought long and carefully until we were sure that in them we had secured the maximum of quality combined with the lowest safe price.

They are as pleasing in tonal characteristics to the musical ear as they are in appearance to the artistic eye; and, of course, are fully guaranteed.

We ship the Frederick Doll Pianos to any point in the United States on the above terms, and shall be glad to answer any requests for information by mail.

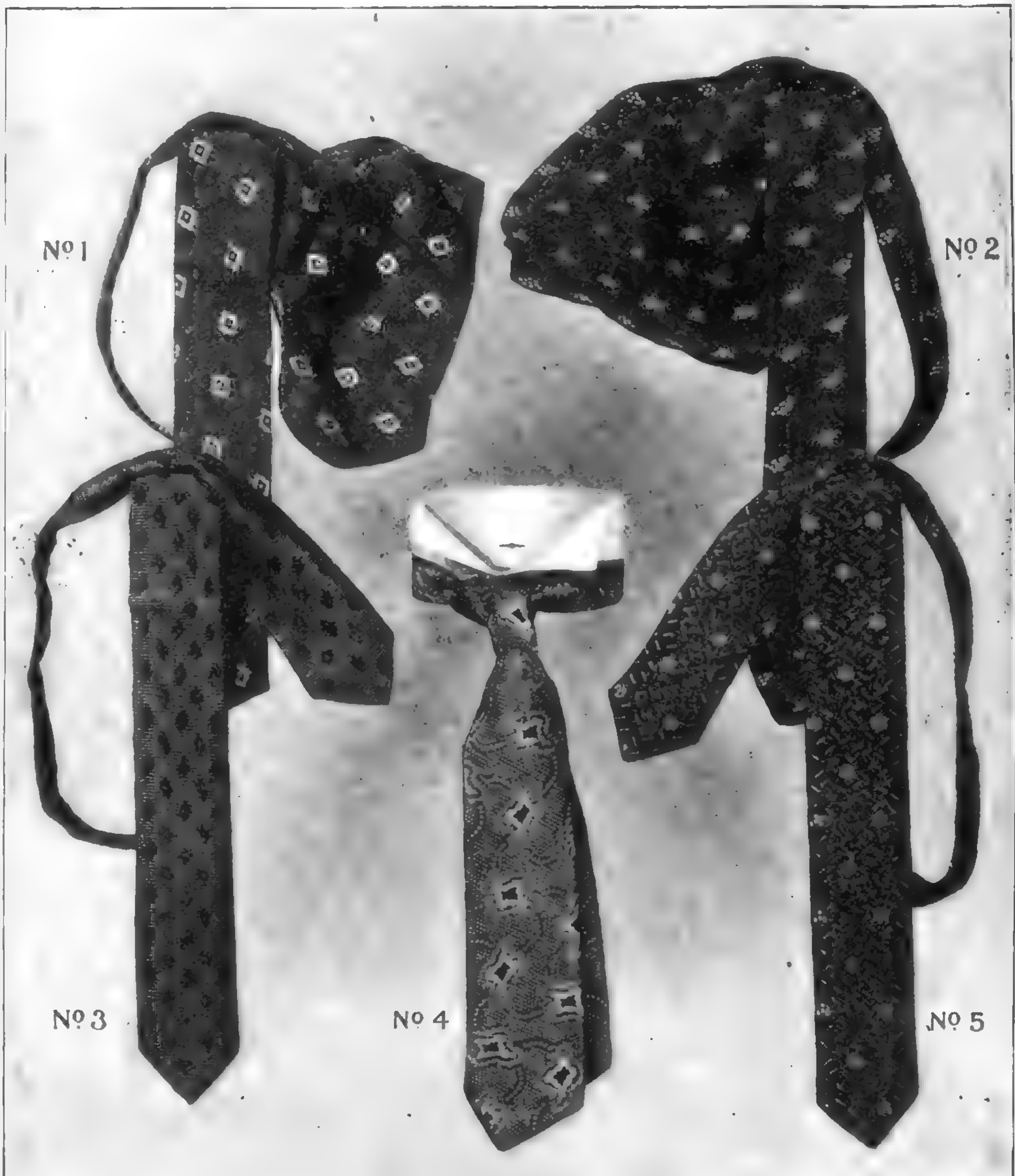
Think it over—how easy it is, by this plan, to secure the delight of a piano at home, or to give a present, at an outlay so arranged as to be hardly noticeable, that will give lasting enjoyment.

JOHN WANAMAKER, NEW YORK

Men's and Women's Gloves at $1

No. 1 – Women's Princess Louise Glace Gloves, 2-clasp; Paris point stitching; in tans, mode, gray, beaver, white, pearl, black. $1 pair
No. 2 – Women's Cape Walking Gloves; 1-clasp; outseam; mannish style; Russia tanned; in tans, Manila, Havana, oak, white. $1 pair.
No. 3 - Men's Cape Walking Gloves, 1-clasp, outseam; in tans, also pique glace and gray suede. $1 pair.
No. 4 Men's Glace Gloves, 1-clasp, overseam, white or black, for dress. All these gloves sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Neatly boxed if desired for Christmas giving.

JOHN WANAMAKER, NEW YORK



Men's Scarfs for Holiday Giving

Two of the most popular styles of Men's Neckwear—Folded Squares and Narrow Four-in-Hands. Illustrations merely show general shape and effect; patterns may vary slightly, as the assortment of designs and colors is very large.

No. 1, Folded Square, dark colors, **$1.** **No. 2,** Folded Square, black or blue with red or white figures, **50c.** **No. 3,** French 2-in. Four-in-Hand, many color-combinations, **$1.** **No. 4.** Folded Square, great variety of colors and designs, **$1.50.** **No. 5,** 2-in. Four-in-Hand, **50c.**

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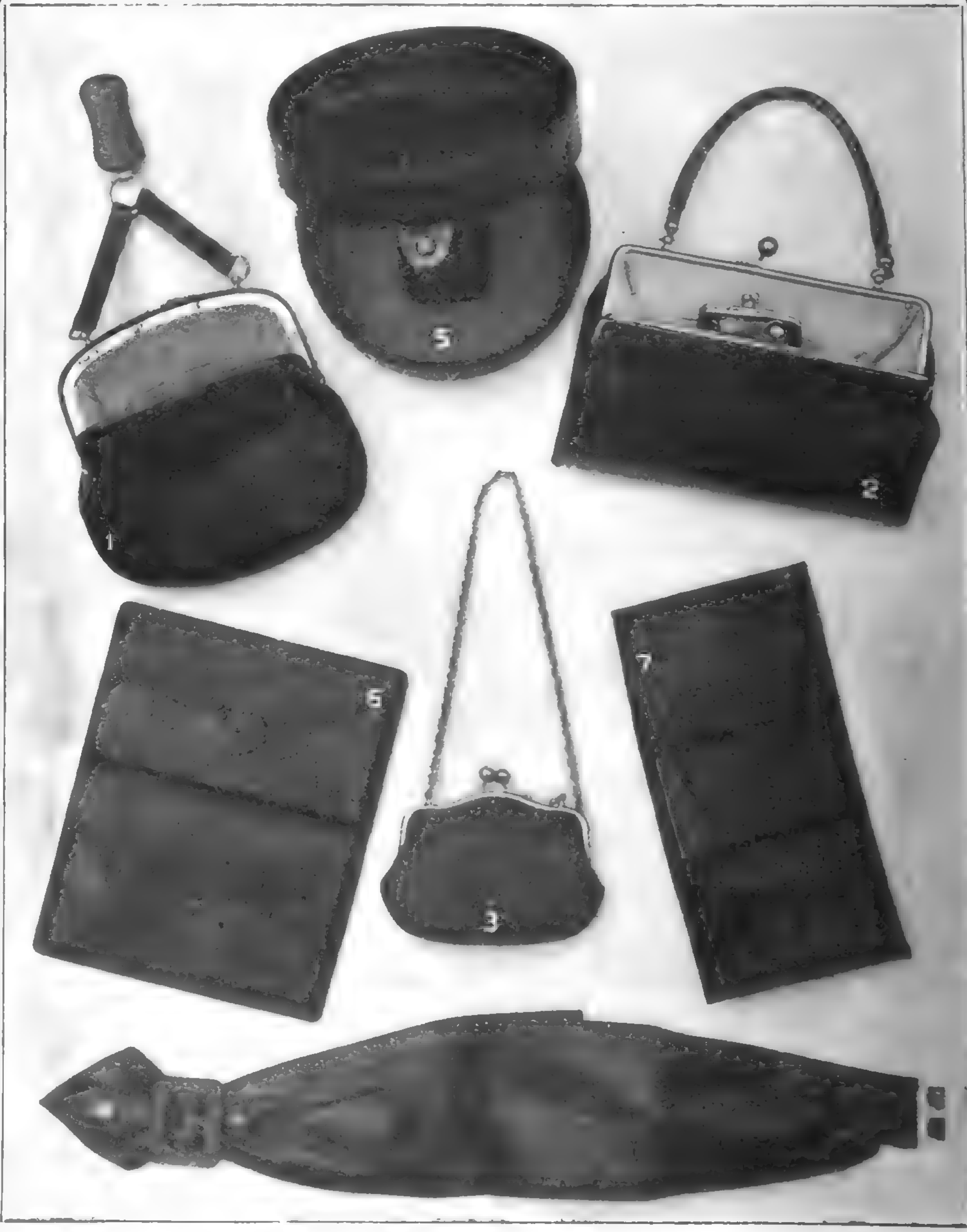

Useful Leather Articles

No. 1 Women's Chatelaine Bag, real seal or morocco; black, tan, or brown, with safety hook, **$1.** Others, $1.50, $2, $2.25 to $2.75.
No. 2 Women's Automobile Bag, red, green, blue, or black leather, nickel or gilt frames, inside purse, **$1.** Others, 50c, $1.50, $2 to $10.
No. 3 Children's Wrist Bags, grain walrus; chain or leather handle, **25c.** Others, of real seal, walrus, or lizard, 50c, $1, $1.25.
No. 4 Women's Crushed Leather Belt, latest novelty, in black, white, red, blue, green, 4 in. wide in back, 1½ in. buckle. **$1.50.**
No. 5 Men's [illegible] Box, in black leather, with scarf-pin and stud holders. A handy traveling article. **$1.50.**
No. 6 Men's Wallet, in black seal, **$2.25.** Others, in black grain leather, 50c, 75c, $1; in real seal, $1.50 to $5.
No. 7 Men's Card Case, with coin purse and bill fold, in black seal, **$1.50.** Others, in black grain, 90c and $1; alligator and walrus, $1.50 to $2.75.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price

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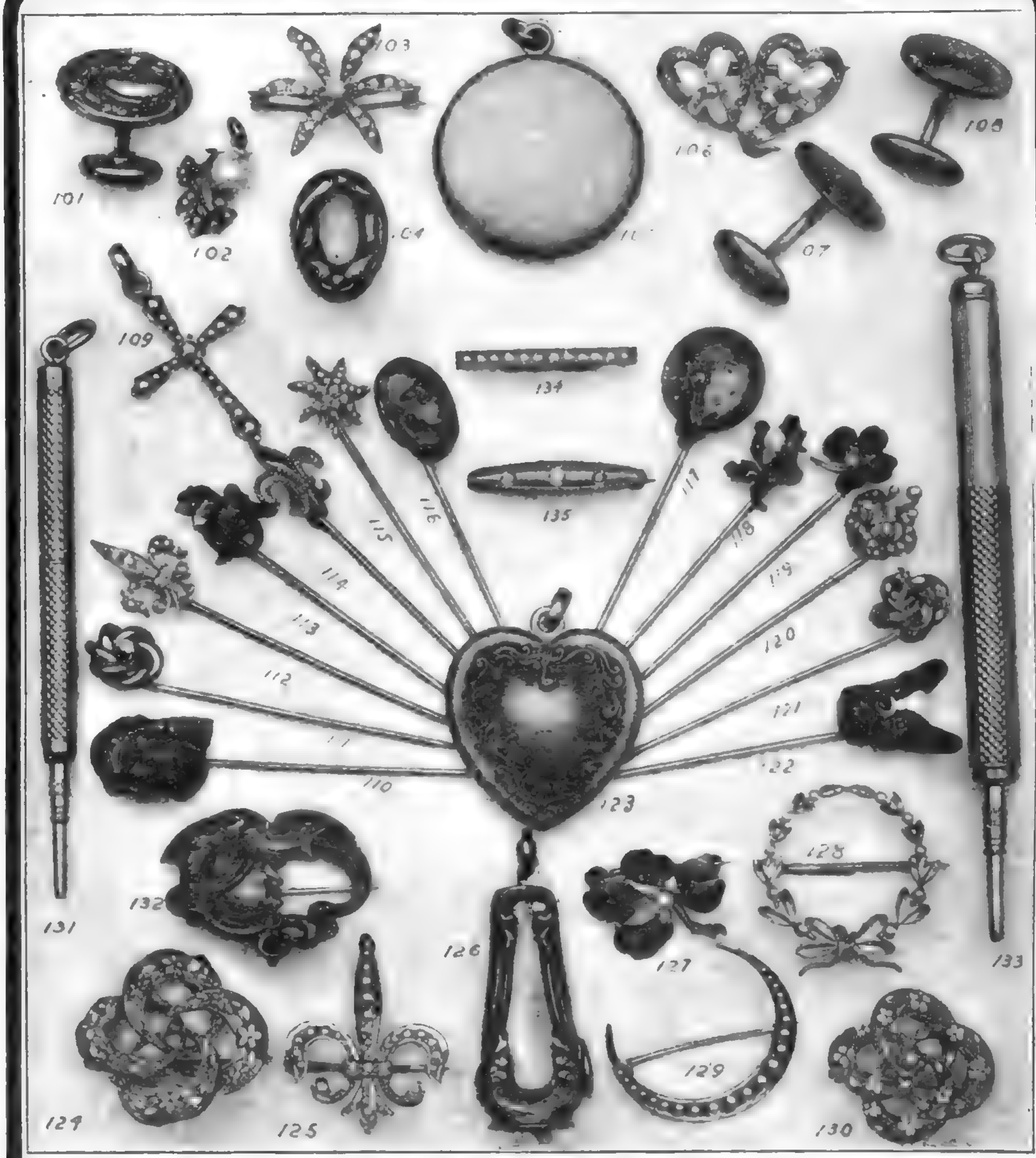
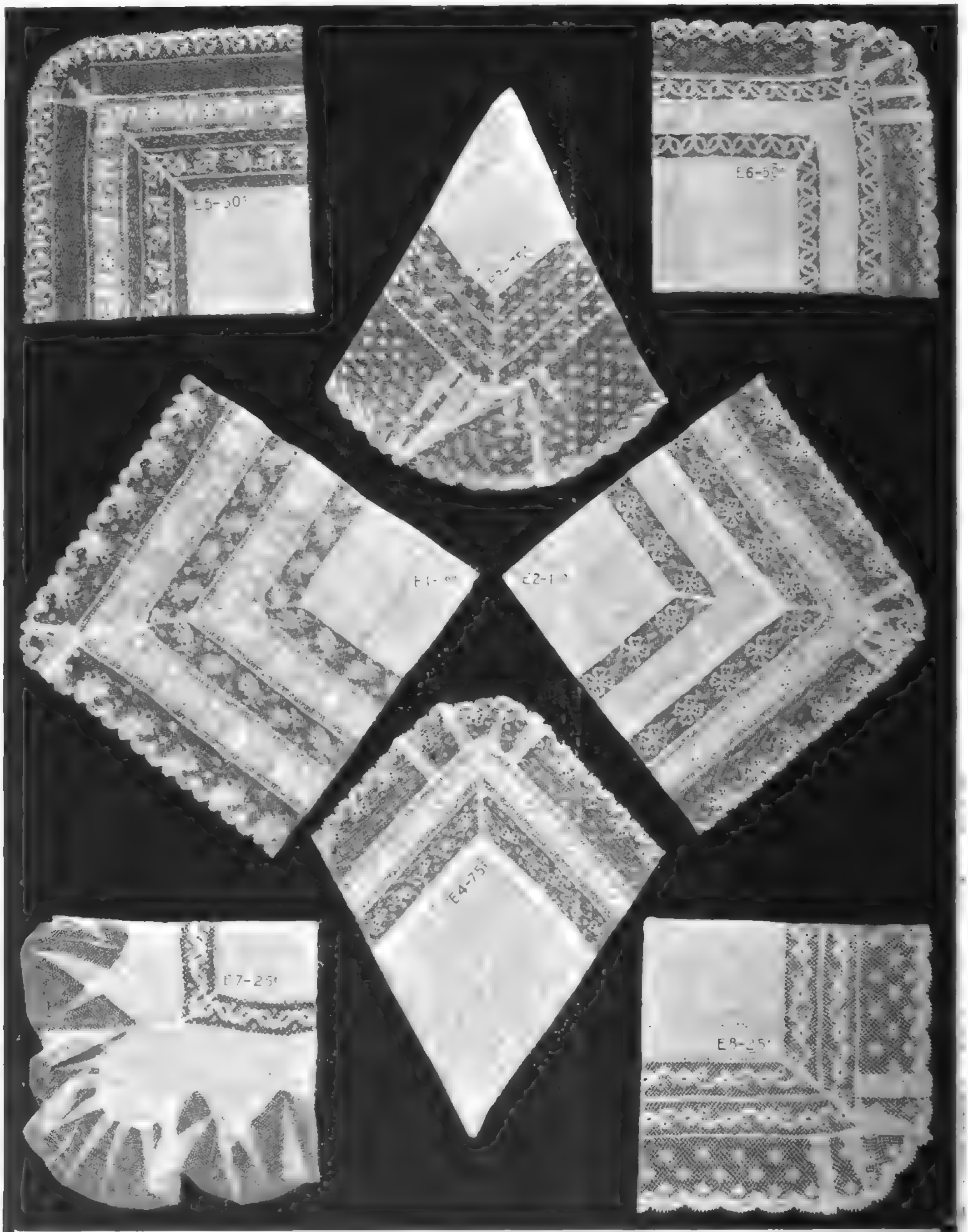


CHRISTMAS GIFTS IN 14-K. GOLD

No. 101	Men's Cuff Links, rose finish gold	$5.50	pair
No. 102	La Valliere, gold and pearl	5.50	
No. 103	Flower Brooch, gold and pearl	8.25	
No. 104	Men's Tie Clip, rose finish gold	5	
No. 105	Locket, openings for two pictures	9.	
No. 106	Enameled Brooch, gold and pearl	5.75	
No. 107	Men's Cuff Links, Roman finish	5.	pair
No. 108	Men's Cuff Links, diamonds and gold	9.	pair
No. 109	Cross Pendant, gold and pearl	7.50	
No. 110	Men's Scarf Pin, enameled Head	6.75	
No. 111	Men's Scarf Pin, gold with diamond Knot	6.50	
No. 112	Men's Scarf Pin, pearl and gold Fleur-de-lis	4.	
No. 113	Men's Scarf Pin, pearl and rose finish Dragon	2.75	
No. 114	Men's Scarf Pin, gold Fleur-de-lis	1.75	
No. 115	Men's Scarf Pin, pearl and gold Sunburst	4.	
No. 116	Men's Scarf Pin, rose finish Head	2.25	
No. 117	Men's Scarf Pin, diamond and enamel Head	7.50	
No. 118	Men's Scarf Pin, rose finish Flower	2.25	
No. 119	Men's Scarf Pin, pearl and enamel Clover	$1.75	
No. 120	Men's Scarf Pin, gold and pearl Crown	7.50	
No. 121	Men's Scarf Pin, gold and enamel Knot	2.50	
No. 122	Men's Scarf Pin, enamel Bull-dog, ruby eyes	7.50	
No. 123	Heart Locket, rose finish	10	
No. 124	Brooch, gold and enamel	5	
No. 125	Brooch, gold and pearl Fleur-de-lis	9.50	
No. 126	Cigar Cutter, rose finish	9.	
No. 127	Brooch, gold and pearl Clover-leaf	5	
No. 128	Brooch, gold and pearl Wreath	7.50	
No. 129	Brooch, gold and pearl Crescent	8.75	
No. 130	Brooch, pearl and enamel Knot	8.25	
No. 131	Gold Pencil (women's)	5.50	
No. 132	Brooch, rose finish, Art Nouveau	3.75	
No. 133	Gold Pencil (men's)	8	
No. 134	Bar Pins, gold and pearl	5.75	pair
No. 135	Cuff Pins, gold with turquoise or pearls	3.50	pair

All the above articles are illustrated in exact size; all are solid 14-K. gold with genuine jewels. They will be sent, postpaid, anywhere in the United States upon receipt of price.

JOHN WANAMAKER, NEW YORK



Pretty Lace Handkerchiefs

A few samples from a large stock. Pure linen centers; all handsomely laundered. Put up in neat box, if desired. Nos. E1 and E2, $1 each; Nos E3 and E4, 75c each; Nos. E5 and E6, 50c each; Nos. E7 and E8, 25c; postpaid. Pretty and appropriate for Christmas gifts.

Write for Handkerchief Booklet with fuller descriptions.

JOHN WANAMAKER, NEW YORK

A HANDSOME GIFT
Shawknit
TRADE MARK
CHRISTMAS PACKAGE
Shawknit
Shawknit
Shawknit
1001

Even photography at its best cannot do justice to our latest creation in men's half hose as shown herewith.

These goods have "that silky look"—minus the cost of silk, plus ten times the wear. The colorings are beautifully blended and are positively permanent. We will fill immediate orders for trial pair or half dozen pairs to our friends desiring a useful, economical, and pleasing present for the holidays. *Order to-day.*

Style M1. Super Cotton Lisle, Black ground with mottled stripes of Royal Purple and Apple Green, softly blended.

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Correct weight for Fall and Winter. Toes and heels reinforced. Sizes 9 to 11½ inclusive.

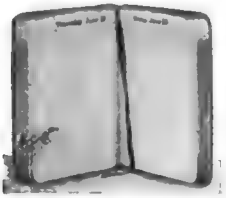
50c. per pair or 6 pairs in beautiful Christmas box (like illustration), $3.00.

Post or express charges paid to any part of the U. S. upon receipt of price.

Our latest catalogue showing styles and colors, ***FREE.***

THE SHAW STOCKING CO., 72 Shaw Street, LOWELL, MASS.

"Now go, write it before them on a table, and note it in a book."—*Isaiah xxx, 8.*



Don't Worry

If you are engaged in business, in a profession, or in no occupation whatever, you should

Keep a Diary

It renders worry unnecessary, it makes you keep your engagements. It is a record of your daily life, and becomes an invaluable autobiography. Entries in diaries have been the means of winning lawsuits.

Huebsch's YEAR BOOK For 1904

is the best, simplest, and cheapest diary published.

As a gift it excels, for it is used daily and constantly recalls the giver. Get one for yourself too.

No. 23.	Cloth,	6 x 9,	for 1904,	$0.75	Prepaid
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Nos. 23 and 24, yellow writing paper; Nos. 25 and 26, primrose bond paper; Nos. 27 and 29, white bond paper.

An individual name on the cover in gold, 15 cents extra.

Grover Cleveland says: "I hardly know how I should get on without one."

An attractively illustrated circular with endorsements of eminent people sent on request.

B. W. HUEBSCH, Publisher

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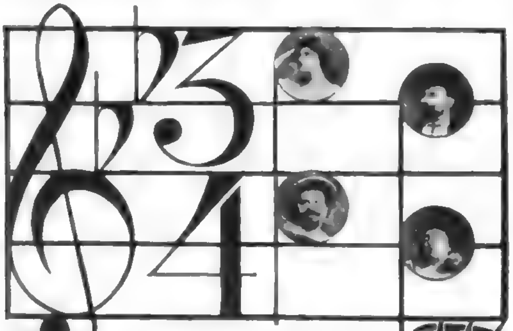

Earn While You Learn

Our system makes it possible for you to begin earning money after your first lesson.

We teach the newest, best methods of Musical Notation, Musical Kindergarten, etc., etc. We teach by correspondence; supply the material complete with the first lesson. You can **organize a class, and teach at once.** One pupil got 70 pupils in two weeks, another got 50. Anyone can teach our system of Musical Kindergarten.

You can earn money and make this course free while you are learning.

Send for Free Illustrated Booklet.

SWEET-WHITNEY, 607 The Gilbert, 401 Monroe St.
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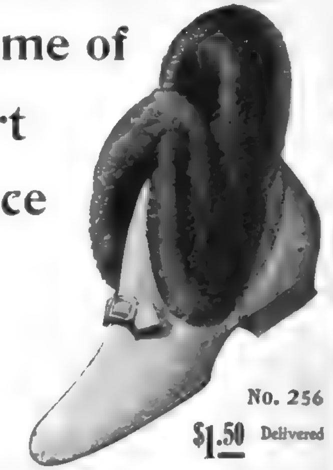
The Acme of Comfort Elegance and Ease



No. 256

$1.50 Delivered

FELT ROMEOS

FOR WOMEN

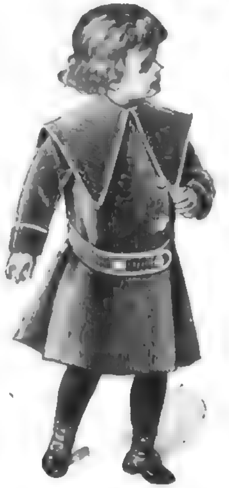
Made of fine pure wool-felt richly fur bound. Soles of noiseless belting leather. Colors: Black, Red, Brown, Drab, Green, and Blue.

Send for new catalogue showing many styles

DANIEL GREEN FELT SHOE CO.
119 West 23d Street, New York

BEST & Co

LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR



Child's Corduroy Coats

Box back, collar, and belt with cording of satin; colors—brown and tan; sizes—2 and 3 years,

$6.00

Our Fall and Winter Catalogue

will be sent for **4 cents** postage. Describes over 2,000 articles—1,000 of which are illustrated—for the Complete Outfitting of **Boys, Girls, and Infants.**

We have no branch stores—no agents

Correspondence receives prompt attention.

Address Dept. 42

60-62 W. 23d St. NEW YORK

Going all 'Round the world

100,000 dozen every year

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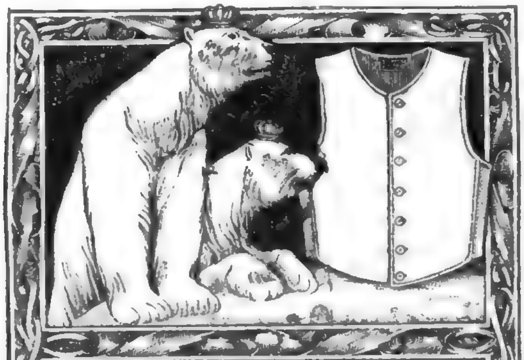
FLAT CLASP Garter

Will not catch in clothing or hurt the leg.
Made of pure silk web—all colors.
At dealers, 25c—or by mail.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
718 Market Street, Philadelphia.
Makers of Pioneer Suspenders.



FROST KING AND FROST QUEEN CHAMOIS VESTS

are intended for those days in winter—cold—damp—raw—days which make it so disagreeable—and some times, dangerous—to go out of doors.

A great many men and women have one of these vests ready to slip on during just such weather. They not only mean comfort—but in addition—freedom from pneumonia, coughs, colds, and all chest and lung troubles.

These garments are made of specially-tanned chamois skin, reinforced with the finest grade of flannel. They cannot be made warmer—or better. Perfect fitting—light—and comfortable. Price, $3.00 each. Ask your druggist to show you a Frost King or Frost Queen Chamois Vest.

"Health and Comfort"—a booklet—sent upon request. Please mention your dealer's name.

Bauer & Black 306 25th Street Chicago U S A

Underwear

becomes soiled more quickly in Winter than in Summer.

In Summer there's no doubt about it, but in Winter—well, that's different.

Yet in Winter so many people put on heavy, clammy wool which grips the dirt, and if truly cleansed by boiling it just about fits your son and heir.

Belfast Mesh

Linen Underwear

is *made of linen.* It is clean to look upon and its "feel" is delightful—no creep, tickle, or itch. It is warmer than wool.

It can be boiled and thus thoroughly cleansed.

"Belfast Mesh" is guaranteed to wear to the satisfaction of the purchaser—it is the only linen underwear that shows this confidence in its wearing qualities.

Our book and samples of the fabric sent free on request.

Belfast Mesh is for sale by good dealers everywhere. Do not accept any other "linen mesh" which a dealer may try to sell you for greater profit. If he won't supply you—we will. Write to us.

THE BELFAST MESH UNDERWEAR CO.
340 Mechanic St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Pose by the author, "Breaking a chain"

READ
LUNG and MUSCLE CULTURE
The most instructive book ever published on the vital subject of
Breathing and Exercise
64 pages. Fully illustrated. 200,000 already sold. Correct and Incorrect Breathing described by diagrams, etc. Book sent on receipt of 10 cents.
P. von BOECKMANN, R. S.
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Est. 1878
DR SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH
The Scalp Renovator
My brush is an especially acceptable
Holiday Gift
to people afflicted with hair or scalp disorders. It revitalizes the hair and helps it to a healthy growth, besides preventing it from falling out. Dandruff is unknown where one of my brushes is used. The brush is made of pure bristle in five sizes. Postpaid to any address.

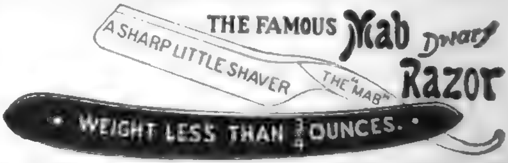
No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5
$1.00	$1.50	$2.00	$2.50	$3.00

Prices differ *only* according to size and power. I cheerfully refund your entire purchase price at the end of 30 days if the brush *does not* do exactly as I promise. *My treatise on electricity mailed* free.
DR. GEO. A. SCOTT, 870 Broadway, N.Y.
Responsible Agents Wanted.

"A Woman is as old as she looks."

GRAY HAIR MADE BROWN
If you would keep from looking old when you are young, once a month dip your comb in
MRS. POTTER'S WALNUT JUICE HAIR STAIN
and your hair will keep a beautiful brown.
Trial Size—To convince you that Mrs. Potter's Walnut Juice is the best and purest Hair Stain in the world, we will mail you, prepaid, a trial package on receipt of 25 cents to cover the expense. Regular size, enough for a year, mailed on receipt of $1.00; also for sale at druggists'.
Write for "Cupid's Tools."
MRS. POTTER'S HYGIENIC DEPOT
Suite 817, Groton Building, Cincinnati, O.

THE FAMOUS Mab Dwarf Razor



The razor **famous** in all Europe. Made of the finest **English tempered steel** (secret process); shaped in accord with new scientific principles; requires less **stropping** than any other razor. It starts the beginner right, and is a revelation to the experienced. Money back after 10 days' trial if you don't see it that way. Our booklet, "**The Art of Shaving**," free.
PRICE $1.50 Postpaid
THE MAB CO. OF AMERICA
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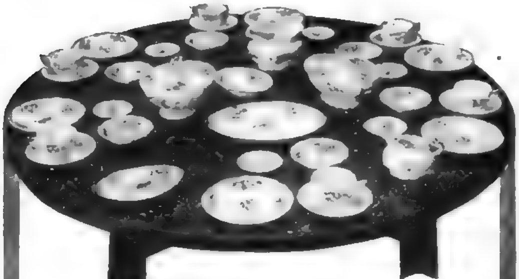
508 Spruce Street SCRANTON, PA.

Mme. Robinnaire's
Walnut Hair Dye
instantly restores faded or gray hair, or whiskers to the natural color and by its wonderful natural qualities stops falling hair, stimulates growth, nourishes the scalp, cures dandruff, maintains cleanliness and glossiness. Three or four applications a year will keep your hair to its natural color, and keep your scalp healthy. Small size, 25c; four times the quantity 75c—sent anywhere, prepaid. Order direct from us, or from your druggist; but remember the name—Robinnaire's. Send for free booklet.
JACOBS' PHARMACY COMPANY, 41 Whitehall Street, Atlanta, Ga.



"Come to My Party"

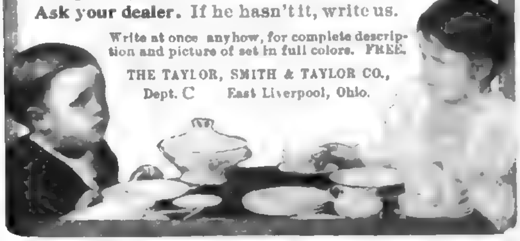
The newest, prettiest, most fascinating Xmas gift for a little girl.

Little Hostess Dinner Set

Designed for children's *practical* use. Smaller but otherwise exactly like full sized dishes. Delicate rosebud and gold design on clear white porcelain ground. Dishes for six. All the fun of the "real thing" with this novel set. Look for this pottery mark.

VITREOUS

Ask your dealer. If he hasn't it, write us.



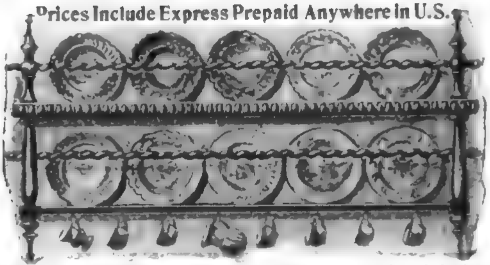
Write at once anyhow, for complete description and picture of set in full colors. FREE.

THE TAYLOR, SMITH & TAYLOR CO.,
Dept. C East Liverpool, Ohio.

EXTRA SPECIALS: **Beautiful, decorative, "out of the usual"** *yet useful* **gifts which every woman appreciates.**

FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

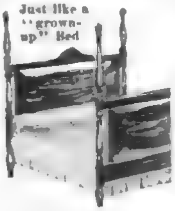
Prices Include Express Prepaid Anywhere in U.S.



DOUBLE TIER **Colonial Plate Shelf** *Decorates the whole dining room.* 40 in. long. Colonial turnings, twist and carved rails. Holds 20 pieces. *Retails $5.* Finest waxed finish Golden or Brown Oak. **Express paid, $2.50. Solid Mahogany, $3.25.**

For any dresser or dressing table

Just like a "grown-up" Bed



Mirror Stand *Prettiest yet.* Carved solid Mahogany. Mirror top. Diameter, 14 in. *Retails $10.* **Prepaid, $5.75.**

Dressing Stool *Every woman wants one.* Lifting lid, work-box underneath. **Any wood.** Top, 16 x 16. **Prepaid, $5.50.**

Doll's Bed *For the little folks.* Extra strong, solid mahogany, 24 in. long, **$3.75.** Hair mattress and roll bolster, **$1.25.**

ORDER TO-DAY *direct from this ad.*—**by mail or telegraph.** Each piece is fine and will **please thoroughly.** If you haven't our catalog **write for one at once**—*it's full of good things.*

Linn Murray Furniture Co., Ltd. **Grand Rapids, Mich.**

For Christmas

LAUGHLIN FOUNTAIN PEN

The noblest gift of all

SENT ON APPROVAL

to responsible people. To test Everybody's Magazine as an advertising medium we offer your choice of

These Two Popular Styles for Only **$1.00** Postpaid to any Address.

(By registered mail, 8 cents extra.)

Finest quality hard rubber holder in four simple parts, highest grade, large size 14-K. **solid gold pen.**

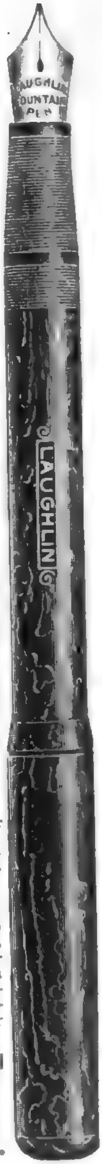
Either style richly gold mounted for presentation purposes, $1.00 extra. **Grand special offer.** Try the pen a week; if you do not find it as represented—a finer value than you can secure for **three times the price** in any other make—return it and we will send you $1.10 for it; the extra **10 cents** is for your trouble in writing us and to prove our confidence in the Laughlin Pen.

Illustration on left is full size of lady's style; on right, gentleman's style. A Safety Pocket Pen Holder sent free of charge with each pen.

LADIES:—To a young man or an old man, to a married man or a single man, there is nothing in the world more appropriate, more welcome or useful, either as a holiday or birthday gift, philopena souvenir, card prize, or keepsake, than a Laughlin Fountain Pen, which is ever ready, ever handy, and ever suggestive of the giver.

Lay this Everybody's down and write **now.** Address

LAUGHLIN MFG. CO.
962 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.



Accident Proof Cribs

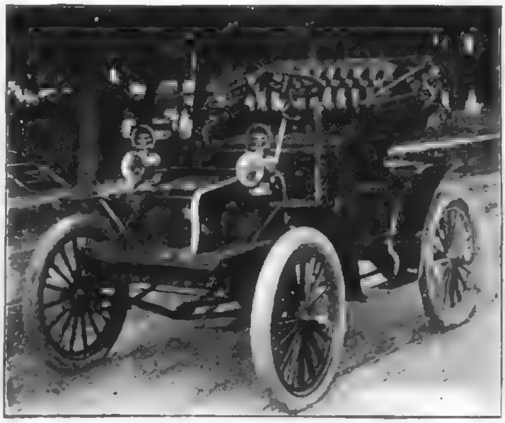
with **high sliding sides** and **closely spaced spindles,** prevent **Mothers worrying,** as the **Baby can't fall out,** climb over, or stick its head through. Fitted with high-grade woven wire spring and finished in white enamel or colors. Ask your dealer for **Foster's No. 40 Ideal Crib.**

All our goods bear this trade-mark

For illustrated booklet address

Foster Bros. Mfg. Co., **100 Broad Street, Utica, N. Y.**
1405 N. 16th Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Manufacturers of Foster's Ideal Spring Beds and Mattresses and the "Ideal" line of Iron Beds, Cribs, Divans, etc.



RUNABOUT, $1,250, COMPLETE

Every car advertises a "star performance," mostly made under conditions selected by the operator. This confuses purchasers. The

HAYNES-APPERSON CARS

have been started under conditions imposed by others seventeen times, winning first honors every time with stock cars. That means reliability of the kind no one else has proved.

Our catalogue gives full information. Inquirers are urged to visit our factory, where every detail of Haynes-Apperson superiority can be seen and fully understood.

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KOKOMO, IND., - - U. S. A.

The oldest makers of motor cars in America

Members of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

Branch store: 1420 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

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Flosilk

THE IDEAL MATTRESS

A better mattress than the world has ever known—safe, sanitary, satisfying. Filled with a silky, fibrous, purely vegetable material that positively

WILL NOT PACK

like Hair, Cotton, and Felt

Lighter by many pounds than any other mattress: strictly odorless and proof against vermin

Better in every way than hair and costs less

BEST DEALERS SELL IT

Booklet "G" tells all you want to know about FLOSILK Mattresses. Sent free.

WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY

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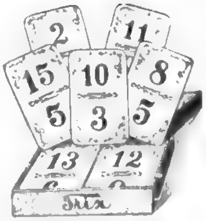

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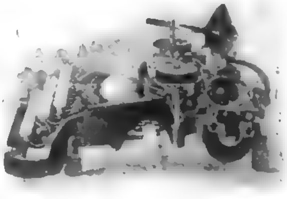

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Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive, free, particulars and rates of policies for $
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AND GET A BETTER SMOKE

Not only do we guarantee to save you 50 per cent. of ordinary retail cigar prices, but to suit your taste as well, and, if you are not entirely satisfied, to refund your money without question or argument

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We do not seek to crowd upon you some one cigar which we think good, but we offer you your choice of a large line of time-tested, popular brands which we formerly made for jobbers and [illegible] now sell

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Our proposition rests upon our ability to please you and thousands like you continuously and permanently. We have done this for many years with the jobbers, salesmen, and retailers between us; why not all the more so now **dealing direct,** especially when

Saving You One-Half Your Smoking Expense?

We have a simple method of ascertaining your preference, easier than testing out dealers' showcases. We send you varied assortments so that you can make your own choice without recommendations from us or from others

Having selected your cigar—the smoke which suits you—you may count upon getting the same cigars every time, by the box, just as you want them, delivered to your door **all charges prepaid,** we standing ready at all times to exchange or refund upon the slightest evidence of dissatisfaction

In making up your order for the brands of 10-cent and two-for-a-quarter values listed below you do so entirely under a positive contract that if not satisfied **we will refund your money.**

Boxes of	12	25	50
Balmetto, 4⅞ in. Puritanos	$0 90	$1 65	$3.25
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FISCHER BUNION SHOE FILLER

Positively cures bunions, sore toe-joints; corrects deformed feet and keeps shoes in proper shape. It is soft, pliable, comfortable, and should be bought with a new pair of shoes.

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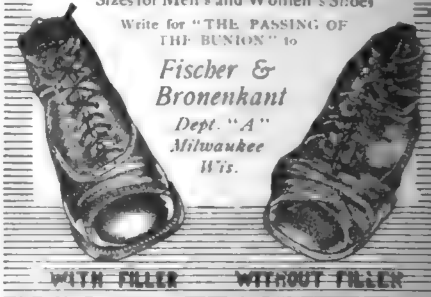

If your shoe dealer does not handle the Filler he can get it for you from his jobber.

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PANIC is a take-off. A mimic Stock Exchange. Full of delirious excitement—Flurries, Corners, Failures, and Fortunes. Fun and Noise from start to finish. Panic is played with 65 handsome cards representing 8 different kinds of Wall Street stock with 8 cards each and an extra card known as the "**Panic**" which adds tremendously to the interest and excitement of the game. Price 40 cents at dealers, or from us. Sample card with instructions FREE. Every one likes Panic. Ask for it to-day. Copyrighted 1903.

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Get a sensible Christmas present. This table will last a lifetime and entertain every member of the family at the popular games of billiards and pool. In the dining room it will serve them three times a day. Dining table size 7/8 standard, 3½ x 7 feet. Elegantly and artistically designed. Attractively finished. Five massive beautifully hand-carved legs. Our most popular [illegible] for illustrated catalog. It's **FREE.**

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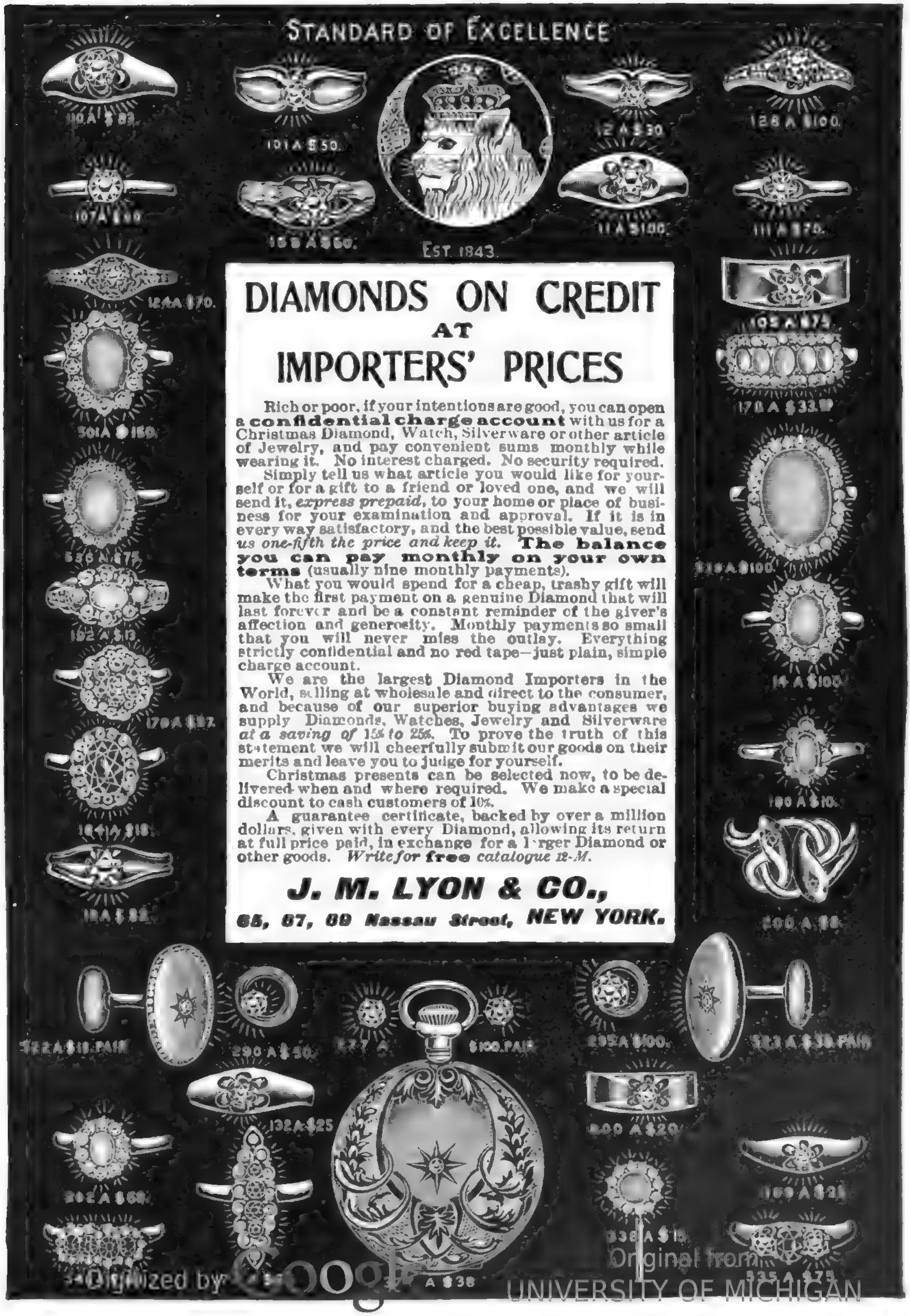
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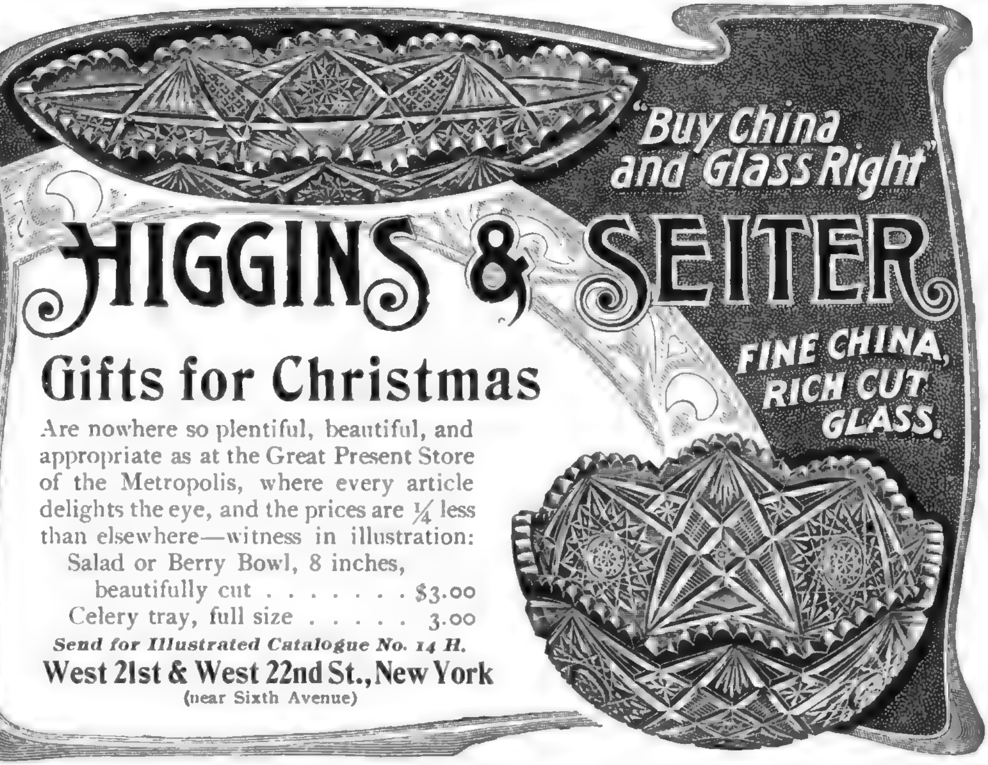

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Are nowhere so plentiful, beautiful, and appropriate as at the Great Present Store of the Metropolis, where every article delights the eye, and the prices are ¼ less than elsewhere—witness in illustration:

Salad or Berry Bowl, 8 inches, beautifully cut	$3.00
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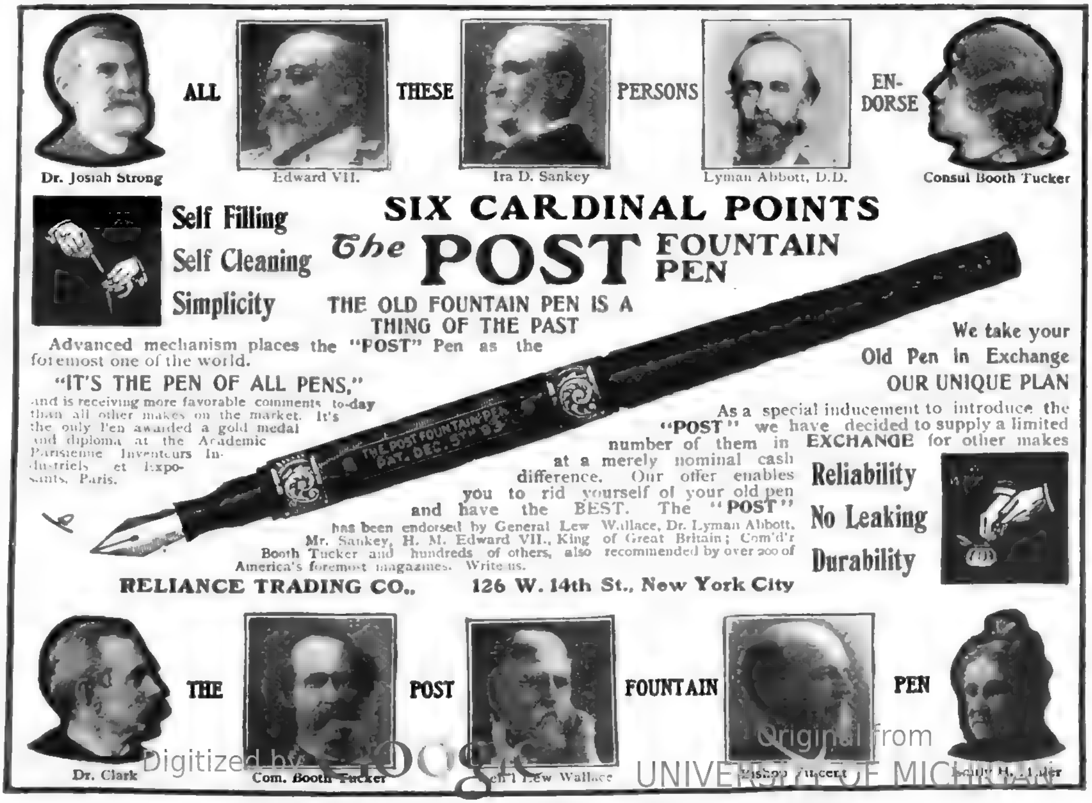

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$38.00 DIAMONDS $34.50

For cash with order or C. O. D. we will send **express prepaid**, either of these $38.00 diamond rings for $34.50. **Each diamond is guaranteed**, pure white, perfect in cut and polish, full of fire, very brilliant and absolutely without flaw. We offer them as the **best value on the market**. We send your choice for approval without expense to you. Compare them, if not better than you can buy elsewhere for the price return at our expense—money promptly refunded. Be sure to state style of mounting and size wanted. **This offer positively withdrawn Christmas day.**

If you desire credit, the price is $38.00
Terms $7.60 cash and $3.80 a month

OUR CHRISTMAS BOOK FREE

Our Christmas book, showing the very newest designs (such as will be shown in the shops of Chicago and the east) and containing many valuable Christmas suggestions mailed free this month. It tells how to spend one dollar or one hundred to the best advantage. It's almost indispensable.

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CARPENTERS' TOOLS
For HOME or TRADE USE

Absolutely BEST QUALITY, STANDARD SIZE Mechanics' tools in well finished hardwood wall cabinets		
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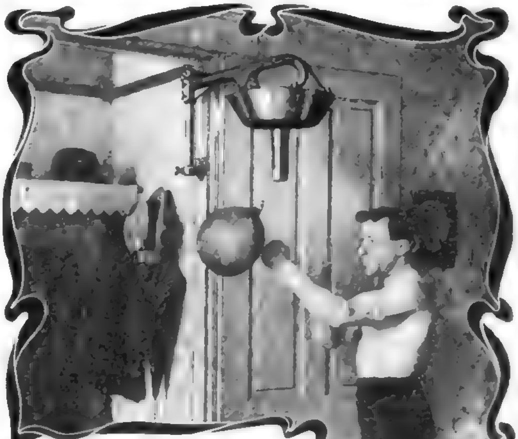

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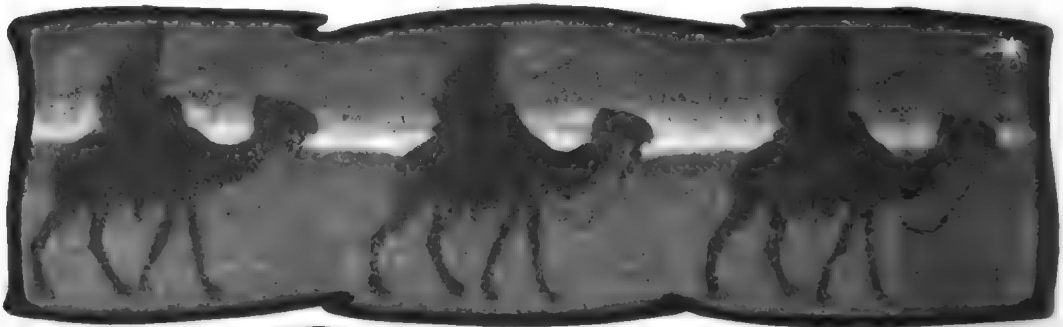


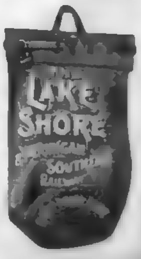
The Wise Men

Of the Twentieth Century travel over the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry.

The old gentleman in the picture is joyfully telling his friends how, detained until the last moment by business and sorely disappointed at the prospect of a Christmas away from home, he happened to learn of the fast service of the "20th CENTURY LIMITED," how he caught the train just in time, and thus after all is assured of a merry Christmas with his folks.

For information about travel over the Lake Shore address A. J. Smith, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, Ohio.

To travelers everywhere the Lake Shore wishes a Merry Christmas.



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Sold only in 5 lb. sealed boxes!

"CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR" is packed in neat, sealed boxes, and is NEVER sold in bulk. It is packed at the refinery and opened in the household; there is no intermediate handling. Hence, no dirt, no waste, no possible adulteration. Every piece alike and every piece sparkles like a cluster of diamonds, the result of its perfect crystallization. Convenient in form, perfect in quality, brilliant in appearance, no sugar made can equal it in excellence. When buying this sugar remember that the sealed package bears the design of a "Domino" Mask, "Domino" Stones, the name of "Crystal Domino," as well as the names of the manufacturers. You will be pleased the moment you open a box. You will be better pleased when you have tried it in your tea, coffee, etc. It is sold by **ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS**, and is manufactured only by **HAVEMEYERS & ELDER SUGAR REFINERY, NEW YORK.**

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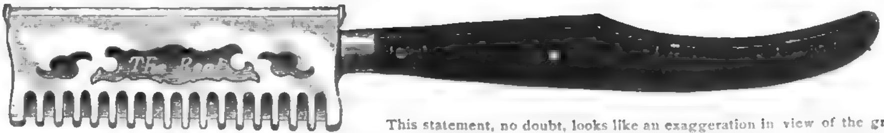
5 Minutes
from
Lather to Powder

AN ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

"THE REAL" SAFETY RAZOR

NO BARBERS' ITCH. SAVES MANY A DOLLAR.

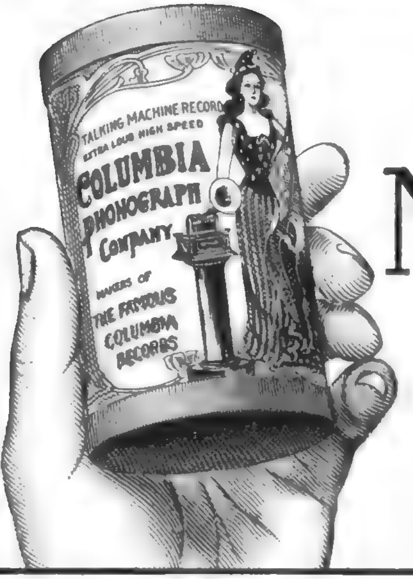


This statement, no doubt, looks like an exaggeration in view of the great range of beards, skins, and ideas with which a razor must come in contact, but we leave the judgment for *you* to pronounce, be your beard the toughest—your skin the most tender.

A Few of the Reasons Why:—*"The Real" Safety Razor* is a real *razor*, not a *scraper*. It allows of the only correct method of shaving, viz., with the *draw cut;* is *full concave* and of the finest quality steel; has a rigid handle, adjustable guard for right or left hand. *Can't possibly* cut you. Strops as easily as it shaves.

Buy one of your dealer or by mail, pay $2.00 for it, try it once, then if you would rather have the $2.00 return the razor and we refund the money without a question. Could we do more? **Agents Wanted.**

GEO. W. KORN RAZOR MFG. CO., Dept. B, **LITTLE VALLEY, N. Y.**



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They are the best cylinder records ever made. Much harder and much more durable than any other cylinder record. Our enormous output of Two Million Records a month enables us to sell these New and Superior Records for

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Columbia Indestructible Disc Records have always been the Standard of Superiority
Seven Inch Discs, 50c. each, $5 a dozen; Ten Inch Discs, $1 each, $10 a dozen

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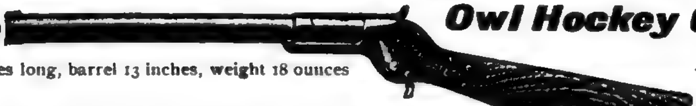
2,000 Victor Safety Guns Free

With the Owl Hockey Game



Size 26 inches long, barrel 13 inches, weight 18 ounces

WITH the first 2,000 orders for one of our Owl Game Boards, accompanied by the ***names and addresses of two dealers*** who could sell the Owl Game Boards, we will give absolutely free a VICTOR SAFETY GUN, which retails at $1.00. This gun is a breech-loader, self-cocker; looks and operates like a modern breech-loading rifle, and shoots a ⅞ inch soft, hollow rubber ball accurately a great distance by means of a paper cap. This is the first gun manufactured that may be used with absolute safety to the entire family. A separate metal chamber entirely incloses the paper cap. No danger of any explosion, escape of powder or bullet, because the bullet is a **soft, hollow rubber ball.** Made of the best steel, nickel-plated. The stock, hardwood, walnut finish.

(Size 24 x 45 inches, packed in Paper Box 18 x 24 inches)

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JUST OUT

THE Owl Hockey Game is one of the latest and most interesting of all games on the market to-day. It is made portable, with hardwood frame and strong flexible bottom; handsomely decorated in red and green colors. Retail price, $2.00. The Owl Hockey Game Board has a combination of games: Hockey, Shinny, Golf, Croquette, Base Ball, Ten Pins, etc., etc. Price $2.00, with book of rules and 53 implements for playing all the games, including $1.00 Victor Safety Gun, 100 P. V. safety caps and two Balls absolutely free as above offered. Gun and Owl Hockey Game sent upon receipt of price, $2.00, express 35c. extra if prepaid east of Denver. Beyond, pro rata. **This is the 2nd special offer** made to readers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. This combination will be one of the most desirable Christmas presents ever given, appealing not only to the young people but to every member of the family. Money refunded if not as represented.

Write to-day for illustrated descriptive circular giving full information of the Owl Hockey and the Victor Safety Gun.

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BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Of "Marvelous Efficacy in Gout, Rheumatism, Gastro-intestinal Dyspepsia, Gravel, and in all the Various Forms of Uric Acid Diathesis."

Following is Exact Translation of Dr. Lapponi's Testimonial as Written by Himself:

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The same water is also to be recommended highly in the initial processes of Arterio-sclerosis and in obstinate forms of Bronchial Asthma. May also be used as a good table water. So much I declare for the truth.

(Signed) PROF. GIUSEPPE LAPPONI.

Principal Physician of the Hospital of San Giovanni Calibrita (del Fatebene Fratelli) in Rome, Member of the Academy of Medicine of Rome, etc., etc.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by Grocers and Druggists generally. Testimonials which defy all imputation or question sent to any address.

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THE PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

in handsome individual gift boxes

Light and Heavy. Beautiful Webs in Silk and Cotton
Price 50c and $1.00 at all stores or by mail prepaid

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Spring Bed is not only the most comfortable, restful, and sanitary, but also the cheapest spring bed to buy because it will outlast five ordinary spring beds. We guarantee it for 20 years—your money back any time it is not satisfactory.

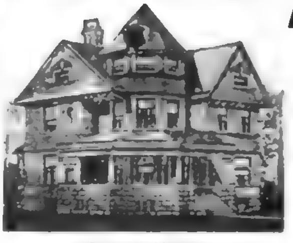
Made of metal—will fit any bed and will not sag or roll in the center.

Furniture dealers sell the Rip Van Winkle Spring Bed bearing our trade-mark. If yours does not, send us his name and we will send you a special booklet about Spring Beds, Irving's "Story of Rip Van Winkle," and our written guarantee.

THE NATIONAL SPRING BED CO.
30 High Street - - - New Britain, Conn.

A SPECIAL BARGAIN

ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD?

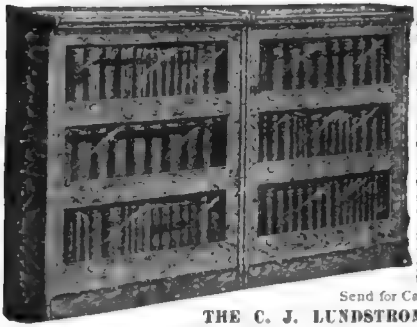


$2,800 House

Send us **25 cents** and we will send you our large book of **125 plans**, finest published, giving views, plans, descriptions, and estimates to build. Many of the latest Colonial patterns. The regular price of this book is **$1.00**, but in order to add 5,000 more customers to our lists we're making this special one-fourth-price offer for the next few weeks only. Write to-day.

J. H. DAVERMAN & SON, Architects
Department B, Smith Block, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The "*Lundstrom*" Sectional Bookcase



Pronounced the best by thousands of users. Always complete but never finished. It grows with your library. Has disappearing, non-binding glass doors.

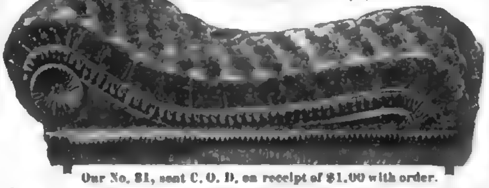
Highly finished in **solid Golden Oak.** Price per section, with door, $1.75; without door, $1.00. **Sent on approval,** freight prepaid, direct from factory.

Send for Catalogue No. 100

THE C. J. LUNDSTROM CO.

(Formerly The Standard Mfg. Co.) Little Falls, N. Y.

Leatherette Couch, $13.08



Our No. 81, sent C. O. D. on receipt of $1.00 with order.

The Equal of Couches Sold at Double our Price

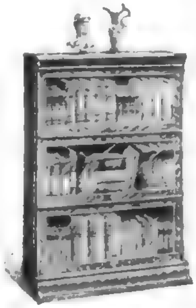
This handsome Turkish couch, manufactured especially for us, is of an extra large size, selected hard wood frame, best all steel wire construction, hair and tow filling, and covered with the very best Leatherette made to-day; it will not peel off, crack, mar or scratch and will stand service equal to that of the very best genuine leather couch made. Write to-day for our large 152-page illustrated catalogue.

STEWART BROS., 462 N. High Street, Columbus, O.

SPECIAL PRICES TO INTRODUCE

Jepson Perfection Sectional Book Case

THIS is the most convenient, economical, and valuable book-case to buy. It can be added to from time to time, building any number of sections in width as well as in height, yet always complete. Easily moved; can be lifted off, a section at a time, without the removal of the contents. As convenient as open shelves. Absolutely dust-proof. The books kept in our case are always kept clean and free from dust. The action of the door is automatic; it can be dropped when shutting, but will not slam, as it is perfectly air cushioned; will not bind or stick shuts in recess all around. No exposed machinery to get caught on books, thereby locking door so it will not open — a very important feature. All glass is fastened in with mould and can be replaced by anyone in a very few minutes. Each section houses over the other, holding the case perfectly true and even; no metal to mar the end of the case. The gravity hinge holds the door tightly closed — no springs of any kind.



The principal point to consider when purchasing a sectional bookcase is the door and its action. **Ours is superior to all others,** controlled as it is by a gravity hinge which handles the door without binding, no matter at what point you take hold of the same. It opens automatically and noiselessly and closes as easily, having no springs.

Our catalogue No. 4, giving prices and fully illustrating and describing, is sent free on request.

Prompt shipment.
Freight prepaid east of Iowa and north of Tennessee.
Special factory prices.
Sold under an absolute guarantee.

THE JEPSON SYSTEMS CO., LTD.
442-448 So. Division St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Macey"

Grand Rapids, Mich (Trade-Mark)

Card-Index Systems and Filing Cabinets

are the standard of the world for quality, and for superiority of design — material — construction — workmanship and finish. "Macey" furniture received the Gold Medal — **the highest award** — at both the Pan-American and Charleston Expositions. We sell direct to the user at **factory prices.**

No 866 **TOP** **$1.50**

D. F. Section, No. 861
5 Document Files
Patent Adjustable followers and suspending device **$7.12**

C. I. Section, No. 855
12 CARD INDEX DRAWERS
Patent Adjustable followers **$12.00**

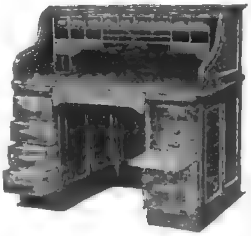
L. F. Section, No. 857.
6 Letter Files; Indexes and Compressors
Suspending device **$7.50**
Without suspending device, No. 850 **$6.75**

L. B. Section, No. 863.
12 LEGAL BLANK DRAWERS
11½ x 13⅜ inches wide **$6.00**

STORAGE CUPBOARD
Base Section, No 865, with adjustable shelf **$7.50**

(Ask for Catalogue No. MM-19.)

$24.00 BUYS THIS GENUINE "MACEY" DESK NO. 27-A.

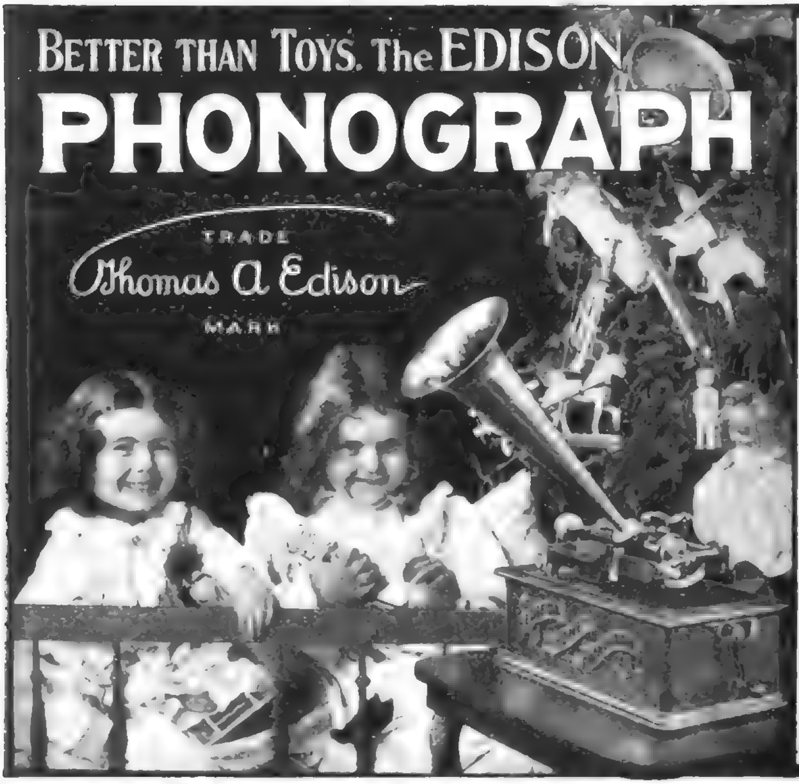


exactly as illustrated, direct from our factory at Grand Rapids, Mich., **freight prepaid** east of the Mississippi and north of Tennessee (points beyond equalized), sent **"On approval,"** to be returned at our expense if not the best ***all* oak** roll-top desk of ***equal* size** ever sold at the price. *Ask for Catalogue No. MM-2.*

The Fred Macey Co., Ltd.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
Also makers of High-Grade
Card-Index Systems, Sectional Book-Cases, etc.

BRANCHES: New York, 343 Broadway. Chicago, 152 Wabash Ave. Boston, 178 Federal St. Philadelphia, 13th & Market Sts.

Partial view of the large "Macey" factory No. 1, at Grand Rapids, Mich. (The Furniture City)—the best arranged—best equipped—best located factory in the world for making high-grade Office and Library Furniture. We sell "Direct to the User" at Factory Prices.



The **PHONOGRAPH** is the best present, because of its inexhaustible variety and its educational value. Thousands of selections are catalogued and at least 25 are added each month.

The wonderful superiority in musical performance and technical excellence of Edison Gold Moulded Records has forced other makers to officially admit that they cannot compete.

Go to the nearest dealer's and hear Mr. Edison's latest improvements.

DEALERS EVERYWHERE
SELL PHONOGRAPHS

The **Phonograph Art Calendar,** 6 beautiful cards, lithographed in 12 colors, size 10½ by 14½ inches, no advertising in sight, sent on receipt of 25 cents at New York office

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO.
Orange, N. J.

NEW YORK · 83 Chambers St.
CHICAGO · 304 Wabash Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO 933 Market St.
EUROPE: ANTWERP, BELGIUM
32 Rempart St Georges

TIDINESS

and COMFORT for all men by using

WASHBURNE'S

Cuff Holders

Instantly Attached or Detached.

Sent Prepaid for . . . . . 20 Cents.
Scarf Holder . . . . . . 10 Cents.
Key Ring and Chain . . . 25 Cents.

They never come loose—a tiny lever with a bulldog grip.

Illustrated Catalogue of others on request.

AMERICAN RING CO., Dept. 52, Waterbury, Conn.

Special Christmas Offer of Engraved Correspondence Paper

Every man and woman of refined taste appreciates and should use embossed monogram stationery.

Nothing is more suitable for a gift—few presents so useful, so much admired, so much in good taste—a constant reminder of the giver's regard and thoughtfulness. Above all it is just the thing to please **her.**

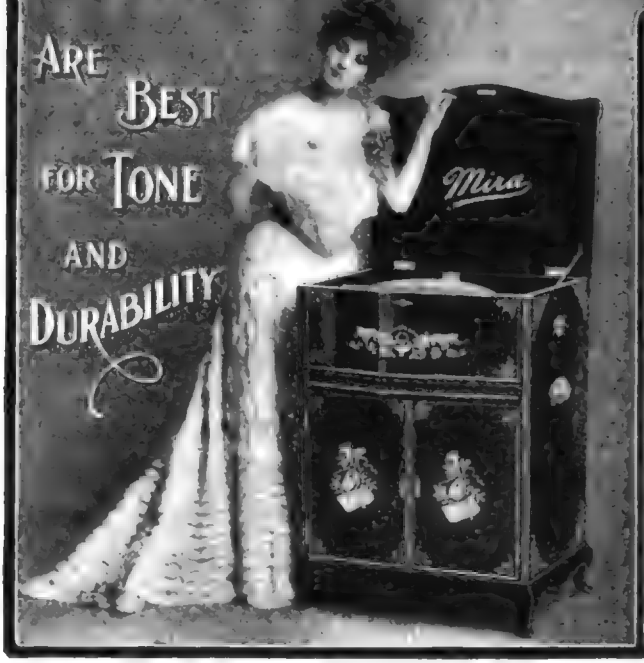
Just now I am making a special offer. I will engrave a handsome steel monogram die, absolutely free of charge to everyone ordering a Christmas box of engraved correspondence paper from me this month. This monogram or address die alone is worth $2.50.

Send for my beautiful sample book, No. 9, showing exclusive Bromley quality and styles, and learn how you may take advantage of this exceptional offer.

James Bromley Stationer

ENGRAVED CORRESPONDENCE AND COMMERCIAL STATIONERY, CARDS, MONOGRAMS, AND CRESTS. 51-53 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK.

"MIRA" AND "STELLA" Music Boxes


ARE BEST FOR TONE AND DURABILITY
Mira

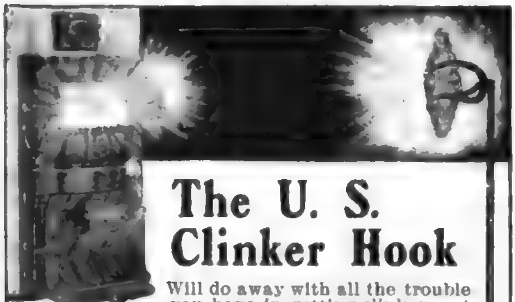
To our line of "Stella" Music Boxes we have added the "Mira," which contains the latest improvements and many attractive features. For tone quality, durability, and brilliancy of execution it has no equal.

Prices range from $7.50 to $150.00. Tunes from 20c. up.

Sold by leading music box dealers.

Write for catalogue and list of tunes.

JACOT MUSIC BOX CO.,
29 Union Square,
New York.



The U. S. Clinker Hook

Will do away with all the trouble you have in getting clinkers out of your furnace or heater. You know that the molten mass formed between the bars of your grate cannot be shaken through the grate readily—often not at all—and never without much good coal going with it into the ash pit.

You've got to lift the clinker out—you need the U. S. Clinker Hook to do it with. Soon pays for itself in coal saved. The three strong, sharp prongs are closed about the clinker in the fire box by a turn of the wrist; never slips; never misses. Anybody can operate it.

Keeps hands from being blistered and clothes soiled by contact with the furnace door. **Everything is quick, easy and clean. Time, temper, coal, grate, hands and clothes are saved.** You can't afford to be without it this winter. Lasts a life-time.

Ask your dealer for one today. If he doesn't sell it, **we will supply you from factory, express prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.50.** Please mention dealer's name.

FREE Handsomely illustrated circular on request.

U. S. WIRE MAT COMPANY
[illegible] Wabash Ave., [illegible]

FOR XMAS

A Piano, during the holiday season, is a necessity. It adds more to Christmas cheer than any one thing in the home and lends itself to every kind of gayety. The

EMERSON
PIANO

is for those who buy but one piano during a lifetime. Its tone is sweet and full, its case is beautiful and its wearing qualities beyond question. We can refer you to over 78,000 purchasers.

Write for illustrated catalogue. By our easy payment plan you can pay while you play. Where ever you live we deliver free of expense.

EMERSON PIANO CO.,
BOSTON Dept. F. **CHICAGO**
120 Boylston St. **195 Wabash Ave.**

WIN this beautiful silk PETTICOAT

IT IS A PRIZE—1,000 TO BE GIVEN AWAY

If you will sell 4 doz. pairs of **Anthony Odorless Shields** at 25c per pair and get two other ladies to answer this advertisement we'll send you one of these beautiful all Silk Petticoats (the rustling kind), worth $7.5. Send for Shields to-day, but **SEND NO MONEY** until you have sold them. Then send us the money and we will send you the silk petticoat by express prepaid.

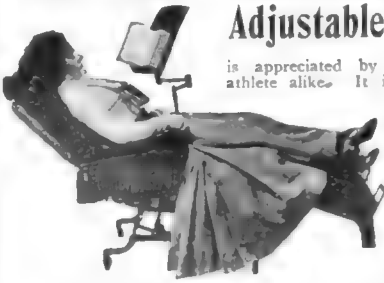
We do this to quickly introduce the **Anthony Odorless Dress Shields** and to get people to ask their dealer for them. They are the lightest and whitest shields made. Interlined with an odorless tissue (not rubber). Every pair guaranteed waterproof.

We will send a beautiful **Lace Corset Cover**—finest quality, worth $2.00—for selling just 12 pairs of shields, or a pound box of richest **Chocolate Creams** with nuts in them—the most delicious you ever ate—for selling just six pairs. **THE ANTHONY MFG. CO., LTD., 28 Jefferson Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.**

ELEGANT EASE

Received first prize in exhibitions in all civilized countries

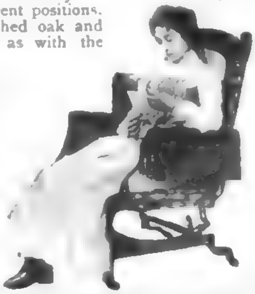
The World-Famed **Marks Adjustable Chair** is appreciated by invalid and athlete alike. It is the most perfect chair ever invented, being at once a drawing-room chair, a library chair, a smoking and reclining chair, a lounge, a full-length bed, a child's crib, an invalid's retreat, and a healthy man's luxury. A child can operate it. Adjustable in fifty different positions. Now made with highly polished oak and mahogany frames, as well as with the well-known steel frames.



As a Library Reclining Chair.

Let us mail you our catalog containing illustrations and prices of our various styles. Please state if easy payment plan is desired. Prices same. You can have a ten days' free trial of any of our chairs.

Marks Adjustable Chair Company
8 and 10 Bible House
NEW YORK CITY



As a Parlor Rocker, with [illegible] removed

NORWAY'S COD-FISHING SEASON

recently closed, has resulted in the smallest catch on record, so "bulk" Cod Liver Oil is likely to be much adulterated this year.

PETER MOLLER'S COD LIVER OIL

may be relied upon as being SOUND—CLEAN—SWEET and ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Moller's Oil is never sold in bulk, but is supplied in flat, oval bottles, bearing our name as sole agents.

Schieffelin & Co., New York.

M & M PORTABLE HOUSES

Made by automatic machinery where the wood grows. Better built and better looking than you can have constructed at home and at much less cost. Wind and water tight. Artistic in design. Constructed on the *Unit System*. (Panels interchangeable.)

Houses shipped complete in every detail. Can be erected and ready for occupancy from 6 to 24 hours after arrival at destination, according to size of house.

No Nails No Carpenters No Strikes No Worry

Everything fits. Anyone can erect them.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

Summer Cottages, Automobile Houses, Children's Play Houses, Hunters' Cabins, Photograph Galleries, etc.

Write to-day for catalogue. Tell us what you want and we will give you a delivered price on it at once.

MERSHON & MORLEY CO., 611 Broadway, Saginaw, Michigan

SOLID GOLD JEWELRY
SOLID SILVER JEWELRY
MERMOD & JACCARD FOUNDED 1829 ST. LOUIS JEWELRY CO.
200 A
200 B
200 C
200 D
200 E
300 A
300 B
300 C
300 D
300 F

? The Annual Problem What Shall I Buy ?

FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

again demands attention. Our immense stock offers the widest opportunity for suitable selection. We will send any article illustrated herewith, charges prepaid, to any address on receipt of the prices quoted. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

SOLID GOLD

200 A BROOCH, Genuine Pearls, Diamond Centre, **$25.00**

200 B—LADY'S RING, 3 Perfect Diamonds, **$50.00**

200 C—SOLITAIRE DIAMOND, $65.00

200 D—GENTLEMAN'S RING, Finest Quality, **$100.00**

200 E WATCH, 14-K. 5 Fine Diamonds, Full Jeweled Movement, **$60.00**

SOLID SILVER

300 A—ART NOUVEAU BROOCH, 50c.

300 B—THIMBLE (state size), **25c.**

300 C—CUFF LINKS, New Art Design, Stone Setting, per pair, **90c.**

300 D HEART LOCKET, $1.60

300 F—POCKET NAIL FILE, in Silver Case, **60c.**

OUR NEW CATALOGUE FREE

It contains 336 pages and 5000 illustrations of diamonds, watches, jewelry, solid silver and silver-plated wares, china, cut glass, society stationery, etc. It also explains our system by which you can purchase from us in your own home as well as by a visit to our establishment. Mailed free upon request. Address Dept. 5.

MERMOD AND JACCARD
ST. LOUIS, U.S.A. JEWELRY CO.

Ready!

For an exposure with a **Premo Film Pack** simply pull out a slip of paper. The film changes automatically so you are always *ready*. Each

Premo
Film Pack

contains 12 orthochromatic Films and can be adapted to any 3¼x4¼ or 4x5 plate camera, making it daylight loading and permitting focusing on ground glass. **Premo and Poco Cameras** are especially constructed for the use of the Premo Film Pack. Send for booklet. 20

ROCHESTER OPTICAL CO., Rochester, N. Y.

COXIN Patented in all Countries.

Trade Mark.

Does Away with the Dark Room

The drawback of Photography was the dark room. It meant space, space often valuable in small houses. It meant unpleasant hours spent in developing in semi-darkness, groping about, knocking over things, and losing one's temper. It meant that no developing was possible away from the dark room. A recent discovery by a German chemist enables you to

Develop Your Plates and Films

IN DAYLIGHT

The result you got in darkness you get with Coxin in daylight. It is not a colored developer, but is used with any developer, and may be used over and over again. The sales of Coxin in Europe have been enormous.

No Amateur Photographer can afford to be without it.

"Coxin" (put up in neat flasks), per flask . . **50c.**
"Coxin" Film Boxes (Patented). The simplest of all—the least expensive—development always in sight. Price . . . . **50c.**
"Coxin" Changing Bag should be used in changing plates from the holder. Made only by us. Ask your dealer for Bag.

TRY A SAMPLE

Sold by all Druggists and Photo Dealers. If they cannot supply, will be sent to any address on receipt of price.

AMERICAN COXIN CO.
108-110 West 11th St., New York, U.S.A.

THE SYSTEM
THAT MADE
ALL
"STRONG MEN"
STRONG

How to Be Strong

Get This FREE Book

"The System That Made All Strong Men Strong." It is an interesting, instructive work on physical culture, explaining and proving the principle of

Progressive Weight Lifting

It is the true method of muscle development—the method used by all famous men of strength.

With our perfected apparatus and new system of instruction we can practically guarantee permanent results in the acquirement of perfect health, statuesque physique, and great strength. Full course of instruction *free* with every

MILO ADJUSTABLE BAR-BELL

The greatest body building apparatus ever devised. Cost covering everything is but $10.00. Freight paid east of Mississippi. Write to-day for the book and learn all about the best system known.

The MILO BAR-BELL CO., 408L Mariner Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

BEST HOME EXERCISER THE HI-LO

Exercise without apparatus taxes the brain when it should rest.

DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER

Pulls from any angle without taking down—impossible with any other exerciser.

Automatic clutches easily moved, hold fast wherever placed.

Gets every muscle at just the right direction at the right time—[illegible] sult full contraction, making development rapid and complete.

Put up anywhere on two small hooks or on door hinges.

NO PULLEYS, NO NOISE, NO GREASE

Unequaled for travelers. A Peerless Christmas Gift

SOLD ONLY BY MANUFACTURER DIRECT TO YOU

Every part guaranteed. In 3 grades—Light, Medium, Heavy.

Price complete with beautiful three color chart showing movements, $ [illegible] If the Hi-Lo is not the equal of any $ [illegible] exerciser, **your money will be instantly refunded.** [illegible] free to purchasers [illegible] **Write now. Muscle comes by action, not by waiting.**

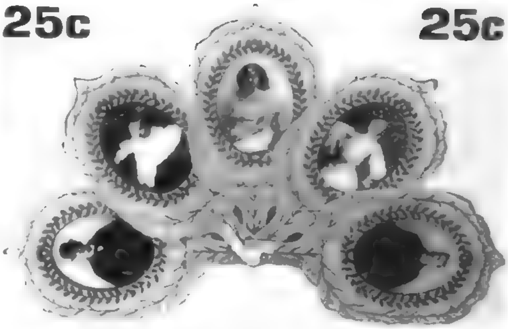
ALEXANDER WHITELY INC.

157 Main St., Ansonia, Conn.

A XMAS SUGGESTION

THE PHOTOFAN

25c **25c**



Size when open 22 x 12 in., when closed 6 x 12 in.

NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE

This is one of the **PRETTIEST DEVICES** ever put on the market for displaying photos, camera pictures, or souvenir postal cards. It is so arranged that it can be hung on the wall, used as an ornament for the piano, or placed in any convenient niche or corner. Made of the finest mat board, most exquisitely decorated with silk ribbon and artistically finished throughout. A mere description on black and white can hardly do this novelty justice. It must be seen to be appreciated. Comes in five shades. Dark green, mottled green, chocolate brown, ruby red, and pearl gray. If your dealer does not carry them in stock **SEND 25c. FOR ONE TO-DAY OR $1.00 FOR AN ASSORTMENT OF THE FIVE DIFFERENT SHADES. A BONANZA FOR AGENTS.** No lady to whom our photofan is shown can resist the temptation of spending a quarter for one. We are the **ORIGINATORS** and **SOLE MANUFACTURERS** of this novelty, also of the Monarch Easel and Monarch Photo Stand, and can therefore quote rock-bottom prices to parties who can use these articles in big quantities. Address

MONARCH NOVELTY MFG. CO., Dept. H
199-201 Clark Street, ... CHICAGO, ILL.

The Perfect Davenport

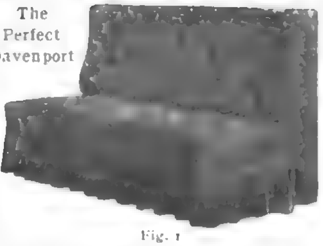


Fig. 1

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL Price $35 to $75

We pay the freight. Ask your dealer, if not in stock send direct.

Send for our descriptive catalog "How It Works"

The new invention has solved the problem.

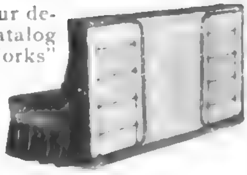


Fig. 2

THE D. T. OWEN CO.

230-250 Doan Ave. E. CLEVELAND, O.

The Perfect Bed

Fig. 3

You sleep in a real bed and not on a couch. Ventilation perfect and mattress can be removed and aired without interfering with use as Davenport.

THE OWEN

PERFECT BED AND DAVENPORT COMBINED.

The only Davenport **BED** that turns into a perfect bed with separate springs and mattress and relieves the great inconvenience of having to store the bedding during the day and dressing the bed on retiring at night.

Shorthand

in 20 Lessons by Mail

Complete Course in 20 Hours

FIRST LESSON FREE

Thousands of Graduates Holding Positions Secured by Us . . . .

Fastest and Most Easily Learned Method on Earth

No memorizing. Everything clear and simple. No interferences with regular occupation. Endorsed by Boards of Education, Eminent Educators, and Leading Newspapers throughout the world. Send to-day for First Lesson—FREE.

Campaign of Education
Dept. 718, Townsend Bldg.
NEW YORK CITY

P \ as in pet
B \ as in bet
T. | as in tet
D | as in det
Ch / as in chet
J / as in jet

K — as in ket
G — as in get
t k Take
k p Keep
ch p Cheap
j b Job

ch k ing Checking
t ch ing Teaching
k p ing Keeping

LEGAL ADVICE WITHOUT RED TAPE

If you are worried
By complications affecting your

Domestic Relations
Purchase and Sales
Investments or Loans
Partnership Relations
Real Estate
Personal Property
Criminal Responsibility

Inheritance or Devise
Dower or Courtesy
Solvency or Insolvency
Contracts or Promises
Patents or Inventions
Former or Pending Suits
Or any other legal point

WRITE TO ME

I will state plainly the strength of your case, give the bearing of the law on it, and advise the best course to pursue under the laws of your state Simply mail me the facts. Enclose in envelope with money order for $1.

A. B. Gordon-Davis, Attorney and Counsellor at Law
821 Mutual Life Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

EXACT SIZE
Panetelas
EXACT SHAPE

"DO you know that this cigar grows on me? The first hundred that I had did not impress me greatly. I now have a box of these in my desk and a box of another brand that cost me $9.00 per hundred, that I have been using regularly, and I find myself instinctively reaching for the Shivers' Cigar because I like it the better."

Those are the exact words of a very prominent New York business man to a friend of mine on Saturday, October 24th, in the Club House of a well-known Golf Club.

Of course, I cannot tell tales, and names too, but it is a fact nevertheless.

When I heard of it I turned to the gentleman's card and found that he had ordered three times—one hundred at a time—first time the latter part of August, that the cigars had been recommended to him by his and my friend, and the cigar he preferred was my Panetela, which I sell at $5.00 per hundred, delivered anywhere in the United States, express prepaid. Moreover, it is a better cigar, better tobacco, better made, costs more to manufacture than any cigar that I have ever yet seen sold for 10 cents straight at retail.

My business is the manufacturing of cigars, and I sell the entire product of my factory direct to smokers without the aid of salesmen, jobbers, retailers, or even paying store rent, as I ship direct from factory. This makes a saving—a very large saving—as it costs more to sell cigars in the old way than to make them. You don't need a pencil and paper to figure that. This saving I divide with the smoker to our mutual benefit.

My offer is:—I will, upon request, send to a subscriber of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE one hundred of Shivers' Panetela cigars, express prepaid, *on approval.* Smoke ten of them; if you don't like them return the other ninety at my expense—no harm done. If you like the cigars, and keep them, you, of course, agree to remit $5.00 for them within ten days.

The Publishers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE would not permit me to make this offer in their columns if they were not sure I would do as I agree. Please bear in mind that I am selling you cigars at wholesale and at wholesale prices. Would I care to make this offer if I did not know the absolute truth of my statements?

Think of the risk I take to make a customer; one-tenth of my cigars—all of them, should some unworthy take advantage of me—and expressage both ways. Wouldn't I be a dolt to send out cigars that would not stand the test?

Write me, if you smoke

Herbert D. Shivers, 50 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MAGIC LANTERN ENTERTAINMENTS PAY BIG PROFITS

Do you know the money making possibilities of exhibitions given with

Magic Lanterns, Stereopticons and Moving Picture Machines?

There are opportunities for a man with an outfit in every community. No form of entertainment attracts or pays better. Cost of equipment light. Operation easy. Send for **FREE** illustrated catalogue, tells how easy you can get a start. Instructs how to conduct entertainments. You can make your evenings profitable. We have the largest collection of slides in the world, illustrating every subject of Popular, Religious and Scientific interest. Magic Lanterns for Home Amusement.

McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau Street, New York.

COLLIES are faithful, watchful, playful, lovable, and teachable. Ideal companions, protectors, and playfellows. We always have on hand all ages, male and female, imported and domestic. **ADD A COLLIE TO YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST.**

Maplemont Stock Farm - Albany Vt.

AGENT'S OUTFIT FREE. Easysweep Dust Pan. Handled with foot; dirt emptied without litter. Large Catalog very latest household articles; rapid sellers. SAMPLE PREPAID, 30 CENTS.

Richardson Mfg. Co., Dept. G, Bath, New York.

"SMALLEY"

MARINE GASOLINE MOTORS

are designed for use in any kind of a boat requiring from 1½ H. P. to 20 H. P. Either single or double cylinder. Simple, mechanical, handsome, durable, positive, economical and moderate priced. Our speed control, propeller equipment and many other features should be investigated.

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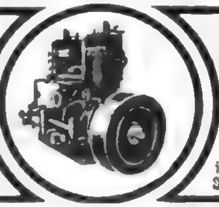

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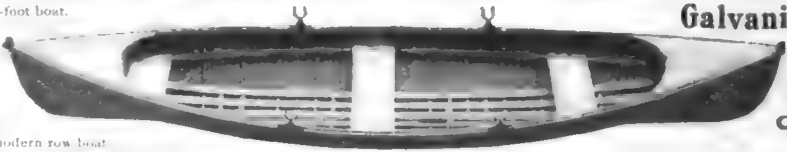

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The fixtures shown in this bathroom cost approximately $143.00, not including piping or labor.

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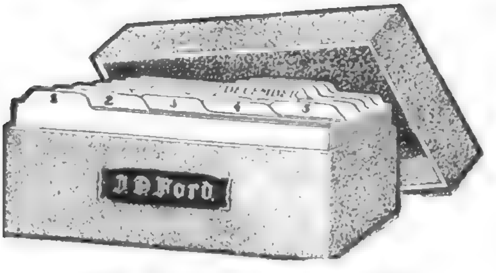
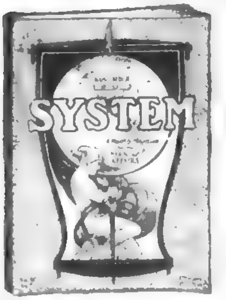


And It's Free to You, with Your Name on It.

But we are getting ahead of our story. This little box of cards is called the Perpetual Reminder. "Worth forty-seven pigeon-holes," as one user says, and any number of note-books. Placed in your desk, it is a receptacle for all the miscellaneous matters—all the memorandums—now scattered about the office. It is a complete desk and pocket-card system. It has guide cards by months and days and a quantity of fine, heavy linen two by five inch record cards. The cards are in an ingenious vellum covered board box—ingenious because of a peculiar arrangement which keeps the TO-DAY cards always to the front, and the guide cards always in sight. On the front of the handsome box is your name embossed in gold letters. The other fellows in the office will soon see the great value of the Perpetual Reminder and they might "borrow" it if it weren't for your name staring them in the face.



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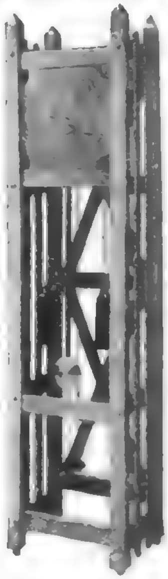

This Mission Clock

$19.50

is made of heavy solid oak in the weathered finish, fitted with New Haven Clock Co. 8-day movement, striking the hour and half-hour on a rich-toned cathedral gong. The dial, numerals, hands and pendulum weight are of polished brass; numerals are 1⅛ inches long. Genuine hand-forged nails used throughout in the construction. Clock is 78 inches high, 18 inches wide and 14 inches deep. An exceedingly artistic and ornamental piece for the hall or library. Can be returned at our expense if not entirely satisfactory. Weight 100 lbs. **Price, $19.50.**

$3.90 is our very low price for this handsome

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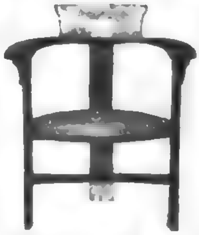

This is a reproduction of an antique chair and is very strongly made of ash in the weathered finish. A very artistic design suitable for the hall, library or living room. Will be much appreciated as a Christmas gift. Weight 20 lbs. **Price, $3.90.**

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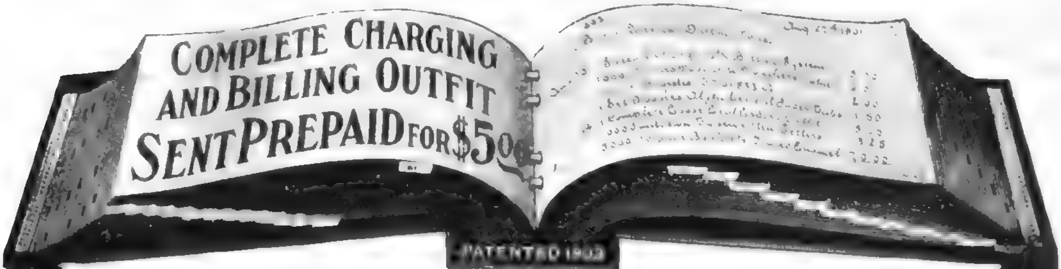
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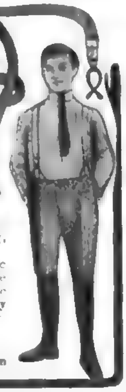

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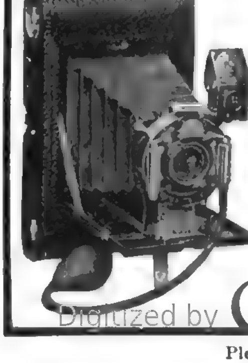

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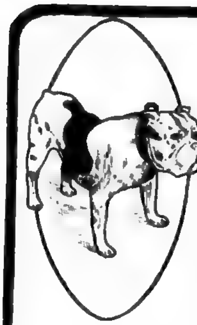

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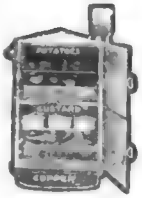

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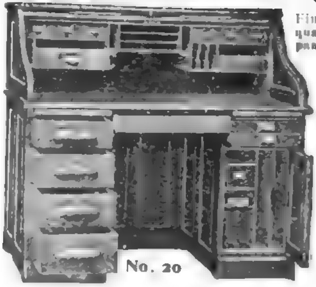

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Finished golden polished, **fine quartered oak writing bed, built-up panels,** double-deck top, moulded stiles, automatic locks, 2 legal blank drawers, letter file, 6 all-wood file boxes, supply drawer, **hang-over front,** center drawer, document file, **card index drawer,** back paneled and polished. **Sent to any responsible person on approval.**

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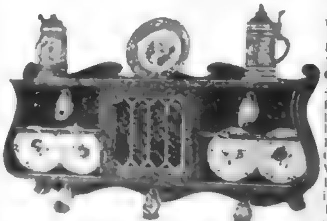

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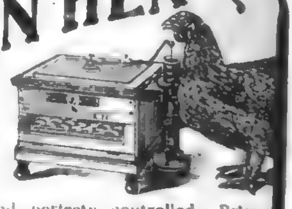

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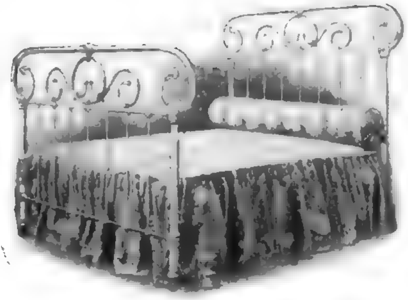

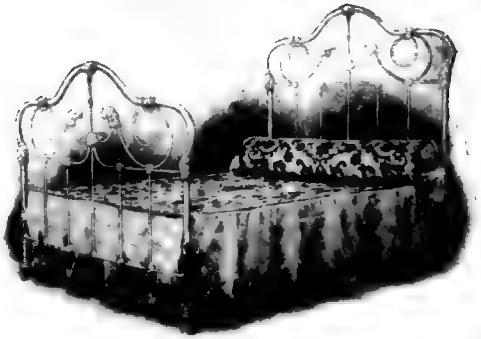

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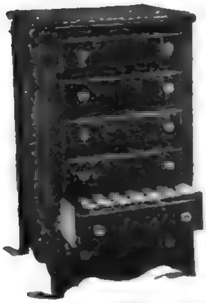

Any one owning a phonograph will find our special record cabinet a very useful piece of furniture. It makes an excellent Christmas gift and we can ship promptly. Write for our special Holiday price.

We ship direct from the factory at factory prices ladies' desks, music cabinets, center tables, easy chairs, couches, kitchen cabinets, and go-carts. Write for **free** catalogue and get special freight allowance.

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We prepay Freight to all points east of the Mississippi River and north of Tennessee line, allowing freight that far toward points beyond.

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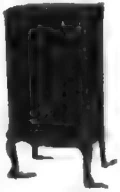

No. 2672

No. 2672 Music Cabinet

Quartered Oak, Bird's-eye Maple, Mahoganized Birch, or Solid Mahogany, all polished. Has five adjustable shelves and large drawer. Height: 39 x 19 x 14 inches.

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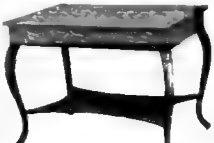

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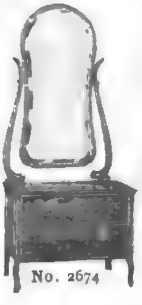
Dealers charge $14.00

No. 2674 "Princess" Dresser

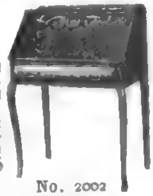


No. 2674

Quartered Oak, Golden Finish, hand polished. French beveled adjustable mirror 40 x 18 in. Base is 30 in. wide x 18 in. deep and 24 in. high.

$14.50 is our price to you.
Worth ⅓ more.

No. 2002 Ladies' Desk



No. 2002

Quartered Oak, Mahoganized Birch, or Solid Mahogany. All polished. Curved drawer front, hand carved lid and convenient pigeon hole arrangement. Strong and dainty. Height 39 in., width 18 in. Our price, direct, for Quartered Oak or Mahoganized Birch is **$8.75**
Add $2.00 for Mahogany.

Retail value, $12.00.

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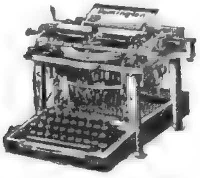
We will save you from 25 to 75 per cent. on Typewriters of all makes. Send for samples of writing, prices, and catalogue. Machines shipped for inspection.



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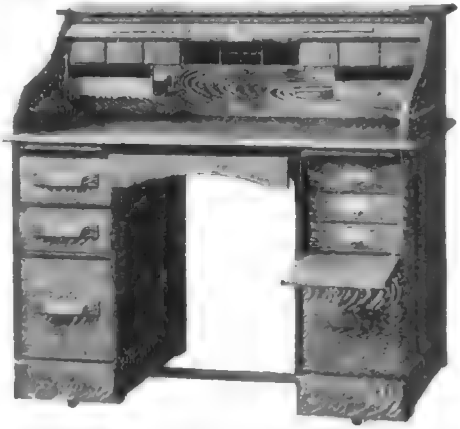
$15.75 for this Handsome Desk

We sell a greater volume of high-grade merchandise direct to the consumer than any other firm in the world. The larger the volume of business the smaller the proportionate expense in handling it. Our prices are absolutely the lowest for reliable goods. We save you all middlemen's profits and guarantee complete satisfaction.



This is one of the most practical desks ever placed on the market. The top is conveniently arranged with pigeon holes and the base has three drawers in left pedestal and three letter files with our special index and a large drawer in right pedestal; also has a center drawer under writing bed. It is made in the golden or mahogany finish, hand rubbed and highly polished. Has a good, heavy molded base, two sliding arm rests and an automatic drawer lock which is operated by the curtain. It is 48 inches long, 30 inches deep, and 45 inches high. Price includes six solid oak pigeon-hole boxes. It is the best desk at the price ever offered. Weight, packed for shipment, 200 lbs. **Price, $15.75.**

Send for Desk Catalogue No. 6

Sent gratis upon request. It contains a very large variety in grades and styles of everything in office furnishings used by business and professional men, from the cheapest that's good to the most elegant made. Prices absolutely lowest, quality considered.

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42 32 years World's Headquarters for Everything.

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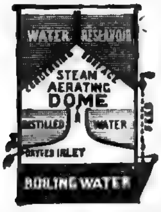

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Our New 80-Page Catalogue is Free

It shows photo-engravings of buffet, serving-table, chairs and table to match this china cabinet. It also shows nearly 200 other distinctive designs of "Kenilworth" and Philippine Fiber Furniture, with factory prices from 30% to 60% below retail stores. We ship on approval and guarantee prompt and safe delivery. Liberal freight allowance to all points.

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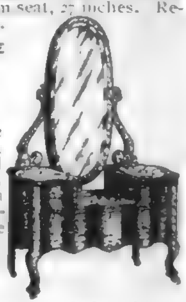
A luxurious Rocker, made from the best seasoned Golden Oak, beautifully grained, highly finished, and covered with the finest quality of genuine leather. Has spring edge, buttoned front, panel back, and full roll arms. Size between arms, 21 inches. Height of back from seat, 27 inches. Retails for $28.

OUR PRICE $19.50

"Princess" Dressing Table



"Princess" Dressing Table, in one of the prettiest and latest designs, built to your order of the best selected quarter-sawed oak or of mahogany, and finished with an unusually high polish. Has French beveled plate-glass mirror, 18x44 inches, two side drawers, and a large, roomy one below. Size of top, 22x44 inches. Retails at $36

OUR PRICE, $27.00

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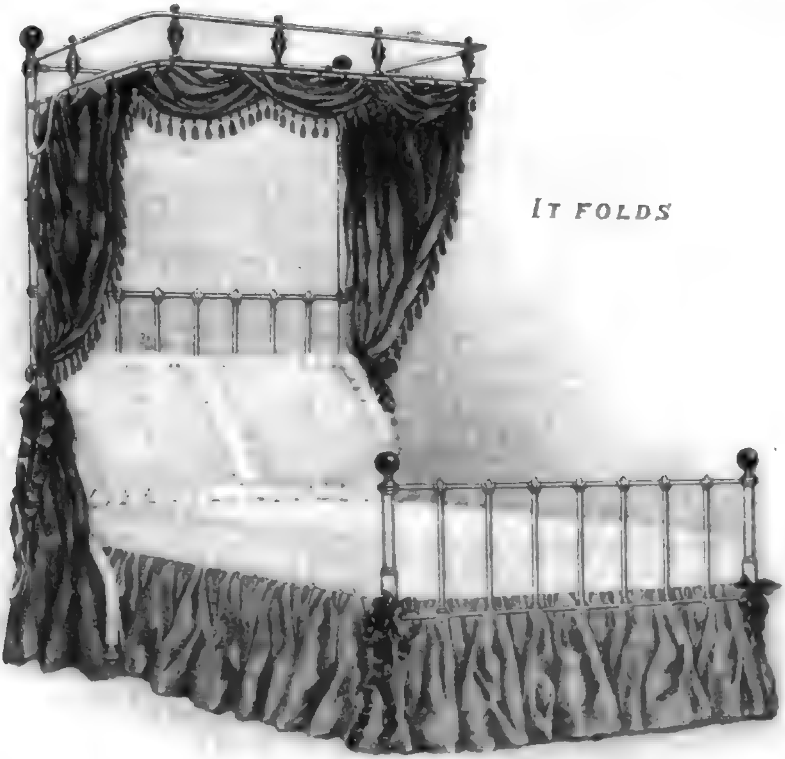

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We Guarantee Enthusiasm

After you sleep on this bed. It is most comfortable. It gives deep, sweet, restful, refreshing sleep. It makes the bedroom daintier, brighter, cheerier, more tidy. It has a fashionable and exclusive style distinctively peculiar to our sleep furniture. It folds, but when it is open it looks exactly like a very rich stationary canopy bed. You can use it as either. It is adaptable to any room and indispensable in small apartments.

Ironfold beds are made entirely of high-grade **METAL**, with rich trimmings of solid brass, and are built on a new principle of construction, which makes them absolutely safe and strong. They are hygienic, sanitary, and **VERMIN-PROOF.** Everything we make is guaranteed unconditionally.

IRONFOLD BEDS and American Sleep Furniture are sold everywhere. If your dealer hasn't got them please mention his name when you write to us.

Send Us Your Address immediately and we will mail you, free, our

Beautiful Book

illustrating and describing IRONFOLD BEDS, Metal Couches, Davenports, Spring-In and Triple-Fold Mattresses, High-Grade Draperies, etc.

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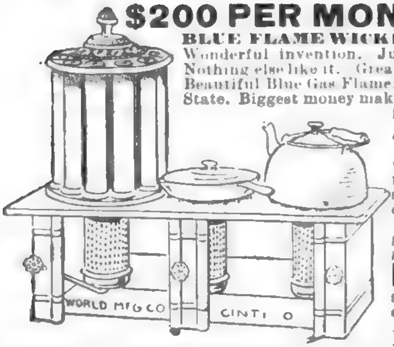

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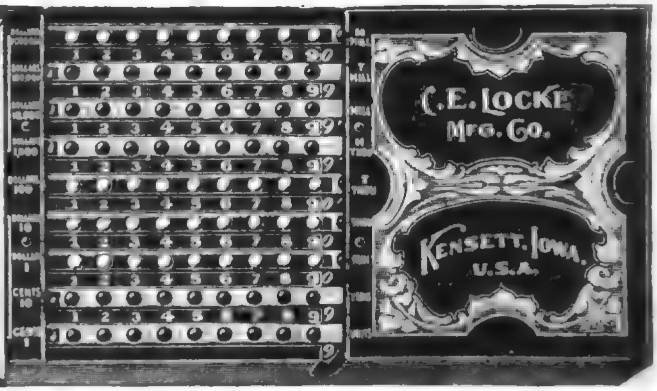
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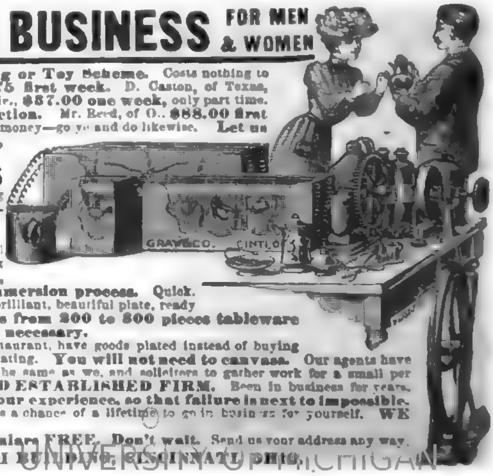

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We do plating ourselves. Have years of experience. Manufacture the only practical outfits, including all tools, lathes and materials. All sizes complete. Ready for work when received. **Guaranteed. WE TEACH YOU the art, furnish recipes, formulas and trade secrets FREE. THE ROYAL, Prof. Gray's new immersion process.** Quick. Easy. Latest method. Goods dipped in melted metal, taken out instantly with fine, brilliant, beautiful plate, ready to deliver. Thick plate every time. **Guaranteed 5 to 10 years. A boy plates from 200 to 800 pieces tableware daily, $10 to $80 worth of goods. No polishing, grinding or electricity necessary.**

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Gambino's Ventilating Walking Cushions
Fit in and ventilate all shoes. No larger size shoe necessary. Relieve the jar on the body, keep the feet dry and warm in winter, preventing colds that lead to fatal diseases. Relieve all kinds of foot trouble, Rheumatism, etc. Sent on 5 days' trial, fully guaranteed and prepaid. Ask your dealer or write for free booklet.
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Mention size and shape of shoe when ordering.
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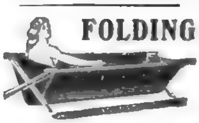

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Special prices where I have no agents.
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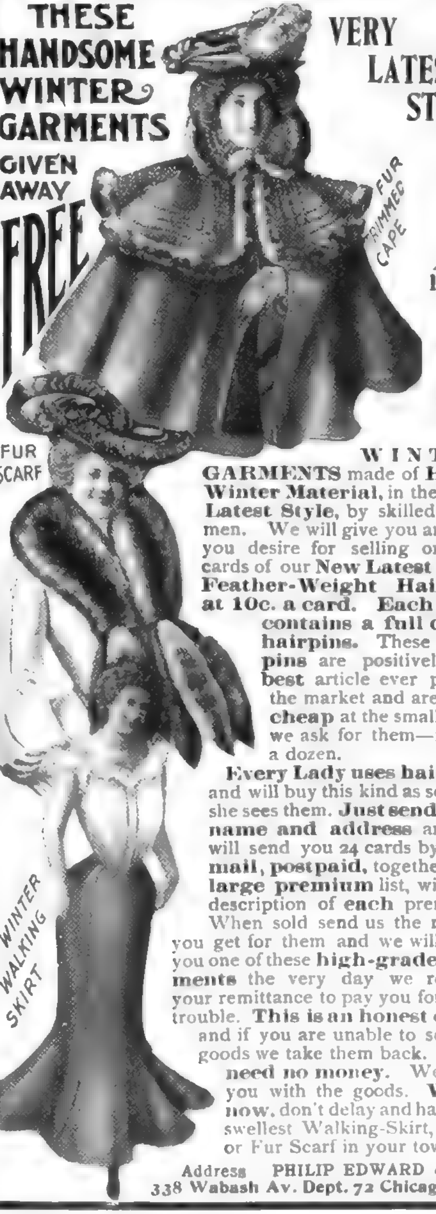

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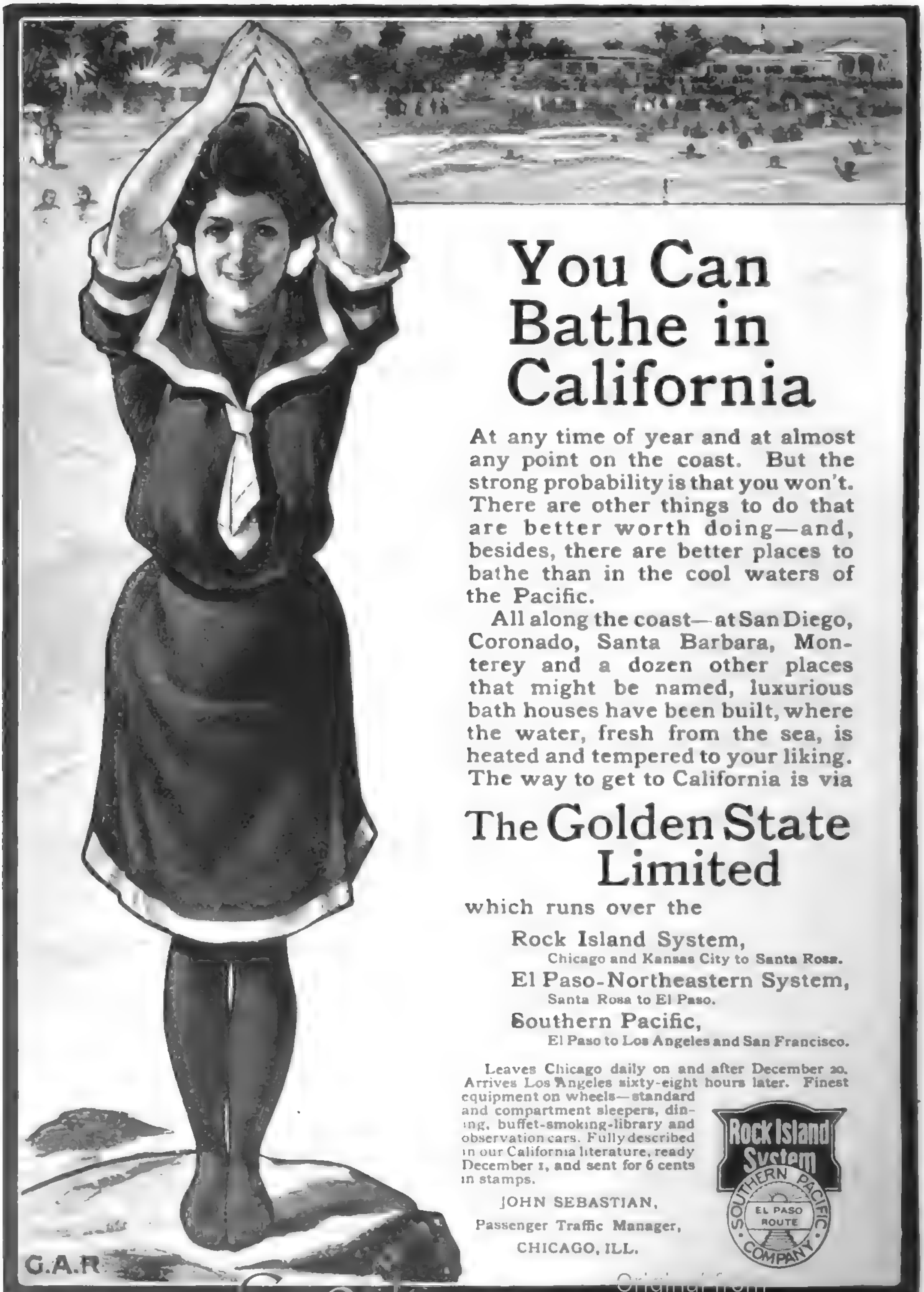

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At any time of year and at almost any point on the coast. But the strong probability is that you won't. There are other things to do that are better worth doing—and, besides, there are better places to bathe than in the cool waters of the Pacific.

All along the coast—at San Diego, Coronado, Santa Barbara, Monterey and a dozen other places that might be named, luxurious bath houses have been built, where the water, fresh from the sea, is heated and tempered to your liking. The way to get to California is via

The Golden State Limited

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Santa Rosa to El Paso.
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Leaves Chicago daily on and after December 20. Arrives Los Angeles sixty-eight hours later. Finest equipment on wheels—standard and compartment sleepers, dining, buffet-smoking-library and observation cars. Fully described in our California literature, ready December 1, and sent for 6 cents in stamps.

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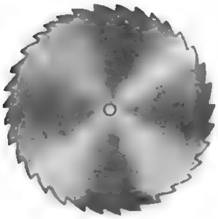
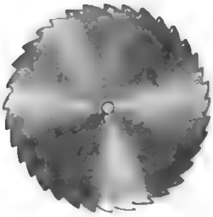
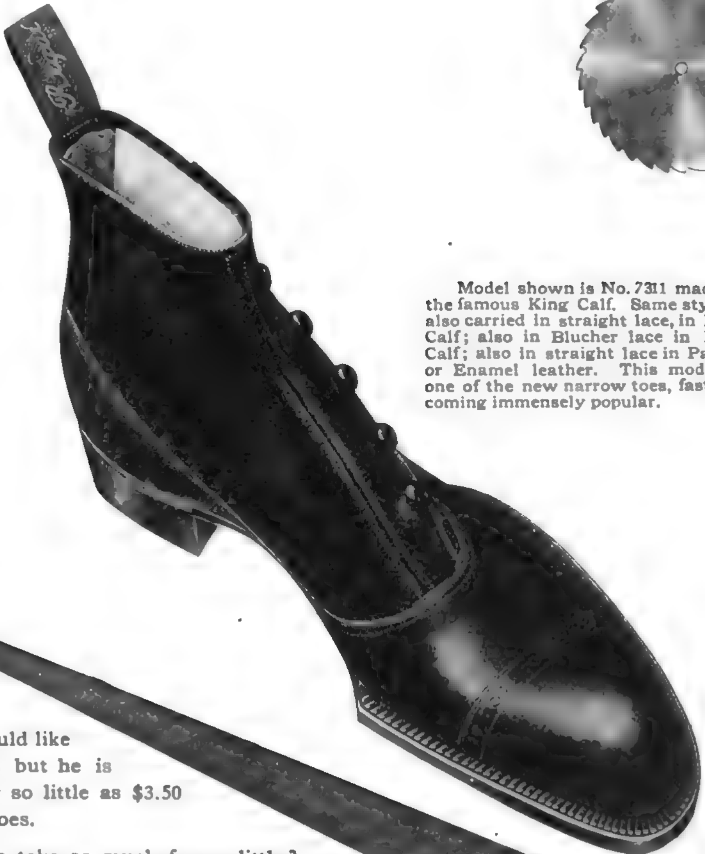
Rock Island System

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
EL PASO ROUTE







Model shown is No. 7311 made of the famous King Calf. Same style is also carried in straight lace, in King Calf; also in Blucher lace in King Calf; also in straight lace in Patent or Enamel leather. This model is one of the new narrow toes, fast becoming immensely popular.

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Ashamed to take so much for so little?

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IF you want to buy any kind of real estate in any part of the country, I will guarantee to promptly fill requirements and save you some money at the same time. It doesn't matter what kind of a property you want, or how much or how little money you want to pay, you will get the best possible service regardless of the size of the transaction. Write to-day and tell me just what kind of a property you want, or for full descriptions of any of the following special offers:

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Ark., Newburgh, res. and 3 a., 20 a. adj.
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Cal., E. Oakland, fine cor. res. lot 100x150.
Cal., nr San Gabriel, 10 a. land—5 a. bearing prune trees.
Cal., Monterey Co., 86 a. imp'd ranch.
Cal., Galt, res. and 3 lots, 8 a. vineyard.
Cal., Tropico nr Los Angeles, 5 lots.
Cal., Riverside, 9 a. orange grove.
Cal., San Diego, 6-r. cott., lot, gard. add.
Cal., nr Los Angeles, 23 a. orange grove and impts.
Cal., Los Angeles Co., 20 a. imp'd orange and lemon grove.
Cal., Los Angeles, mod. 8-r. res., finely located opp. West Lake Park.
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Cal., near Corning, 2½ a. olive orchard.
Cal., Monterey Co., 160 a. and impts.
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Colo., Pueblo Co., fine ranch, 1180 a., 10 mi. from Pueblo.
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Colo., nr Boulder, eqp'd fruit and truck farm, 10 a.
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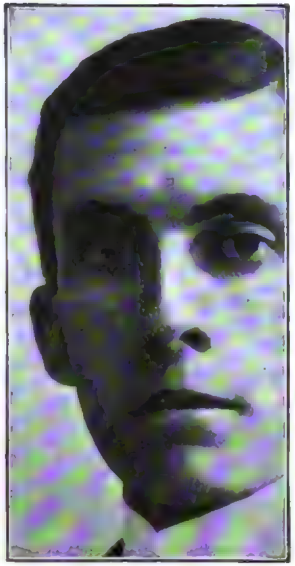
Colo., nr Pueblo, fine stock ranch, 20,000 a., deeded and leased land and impts., complete eqp't, well watered.
Colo., La Junta, 5-r. brick house, 2 lots.
Colo., Denver, Lakeview, 4 bldg. lots, S. Ogden st.
Colo., Montrose Co., 113 a., impts., 15 a. orchard.
Conn., Pine Orchard, mod. 10-r. cott., lot.
Conn., nr Willimantic, 47 a. and impts.
Conn., New Haven, bldg. lot, opp. entrance to East Rock Park.
Conn., Oxford, New Haven Co., 80 a., good 9-r. house and outbuildings.
Conn., Torrington, 12-r. res. (2 flats), Prospect st.
Conn., Norwich, store, tenement and lot.
Conn., Woodbridge, moun. lodge and 8 a.
Conn., Danbury, 12-r. res. and lot.
D. C., Washington, 34 a. suburban land, admirably located for residences.
Fla., Ocala, 10-r. res. and 10 a. land.
Fla., Crescent City, 4 a. orange grove.
Fla., near Bartow, 10 a. timbered, fruit and vegetable land.



Fla., on Lake Weir, Marion Co., 15 a., 5 a. orange grove, fine sanitarium site.
Fla., near Green Cove Springs, 100 a. fruit and pasture land.
Fla., nr Orlando, 40 a. bordering on lake, 10 a. bearing or. gr., house, barn, etc.
Fla., Deroy, good bldg. lot.
Fla., nr Manatee, 15 a., fine orange grove.
Fla., nr DeLand, 20 a. fruit land.
Fla., nr Clermont, 36 a. veg. & fruit land.
Fla, nr Lakeland, 15 a. fruit & truck farm.
Fla., nr Interlachen, 10 a. fruit, 5-r. house.
Fla., Little Sarasota Key, 150 a.; beautifully located for winter home or hotel.
Ga., Guyton, 9-r. res. and 1½ a.
Ga., Habersham Co., 190 a. mostly timbered. Mica on property.
Ga., Fitzgerald, 9-r. res., 4 lots.

To the Man Who Wants to SELL

IF you want to sell any kind of real estate, no matter where it is or what it is worth, send for my plan for converting property into cash. It's free. Eight years' experience, offices in principal cities, hundreds of representatives and an expenditure of over $100,000 a year in advertising, give me better facilities for quickly selling your property than any other broker anywhere. Send description and price of your property to-day.

Ga., Brunswick, fine bldg. site 90x180 ft. situated in center of city.
Ga., Guyton, 100 a. suitable for sub-div., 30 mi. from Savannah.
Idaho, Ada Co., fine farm, 180 a.
Idaho, Canyon Co., 223 a. imp'd ranch.
Ill., Union Co., 60 a. truck farm
Ill., River Forest, fine mod. 9-r. res. & lot.
Ill., near Geneva, fine 80 a. farm.
Ill., Decatur, 11-r. res. and lot.
Ill., Chicago, 4 sto. flat bldg., Milton av.
Ill., Chicago, 2 bldg. lots, W. Lake st.
Ill., Peoria, res. and 8 a., Knoxville and Nebr. aves.
Ill., Chicago, La Grange, 14-r. res. & lot.
Ill., Maroa, brick store and office bldg. and ground.
Ill., Chicago Lawn, 5 finely located lots.
Ill., Chicago, West Pullman, good bus. lot.
Ill., Eureka, 8-r. cottage and 1 a.
Ill., Chicago, 6 bldg. lots, Washington Heights, 101st st. Hitts sub-div.
Ill., Rockford, fine large res. & grounds.
Ill., Forest City, 6-r. res. and 4 lots.
Ill., Chicago, 3 lots, Kenny & Pembertons Add. to Pennock.
Ill., Glencoe, nr Chicago, furnished res. and 2 a. on lake shore.
Ill., Barrington, 8 good bldg. lots.
Ill., Franklin Co., 240 a. stocked farm.
Ill., Chicago, fine 12-r. brick res. and lot, Prairie ave.
Ill., Chicago, Clarendon Hills, 5 bldg. lots.
Ill., Havana, good mod. res. and lot.
Ind., Indianapolis, 10-r. res. and lot, N. Ala. st.
Ind., La Fayette, 12-r. res. and lot.
Ind., Ripley Co., 90 a. and impts.
Ind., Fremont, store & dwelling, office.
Ind., Lake Co., 67 a. land and riparian rights, 17 mi. from Chicago.
Iowa, Clinton, 10-r. res. and lot.
Iowa, Burlington, cottage and lot, S. Garfield ave.
Iowa, Des Moines, cor. res. prop.; mod. imp.
Iowa, Marshalltown, house and lot.
Iowa, Rockford, Floyd Co., excellent 180 a. stock farm.
Iowa, Kossuth Co., 155 a. and impts. nr Corwith; 130 a. cultivated.
Iowa, Winnebago Co., 120 a. and impts.
Iowa, Clarinda, bldg. lot 75x150 ft.
Iowa, Keokuk, 9-r. res. and lot.
Iowa, S. Ottumwa, 2 res & lot, N. Moore st.
Iowa, Wapella Co., 277 a. farm; 4 ft. vein coal underlying.
Iowa, Lenox, res. 10 good bldg. lots.
Iowa, near Waterloo, 630 a., 3 sets bldgs.
Iowa, Vinton, 2 finely located lots.
Kans., Greeley Co., 480 a. graz'g l'd.
Kans., Parsons, mod. cottage and lot.
Kans., Galena, 2 bldg. lots, 13th, Mineral av.
Kans., near Leavenworth, 80 a. farm underlaid with coal.
Ky., Owensboro, 7-r. res. and lot.
Ky., Ellsmere and Erlanger, 7 bldg. lots.
La., Caddo Parish, 160 a. truck land.
Me., Portland, cor. tenement house & lot.
Me., West Gouldsboro, fur. res. finely loctd.
Me., South Hancock, summer home 1½ a.
Me., Hancock Co., 40 a., mostly wood, opp. Western Bay; summer res. site.
Md., nr Annapolis, 551 a. and impts.
Md., nr Oxford, historic colonial mansion and 5 a. lawn and orchard.
Mass., Westport Point, mod. 12-r. res.
Mass., Leominster, country estate and 7 a.
Mass., Berkshire Co., stock farm, 300 a.
Mass., nr N. Bedford, fine farm, 120 a.
Mass., Newtonville, nr Boston, 10-r. res.
Mass., Pittsfield, mod. 9-r. res. & lot, Oxford st.
Mass., Groton, 10-r. res. and ¾ a.
Mass. Winchester, nr Boston, plot 45,797 ft., well located for fine res.
Mass., Winchester, nr Boston, plot of land 300,000 ft., suitable for factory or medium price houses.
Mass., Falmouth, 7-r. cottage, nr fine bathing beach.

Mass., Berkshire Co., 650 a., impts., stock.
Mass., Cambridge, fine mod. 11-r. res., lot.
Mich., n Fremont, 20 a. fruit & truck farm.
Mich., Grand Haven, res., green-houses & 8 a. vegetable land.
Mich., Ypsilanti, fine 9-r. res. and lot.
Mich., Grand Rapids, 2 houses, lot, 1st st.
Mich., Flint, mod. 11-r. res. and lot.
Mich., Houghton, 3 cottages and lot.
Mich., Kalkaska Co., 40 a. tillable land.
Mich., Ottawa Co., dairy farm 358 a., 12 mi. from Grand Rapids.
Mich., Osceola Co., 40 a. fire clay & sand bed; good loc. for fruit or poultry farm.
Mich., nr. Detroit, 40 a. farm.
Mich., Oscoda Co., 80 a. timbered land.
Mich., Detroit, mod. 8-r. res., 3 lots, McClellan ave.
Mich., nr. Ludington, bldg. lot, Piney Ridge Resort.
Mich., Detroit, bldg. lot, 29th st., between Wreford and Moore.
Mich., nr. Ludington, bldg. lot on Hamlin Lake, Piney Ridge Resort.
Minn. nr. Hibbing, 166 a. & land.
Minn., Minneapolis, 13 bldg. lots, pk. add.
Minn., Nobles Co., 80 a. and impts.
Minn., adj. Winona, fine 136 a. farm.
Minn., Norman Co., 145 a. farm & store.
Minn., Crow Wing Co., 40 a. part timber.
Minn., Todd Co., 302 a. and impts.
Minn., Clay Co., 320 a. and impts.
Minn., Duluth, double bus. bldg., tenement and lot.
Minn., Todd Co., 160 a. and impts.
Minn., Rose Creek, 10-r. res., 2 lots.
Minn., Minneapolis, mod. 10-r. house, Harvard st, S. E. good for two families.
Minn., Polk Co., fine farm, 414 a., one-half in city limits of Crookston.
Miss., Harrison Co., 320 a. pine timber.
Miss., Warren Co., 1042 a. cot. plantation.
Mo., Randolph Co., excellent farm, 500 a. underlaid with coal; suitable for subdiv.
Mo., Shelbina, 4 well located lots.
Mo., Waynesville, 12-r. res. and 3 lots.
Mo., Cape Girardeau Co., 142 a. impts.
Mo., St. Charles, mod. brick 8-r. res., 8th and Madison sts.
Mo., Douglas Co., 160 a. and impts.
Mo., Dallas Co., 160 a. farm, 120 a. timber.
Mo., Taney Co., 316 a. ranch and 127 a. farm. Stock, farming implements, etc.
Mo., adj. Osceola, fine dairy farm, 313 a.
Mo., Audrain Co., 160 a. and impts.
Mo., nr Charleston, excellent 160 a. farm highly cultivated, excellent location.
Mont., Livingston, mod. 7-r. res., 2 lots.
Mont., Cascade Co., 160 a. grain and grazing land.
Mont., Great Falls, 6-r. res. and lot.
Mont., 1152 a. ranch, 900 a. tillable.
Nebr., Kimball Co., 160 a. land.
Nebr., Banner Co., 157 a. land.
Nebr., Buffalo Co., fine farm of 160 a.
Nebr., Cherry Co., 479 a. hay & pasture land
Nebr., Boxbutte Co., 158 a. land.
Nebr., Dawes Co., 160 a. land.
Nebr., Keyapaha Co., 160 a. grain land.
Nebr., Boone Co., well imp'd 80 a. farm.
N. H., Sullivan Co., eqp'd farm, 120 a.
N. H., nr Lisbon, summer boarding-house and 125 a. farm.
N. H., Sullivan Co., 130 a. and impts.
N. H., Manchester, fine mod. res. and grounds.
N. J., Wildwood, 9-r. house, 4000 ft. grd.
N. J., Hunterdon Co., 96 a. farm.
N. J., Avon, fine summer resort lot.
N. J., nr Burlington, good 45 a. truck farm.
N. J., near Mt. Holly, good 113 a. farm.
N. J., Maple Shade, 2 bldg. lots.
N. J., West Orange, 12-r. res. and ground.
N. J., Montclair, 11 a., suitable for sub-div. Fine res. section, 14 mi. from N.Y. City.
N. J., Irvington, 23 a. farm; two 6-r. houses; one 9-r.; admirably located for sub-division.
N. J., Elmhurst, 2 bldg. lots.
N. J., Farmingdale, 3 a. bldg. plot, desirable location.
N. J., Moorestown, fine res. and lot.
N. J. Middlesex Co., 100 a. and impts.
N. J., Bergen Co., excellent dairy or stock farm, 56 a.
N. J., Magnolia, good cottage and lot.
N. J., Middlesex Co., 184 a. clayland; finely located for mfg. site.
N. J., Hunterdon Co., eqp'd farm, 135 a.
N. J., Blairstown, good 10-r. res. and lot.
N. J., Netcong, good 7-r. res. and lot.
N. Mex., Chaves Co., 2,000 a. ranch on Pecos Riv r.
N. Mex., 6-r. adobe res. and lot.
N. Mex., nr Watrous, Mora Co., excellent ranch property, 2380 a.; located in fine agricultural district.
N. Y., Whitehall, 50-r. summer res.; 5 a.
N. Y., Elmira, 6 bldg. lots, 6th Ward.
N. Y. City, Kingsboro, finely located lot.
N. Y., Walton, fine 11-r. house & grounds.
N. Y., Geneseo, res. & 2 a., beautifully loc.
N. Y., nr Addison, 35 a. and impts.
N. Y., Chenango Co., fine 270 a. farm.
N. Y., two 5 a. plots Fourth Lake, Fulton Chain, Adirondacks.
N. Y., Woodhaven, Boro. Queens, store and dwelling, cottage and 10 lots.
N. Y., Brockport, 9-r. res. and grounds.
N. Y., Chenango Co., dairy farm, 149 a.
N. Y., Binghamton, Lestershire, 15 lots.
N. Y., Buffalo, 9-r. res., Elmwood dis.
N. Y. Mumford, 2 story store bldg., hall, living rooms.
N. Y., Chemung Co., 156 a. & impts.
N. Y., Eastchester, Tuckahoe, 2 bldg. lots.
N. Y., Broome Co., 50 a. and impts.
N. Y., Jefferson Co., 273 a. farm.
N. Y., Buffalo, 31 a. suitable for sub-div., 900 ft. frontage on South Park b'l'v'd; best located block in section; near new steel plant.
N, Y., Putnam Co., 136 a. farm, overlooks river and West Point.
N. Y., Ulster Co., 95 a. and impts.
N. Y., Orleans Co., 104 a. and impts.
N. Y. City, Flushing, 2½ bldg. lots.
N. Y., Wayne Co., 100 a. and impts.
N. Y., Sullivan Co., 140 a. and impts.
N. Y., Brighton, nr Rochester, Willow Pond property, res. and 4 a.; good fishing and bathing.
N. Y., Broome Co., fine farm, 80 a. & impts.
N. Y., Monroe Co., 92 a. & impts.; suitable for summer res. or landscape gardening.
N. Y., Wayne Co., fine farm, 67 a. & impts.
N. Y., Putnam Co., 128 a. and impts.
N. Y., Brooklyn, Mapleton, 10 bldg. lots, 59th and 60th sts.
N. Y., Brooklyn, Rugby E., 2 fine lots.
N. Y., Cayuga Co., 20 a. and impts.
N. Y., Rochester, 10-r. br. res., South av.
N. C., Orange Co., 197 a. timbered land and impts.
N. C., Polk Co., 700 a. and impts.; 600 a. timber.
N. C., nr Southern Pines, 10 a. fruit farm.
N. D., Steele Co., 160 a. grain land.
N. D., Grand Forks Co., 320 a. & impts.
N. D., Traill Co., 320 a. grain farm.
Ohio, Greenfield, fact. bldg., dry house, etc.
Ohio, nr Canton, fine 81 a. farm.
Ohio, Wayne Co., fine 120 a. farm.
Ohio, Columbus, fine corner bldg. lot, Central ave.
Ohio, Dayton, mod. 10-r. res., W. First st.
Ohio, Medina Co., 55 a. and impts.
Ohio, Mansfield, 7 bldg. lots.
Ohio, Medina Co., good 65 a. farm.
Ohio, Wayne Co., 1½ mi. from Wooster, excellent farm, 200 a.
Ohio, nr Bellaire, good 90 a. farm.
Ohio, Harrod, res. and 2 lots.
Ohio, Clermont Co., stock & grain farm, 207 a.
Ohio, Pike Co., 111 a. and impts.
Okla., Custer Co., eqp'd 148 a. farm.
Okla., Washita Co., relinquishments on 160 a. homestead.
Ore., Medford, fine 8-r. res. and 2 a.
Ore., Irvington, finely located lot.
Ore., Klamath Co., 320 a. timber land.
Pa., McDonald, 6-r. house and lot.
Pa., South Sharon, finely located lot.
Pa., nr Downington, fine farm, 102 a.
Phila., Weldon, nr Glenside, 10-r. res. and 1½ a. land.
Pa., Monessen, 3 good bldg. lots.
Pa., Duquesne, mod. 8-r. res. and lot.
Pa., Potter Co., 91 a. eqp'd farm.
Pa., Lancaster, country estate of 96 a. just outside city limits, on trolley line; mod 21-r. res.; finely located for sub-div.
Pa., Scranton, two 6-r. res., N. Everett ave.
Pa., Landingville, frame factory bldg.
Pa., Bucks Co., excellent farm, 117 a.
Pa., York Co., excellent 120 a. farm; suitable for dairy or stock raising.
Pa., Pike Co., 82 a. and impts.
Pa., McKeesport, fine bldg. site, 271 ft. frontage 5th ave. Admirable for stores and flats.
Pa., Lackawanna Co., 50 a. undeveloped coal land.
Pa., Pittsburg, West Liberty, good lot.
Pa., Parkside, in Pocono Mts., hotel and resort property, 270 a.
Pa., Fayette Co., excellent 130 a. farm.
Pa., Fayette Co., 23 a. and impts.
Pa., North Wales, fine store and dwel., good stable, outbuildings and lot.
Pa. Altoona, 60 well located lots.
Pa., Bedford Co., 113 a. and impts.
Pa., Jermyn, 2 stores & dwelling, Main st.
R. I., Tiverton, 9 mi. from Fall River, Mass.; 13 mi. from Newport; fine res. and 58 a.
R. I., East Providence, 8-r. cottage & lot.
S. C., Barnwell Co., 716 a. plantation.
S. C., Greenwood Co., 325 a. farm; well cultivated.
S. C., Camden, Kirkwood, fine 3 a. bldg. plot.
S. D., Brown Co., 160 a. tract of land.
Tenn., Williamson Co., eqp'd farm, 259 a.
Tex., Denison, 8 lots, Stewarts add.
Tex., Sherman, 8-r. res., E. Lamar st.
Tex., DeWitt Co., complete dairy farm, 117 a.
Tex., Paris, cottage & 6 lots, Margaret st.
Tex., San Antonio, 3 res. and 2 lots, Hays and Mosquite sts.
Tex., Jefferson Co., 10 a. oil land.
Tex., San Antonio, 6 a. central bldg. site; ideal for tourist hotel.
Vt., Addison, Mountain Inn and 460 a.
Va., Chase City, 7-r. res. and lot.
Va., Madison Co., 275 a. and impts.
Va., Liberty Hill, res., blacksmith shop and 1 a. land.
Va., Albemarle Co., 194 a. and impts.
Wash., Klickitat Co., 120 a. and impts.
Wash., Cowlitz Co., eqp'd farm, 158 a.
Wash., North Bay, Mason Co., 59 a. oyster bed, float house, tools, etc.
Wash., nr Seattle, 152 a. on Puget Sound, fruit and veg. land, also home sites.
W. Va., 9,782 a. coal land; 8,585 a. surface; splint and steam coal; 6 workable veins.
W. Va., Wirt Co., 240 a. oil land.
Wis., nr. Racine, 12-r. res. and 14 a.
Wis., nr Spooner, 85 a., 45 a. on lake.
Wis., Cuba City, good house and ½ a.
Wis., Oshkosh, fine mod. 14-r. res., Church st.
Wis., Juneau and Sauk Cos., 282 a. farm; suitable for dairying & general crops.
Wyo., nr Sheridan, 80 a. farm and relinquishments on 120 a. homestead.

Business Opportunities

Complete Greenhouse property, stock and bus., St. Clairsville, Ohio.
Estab. Millinery bus., Santa Ana, Cal.
Complete Pulp Mill, 228 a. farm, 3 dwellings, barn, etc., on River Portneuf, St. Raymond Parish, Que., Can.
Furnished Hotel and Grounds, Hartford, Wis. $10,000.
165 Barrel Roller Flouring Mill & 400x606 ft. land, Alexandria, Minn. $25,000.
Fine Hotel property near Lancaster, Pa. Fine mineral water; health and summer resort. $100,000.
Paving and Bldg. Brick Plant and 11 a., Canton, Ill. $8,000.
Patent on Imp. Whiffletree. $10,000.
Complete Roller Flour and Grist Mill, Douglasville, Ga. $8,000.
Furnished 42-r. Hotel, Chinook, Mont. $15,000.
Gen'l Mdse. Bus., stock and fixtures, Clarence, Iowa. $10,000.
Roller Flour and Feed Mill, 2 good dwellings, warehouse and 2 a., suitable for coal and lumber yard, Embreeville, Pa. $20,000.
Est. Gen'l Blacksmith Shop and lot. Fairmount, N. D. $1,100.
Hotel and Boarding-house property, Evans, Iowa. $1,000.
Two excellent mfg. properties and fine mfg. site, Syracuse, N. Y., within 300 yds. of D., L. & W. Sta., ½ mi. from business center of city.
Idaho, Moscow, fur. hotel; 45 rooms.

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Is the choice of refined people for their

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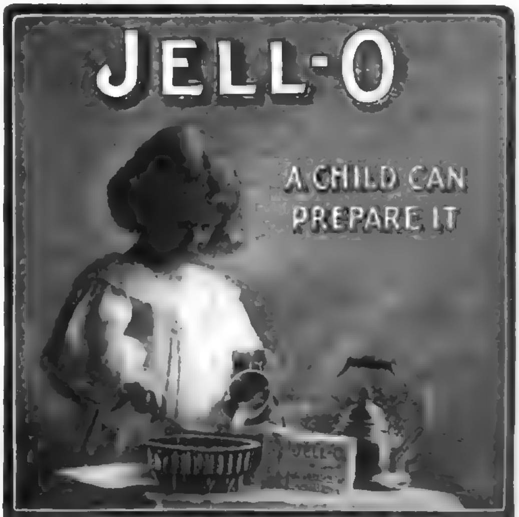
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JELL-O

"While Mama is busy getting ready for Christmas Dinner I am preparing the **Jell-O**. I can do it as well as she. I am going to add some candied cherries to this, but the addition of any fruit or nuts makes a nice change. Why don't you try some for your Christmas Dinner? Everybody likes it."

FOUR FRUIT FLAVORS: Lemon, Orange, Strawberry, and Raspberry.

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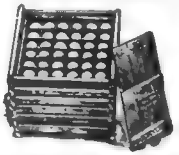

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Clover Brand eggs give health because they are absolutely fresh and are from **grain fed hens** free from disease.

Economical to buy. Express charges are small. Shipped in crates of 6 and 12 dozen, guaranteed to reach you unbroken. Special price to yearly contract customers.

Write for free booklet about "Clover Brand Eggs" and why this is the best way to buy eggs.

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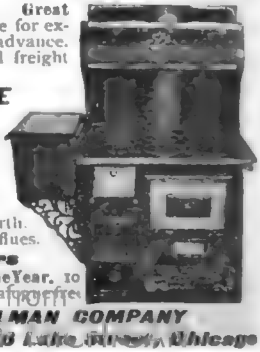
$45 TOLMAN RANGES $23.75



with reservoir and high closet. **Great Foundry Sale.** We ship range for examination without a cent in advance. If you like it pay $23.75 and freight and take range for

30 Days' FREE Trial Test

If not as represented by us we agree to **refund your money.** Oven 17½ x 21 in. Six 8-in. holes. Tolman Ranges are made of best wrought steel. Best bakers and roasters on earth. Burn anything. Asbestos lined flues.

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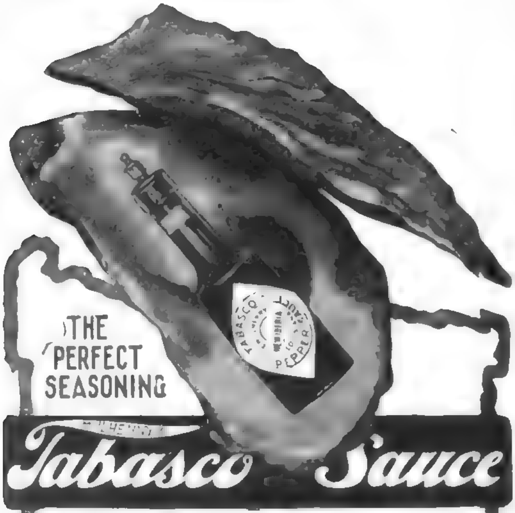

YOUR XMAS DINNER

will be far more enjoyable if you use this delightful Relish. Indispensable on the table and in the kitchen. For

SOUPS, ROASTS, SALADS, OYSTERS, CLAMS, FISH, SAUCES, GRAVIES, Etc.

Imparts delicious flavor; insures good digestion.

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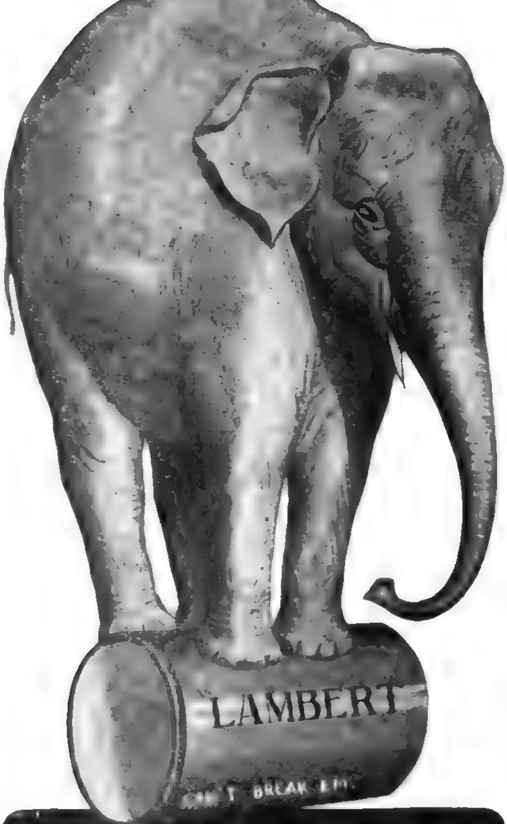

INDESTRUCTIBLE PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

Will not wear out—are scratch-proof—falling on the floor or jamming will not hurt them. Two of them stood on end will support an ordinary sized man without the slightest damage. When they get dirty wash them. No more careful handling or cotton wrappers—name of song printed on the end of each record—does away with the tags. Produces each sound and tone perfectly, and yet costs no more. Will fit any cylinder phonograph. Ask your dealer for them—or write for pamphlet.

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Rochester. The Talking Machine Co., 99 East Main Street.
Philadelphia. Penn Phonograph Co., 19 South Ninth Street.
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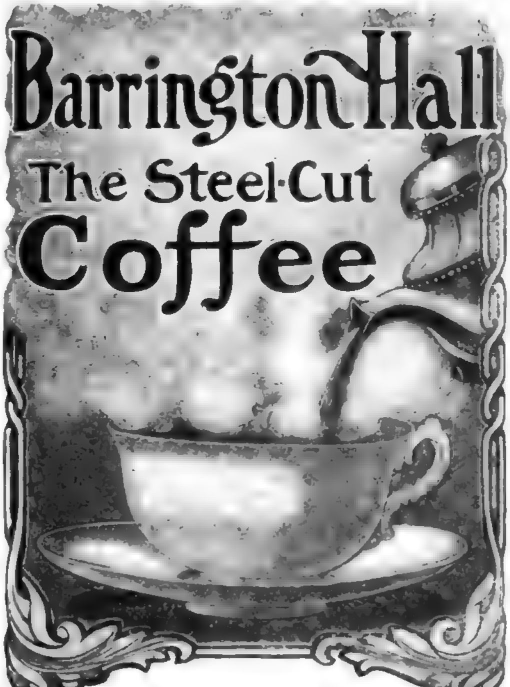
Lafayette. Wahl-Gassch Co., 304 Main Street.
Indianapolis. Wahl-Gassch Co., 119 South Illinois Street.
Detroit. Grinnel Bros., 219 Woodward Avenue.
St. Louis. Lambert Record Co., 519 Franklin Avenue
New Orleans. James I. Lyons, Theatre Arcade.
National Automatic Fire Alarm Co., 614 Gravier Street.
Kansas City. Lambert Record Co., 608 Main Street.
San Francisco. M. F. Levy, 415 Kearny Street.
Canada. Imperial Music Publishing House, 17 Jordan Street, Toronto.



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is coffee from which the tannin-bearing chaff and dust are removed, cut (not ground) to fine, uniform particles ready for use.

Barrington Hall

THE STEEL-CUT COFFEE

Is prepared from the choicest Java and Mocha by this newly patented process, which improves the flavor, doubling its value without increasing its cost.

Send for descriptive booklet: It's free

It explains why no other coffee can equal Barrington Hall in flavor and why it can be used without discomfort by those who feel that ordinary coffee injures them; also that Barrington Hall really costs no more than ordinary coffee, as it goes from one-third to one-half further than if ground in the old way.

A delicious coffee, not a tasteless substitute

CAUTION! If it is not Barrington Hall it is not the Steel-Cut Coffee. We own the process by patent right; and roast, steel-cut, and pack by machinery at our factory in 1 and 2-lb. sealed tins. SAMPLE FREE, SEE COUPON.

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228 2d St. N., Minneapolis, Minn

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BAKER & CO., Coffee Importers and Roasters,
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Please send me without expense sample can of Barrington Hall, the Steel-Cut Coffee, and booklet; in consideration I give herewith my grocer's name (on the margin).

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ONE SEWING MACHINE FREE
FOUR Sewing Machines ½ COST
TEN Sewing Machines ⅔ COST

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Young's Steinway **$65.00 Machine**

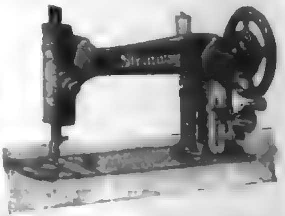
Beautiful quarter-sawed Oak Cabinet with automatic lift, bronzed drawer pulls, piano polish, hard enameled ball-bearing stand, full set of improved steel attachments, extreme high arm, adjustable tensions, lock stitch, automatic bobbin winder, every new invention and improvement, the VERY BEST. "SHIPPED DIRECT FROM FACTORY."

The Name of This High Grade Sewing Machine

Young's "Steinway"

CONTAINS

14 LETTERS

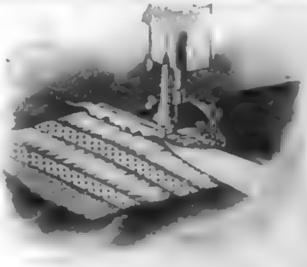


The person sending us the greatest number of English dictionary words (not proper names) made from these 14 letters will receive this *High Grade* sewing machine as shown.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

The **four** persons sending the next greatest number of words may each select and have any sewing machine out of our 35 styles shown in catalogue at ⅓ the Factory price or ⅓ agent's cost. The next **ten** persons sending the greatest number of words may each have one of these machines at ⅔ of the Factory price to agents. The same quality machines are selling from $45.00 to $65.00. But under the terms and conditions offered here those at ⅓ cost will figure $9.00 to $12.25; at ⅔ cost from $12.00 to $16.33. **IN ADDITION the next one hundred persons** sending the greatest list of words will each receive a "Certificate of Merit" entitling them to a rebate of **$2.00** below the "**factory prices**" to agents. All contestants will receive some reward for their effort. Write for particulars.

Young's "Steinway"

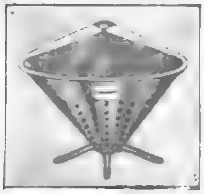


This Machine Absolutely Free

And one hundred and fourteen machines at great sacrifice.

Simply as an advertisement to make everyone who is interested in securing the finest, newest, most improved, and best sewing machine, *remember* the "name and the maker" of this new and superior sewing machine, the finest ever made by any factory. **Our Catalogues are Free.** Finely illustrated with colored photographs of the machines *"sold direct from factory"* and containing a great deal of valuable information about the late things on the sewing machine subject. [illegible] Particulars of this EASY CONTEST *given on request.* Write for blanks and information. Ask for catalogue B-1412

THE HOMER YOUNG CO., Ltd., TOLEDO, OHIO. *Each person may contest but Once*



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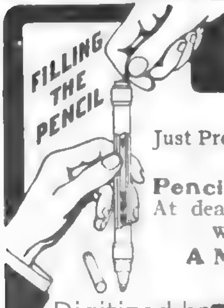
The Favorite One

Keeps the sink clean. Saves plumbers' bills. Saves doctors' bills. Keeps your temper sweet. No good housekeeper should be without it, so **YOU** get one to-day from **Your Dealer**, or from

F. H. & E. B. VROOMAN
227 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, U.S.A.



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Just Press the Top for a **Firm, Sharp Point.** Absolutely **Guaranteed** a year

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Pencil and 33 Leads . . . . **25c.**
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Write for Agents' Proposition Cr. **FREE Booklet—Ask for Edition P.**

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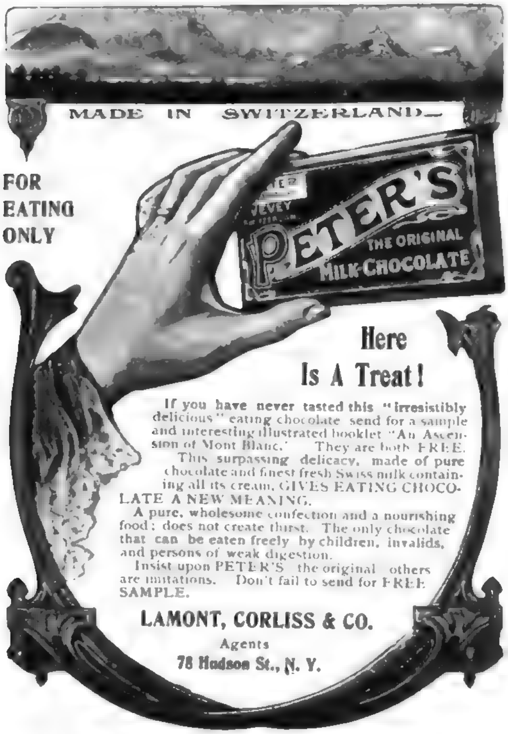

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If you have never tasted this "irresistibly delicious" eating chocolate send for a sample and interesting illustrated booklet "An Ascension of Mont Blanc." They are both FREE.

This surpassing delicacy, made of pure chocolate and finest fresh Swiss milk containing all its cream, GIVES EATING CHOCOLATE A NEW MEANING.

A pure, wholesome confection and a nourishing food; does not create thirst. The only chocolate that can be eaten freely by children, invalids, and persons of weak digestion.

Insist upon PETER'S the original others are imitations. Don't fail to send for FREE SAMPLE.

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Agents
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PLANTATIONS IN CHINA

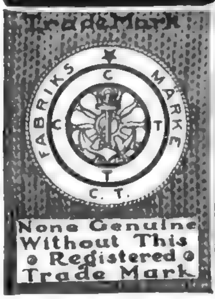
A GREAT HYGIENIC INVENTION

made by our secret process from the fiber of the wonderful Ramie plant (vegetable silk), which combines all the good qualities of silk, wool, linen, and cotton, but has none of their bad ones.

It has the luster of silk, four times the strength of linen, and is much more absorbent. It keeps the pores active to excrete impurities from the system. Provides Radiation, Ventilation, and Evaporation, is absolutely unshrinkable, most pleasant to wear, and

The Only Really Hygienic Underwear Made.

It preserves and restores health, cures Rheumatism and other ailments caused by impure blood, hardens the system, and is the best safeguard against catching cold.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For sale by leading dealers everywhere. (*There is no substitute.*) Made in porous knitted texture, for men, women, and children.

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Factory: Carlskrona, Sweden
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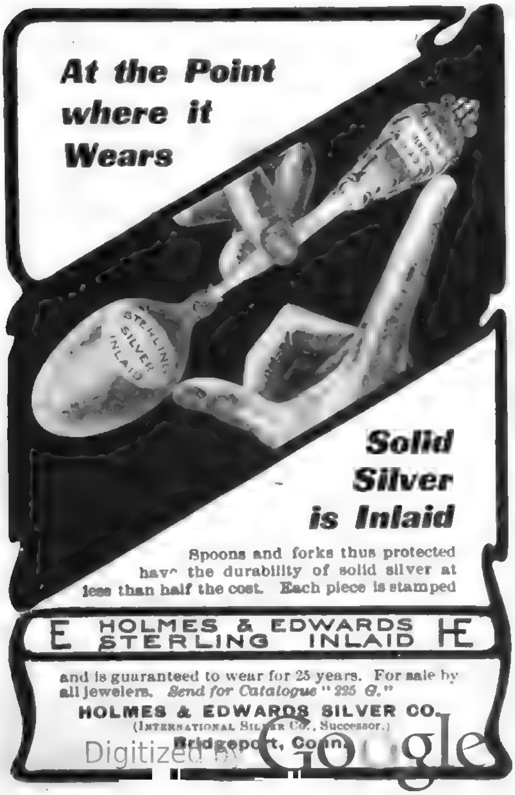
WILSON BROS., - CHICAGO



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and is guaranteed to wear for 25 years. For sale by all jewelers. *Send for Catalogue "225 G."*

HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.
(INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successor.)
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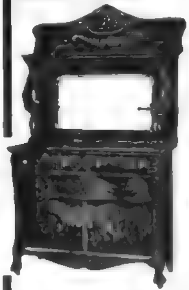
Save Money on Christmas Furniture

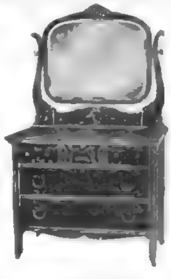
Our handsome catalog shows the most attractive line of furniture it is possible to find for Holiday gifts—all sold direct to you from our own factory at factory prices.

See the famous "GRACE" furniture before buying and save money on sideboards, dining tables and chairs, buffets, china closets, and bedroom furniture.

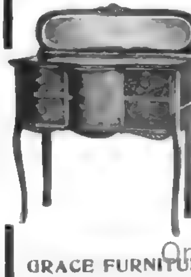


We prepay the freight to all points east of the Mississippi River and north of Tennessee, and equalize to points beyond. We ship all goods subject to your approval. If not exactly as represented and perfectly satisfactory to you they may be returned entirely at our expense.

$25.00 buys this handsome, figured, quartered oak, finely hand polished Sideboard, with large French Bevel Mirror, and with all the appointments and conveniences of a first-class Sideboard. Dealers get $37.50 for such a board.



$21.00 buys this elegant mahogany Dresser, with fine French Bevel Mirror, 24 x 30. Hand polished. High class in every way. Furnished also in Bird's-eye Maple at same price. Dealers sell such Dressers up to $35.00



Save $7.00 on this Buffet
We Sell Direct for only $15.00

Easily worth $22.00 at retail. Is made of solid QUARTER-SAWED OAK, beautifully hand polished, has large swell-front Cupboard, fine French Bevel Mirror, 8 x 32 in.; large base 20 in. deep by 40 in. wide.

GRACE FURNITURE CO. Grand Rapids, Mich.
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You will want to read the January Number of

Everybody's Magazine

Those qualities of broad human interest so characteristic of **Everybody's Magazine** are fully represented in the January issue. It is a particularly virile and entertaining number, containing much diversified reading calculated to amuse even if some of the contributions do set people thinking.

The Madness of Too Much Power

By DAVIS GRAHAM PHILLIPS, author of "The Master Rogue" and "The Great God Success."

The man who gains great wealth values its possession for the authority it gives him over men of affairs. This lust for power is not confined to the giants of Wall Street, but is typical of men throughout the country. The author of "The Master Rogue" thoroughly understands this type, and in a masterly way explains its tendencies.

Ex-Speaker Henderson

in a vigorous article, gives a clear exposition of the three important questions that are up for discussion in Congress, and the men who will take part.

John W. Gates, the Forgetful Man

This is a diverting, if not flattering, sketch of the evolution of a great speculator.

Back to Nature

by THEODORE WATERS, gives an amusing account of the experience of a novice in "nature" cure not fifty miles from New York, where burial in the earth is the sovereign remedy for all ills, and clothes are not encouraged. The novice slept on the bare ground, took his bath in strange fashion, and lived on the fruits of the earth - uncooked. There are enthusiasts following these rules half the year round.

The Unemployed Rich

This clever series of sketches of New York high society are written by one who is privileged to speak with authority. Miss Manners's study of "Their Sponges" is a striking story of the parasites of multi-millionairedom.

A Christmas Failure

A strong and stirring tale by MAXIMILIAN FOSTER, picturing life in the coal regions, and the attempt of a guileless young woman to bring sweetness and light into the lives of the miners on social settlement principles. The laboring Finns and Huns and their utter imperviousness to good works make a powerful study in human conditions which the author has illumined with unfailing humor.

Other stories are **"The Reform of Michael Doolan,"** by Anne Story Allen; **"The Spirit of the Academy,"** by E. C. McCants; **"The Blockite and the Get-Rich-Quick Man,"** a Wall Street story by S. A. Nelson; etc.

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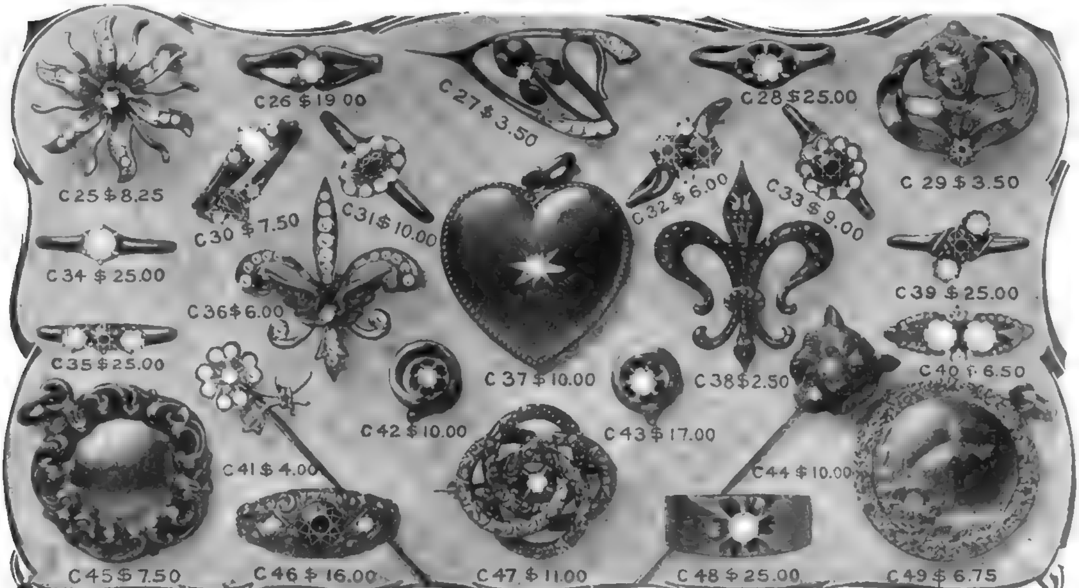

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Cut Glass, Novelties, Etc., Etc.
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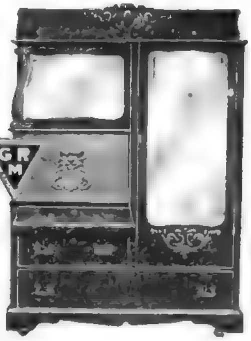
A FREE BOOKLET
ON
FOLDING BEDS.



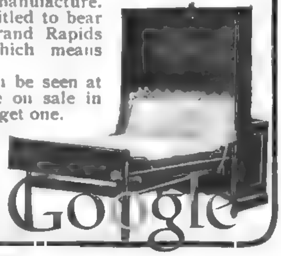
We have issued a booklet on Welch Folding Beds that will be of interest to anyone desiring to economize room in the house or who wants an extra bed that can be easily folded up out of the way.

It shows 20 of the latest styles of Parlor Cabinet Beds, Combination Folding Beds (combining beds with wardrobes, chiffoniers, writing desks, bookcases, and dressers), and our famous "Oxford" Beds.

WELCH FOLDING BEDS

Are **absolutely safe** (guaranteed) and the result of 20 years' experience in folding-bed manufacture. They are the **only ones** entitled to bear the trade-mark of the Grand Rapids Furniture Association, which means highest quality.

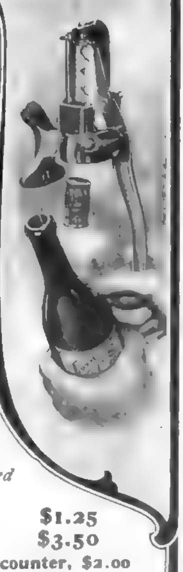
Welch Folding Beds can be seen at furniture stores. If none on sale in your town write us how to get one.



Welch
Folding Bed Co.
Office, 58 Ionia Street,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Yankee Cork Puller

A MECHANICAL MARVEL



Can pull 100 corks a minute, and without effort.

No household should be without one.

It is fastened to your ice-chest, sideboard, door-frame, or wall, or anywhere. **Never can be mislaid.**

By simply moving the handle up and down the tightest cork is drawn and automatically discharged.

The corks are removed clean, no bits left in the bottle.

Remember the tightly corked oil, catsups, pickle, olive, flavoring extract, medicine, and numerous other household bottles, and YOU MUST realize that no woman, WIFE or servant, should be allowed to struggle with a corkscrew.

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Sent direct, express prepaid, on receipt of price. Order to-day from the Makers. Money back if not pleased after 30 days.

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For Hotels, etc., with clamp for counter, $2.00

Booklet for asking

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DEVOTED TO THE ART OF BEING AGREEABLE

LEARN THE ART OF TACT, TASTE,

Good Manners

GOOD FORM AND ENTERTAINING

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It teaches the correct thing to do, to say, to write, to wear on all occasions. A complete guide to perfect ease of manner. An ideal text-book for the polite education of children. Good manners are to-day essential to success

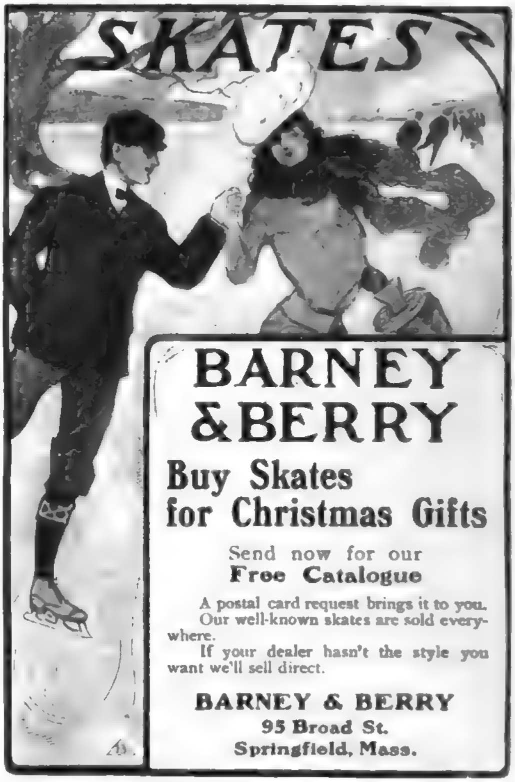
Our Bureau of Enquiry

supplies members with special information and correct advice upon questions of etiquette and deportment.

A UNIQUE AND USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT

Our illustrated Free Book, containing complete description of the course of instruction and membership privileges, mailed to you on request.

The New York Society of Self-Culture
Dept. W 7, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.



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Send now for our
Free Catalogue

A postal card request brings it to you.
Our well-known skates are sold everywhere.
If your dealer hasn't the style you want we'll sell direct.

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95 Broad St.
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A Useful Christmas Gift

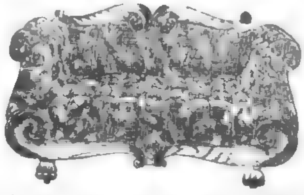
Agents Earn $75 to $250 A MONTH SELLING NOVELTY KNIVES

Every person a possible customer. Best of materials and workmanship. Your name, address and emblems of societies, photos, etc., beneath handles. Many other advantages make large and rapid sales. **We want agents everywhere.** Good commission paid. Write for exclusive territory. Send for catalogue and terms. 2-blade Knife $1.20, 3-blade $1.60, with name and photo.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 20 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

$17.91

BUYS THIS
Handsome Extension Davenport



Direct from the factory. Retails at $25. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Quarter-sawed oak frame, piano polish, richly upholstered in high-grade velour, steel springs. Size, closed, 61 inches; open, 83 inches; width, 30 inches. Adjustable arms, which can be placed in six different positions, making it suitable for divan, couch, settee, or bed. Freight prepaid east of Mississippi River and north of Tennessee. Write for catalog of couches at factory prices.

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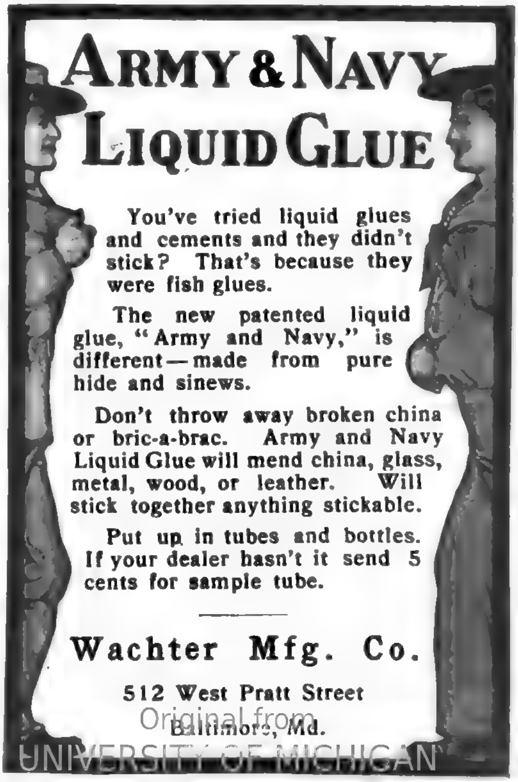

ARMY & NAVY LIQUID GLUE

You've tried liquid glues and cements and they didn't stick? That's because they were fish glues.

The new patented liquid glue, "Army and Navy," is different — made from pure hide and sinews.

Don't throw away broken china or bric-a-brac. Army and Navy Liquid Glue will mend china, glass, metal, wood, or leather. Will stick together anything stickable.

Put up in tubes and bottles. If your dealer hasn't it send 5 cents for sample tube.

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the most beautiful of the Caribbean Islands, is but five days from Boston and four from Philadelphia. Its winter climate is delightfully mild and agreeable. The vegetation is of rare luxuriance and gorgeous coloring. The scenery among the Blue Mountains is grand in the extreme. The hotels are excellent, the roads perfection, and the sea bathing in winter a luxury unknown elsewhere. **Can you imagine a more delightful spot for a winter sojourn?**

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Send for illustrated booklet fully describing Jamaica, its scenery, people, and interesting inland tours. Free on request. For information and booklets address

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The **EVANS VACUUM CAP** gives the scalp a thorough massage and encourages a free and healthful circulation without rubbing and without the use of drugs or irritants. It will stop hair from falling out and restore a normal growth where live follicles exist. The cap is used about ten minutes twice a day, and its effects are pleasant from the very beginning. We allow 30 days' trial to test the apparatus without expense to the purchaser. Call on or address EVANS VACUUM CAP CO., St. Louis Office, Fullerton Building. New York, 1300 Broadway.

NOTE.—To those who find it convenient to call at our offices we will give a sufficient number of demonstrations free to satisfy them as to the merit of this appliance.

TRADE **POLPASTA** MARK

Polpasta on your finger-nails will give them that peculiar, healthy, well-cared-for look and add to the beauty of any hand. Not a rouge; a polishing paste.

Polpasta, 25c. per jar, by mail. Your druggist can get it for you. Ask him.

Nail F.B. Powder

"F. B." Nail Powder is lasting, and will not dry up the cuticle or cause it to split, but gives the nail a nice, clean luster. Delicately perfumed and absolutely free from grit.

"F. B." Nail Powder, by mail, 25c., 50c., $1.00, $1.50 per box. Ask your dealer.

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Foronga, an up-to-date preparation for removing stains from the nails and fingers. Especially prepared for manicuring.

Foronga, a vegetable bleach that will not burn the nail or flesh. Preservative and healing. By mail, 50c. per bottle. Your druggist should have it.

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Try this outfit of Manicure Goods by mail for 25 cents.

- One F. B. Flexible File.
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- One F. B. Manicure Stick.
- Sample of Polpasta.
- Sample of F. B. Nail Powder.

Quality the finest, workmanship the best

FORQUIGNON MFG. CO., 22 East 18th Street, New York

Send for catalogue [illegible] Manicure [illegible] for 10c.

Vapo-Cresolene

AN INHALATION FOR

Whooping Cough,
Croup,
Bronchitis,
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Don't fail to use CRESOLENE for the distressing and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. For more than twenty years we have had the most conclusive assurances that there is nothing better. Cresolene is a boon to ASTHMATICS.

An interesting descriptive booklet is sent free, which gives the highest testimonials as to its value.

ALL DRUGGISTS

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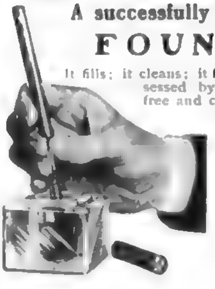
The Standard Pen

FILLS ITSELF

A successfully distinct improvement in

FOUNTAIN PENS



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Write for illustrated catalog describing this splendid Pen and plan whereby you can easily make from $5.00 to $25.00 with little effort. Address

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To Prove that Daus' "Tip-Top" is the best and simplest device for making **100 Copies** from Pen-written and **50 Copies** from typewritten original, we will ship complete duplicator, cap size, **without deposit**, on **ten (10) days' trial.**

Price $7.50 less Trade Discount of 33⅓ per cent **$5 net.**

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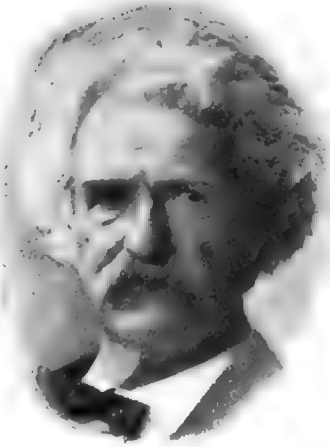

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With Illustrations by E. W. Kemble, Peter Newell, B. West Clinedinst, J. G. Brown.

Of all the books of the great humorist these are the ones that have made his name a household word wherever the English language is spoken.

THEIR FUN IS IMMORTAL—WORTH READING TWICE

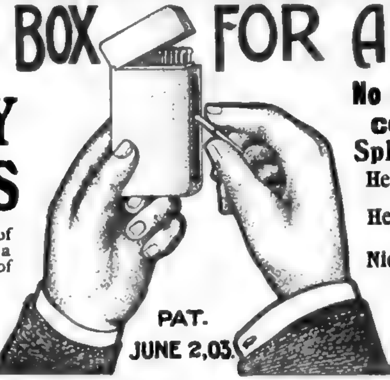
This is the first time that these volumes have been put within the reach of any but the rich, and published in a uniform low-priced set.

EVERYBODY CAN AFFORD THEM

OUR OFFER—We will send you the entire set of 6 volumes, charges prepaid, on receipt of $1.00. If you do not like the books when they reach you, send them back at our expense, and we will return the $1.00. If you do like them, send us $1.00 every month for 11 months. In order to keep you in touch with us during these months, on receipt of your request for these books we will enter you as a subscriber for one year, without additional cost to you, for either HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, or the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. In writing, state which periodical you want.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, N. Y. CITY

POCKET MATCH BOX FOR ALL MATCHES



Carries SAFETY MATCHES

A perfect box for all kinds of matches. Safety matches light on a SOLID CAKE (not a thin strip) of igniting composition in the edge, other kinds on the bottom.

Large enough to hold half a box of safety matches. Substantially made, beautifully finished

No More Bulky Wooden Boxes
COMPACT—CONVENIENT
Splendid Xmas Gift for Men

Heavy Solid Sterling Silver, $6.00
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Heavy Silver Plated or Oxidized - - - .75
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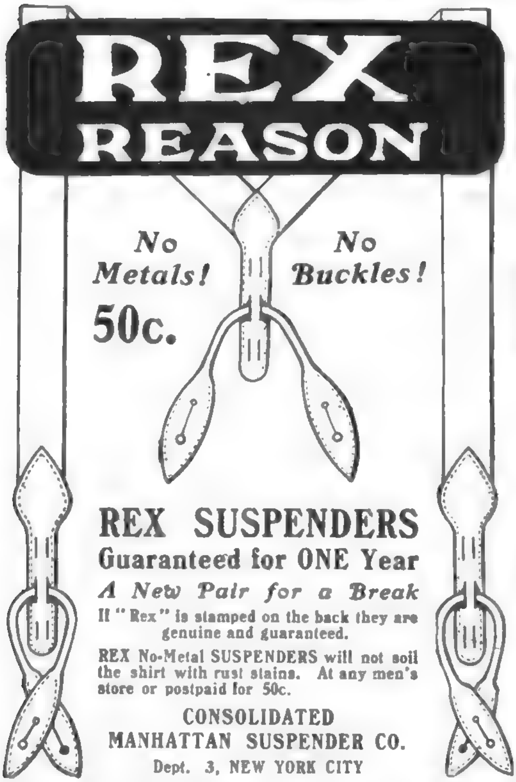

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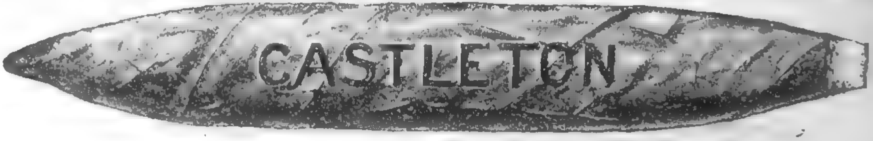

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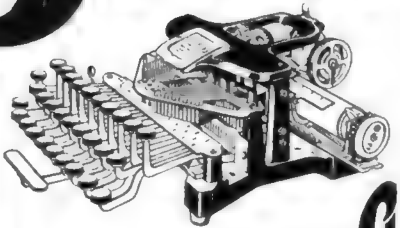

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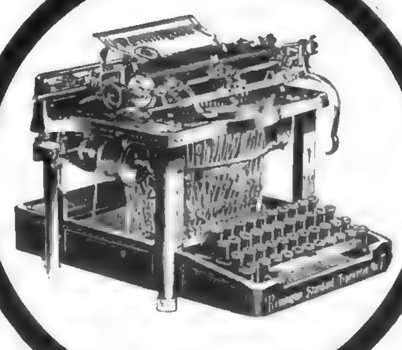

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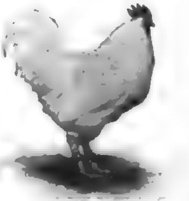

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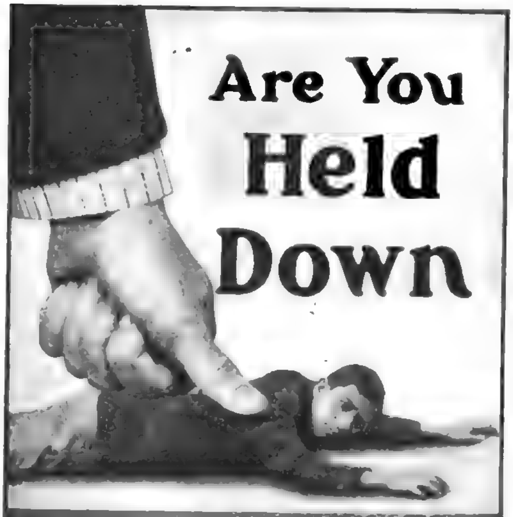

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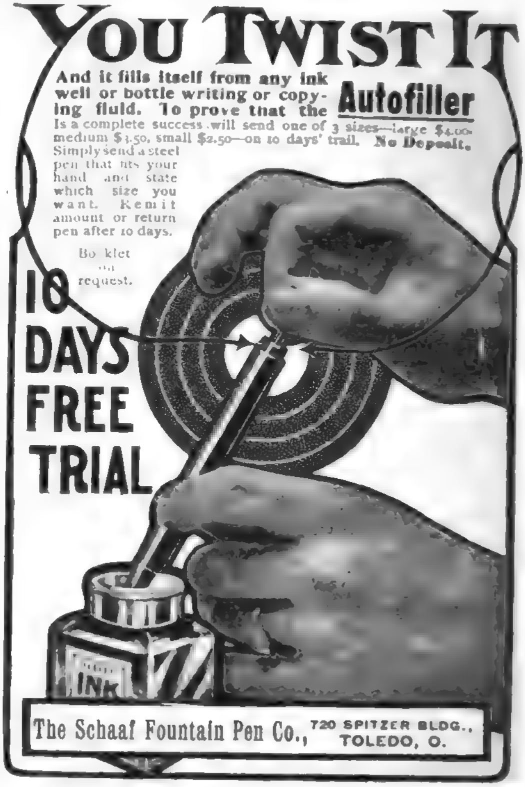

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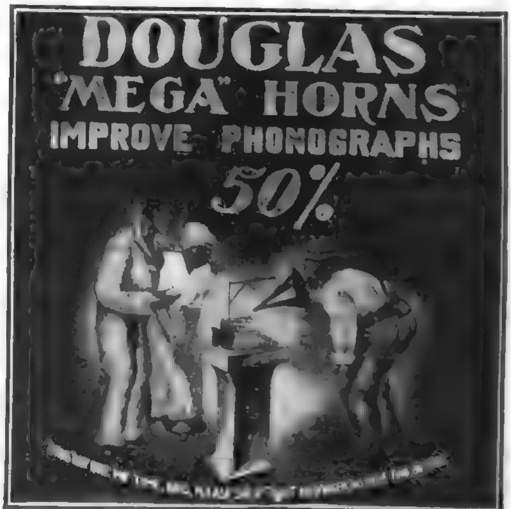

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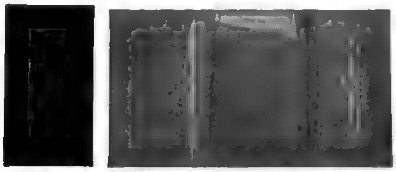

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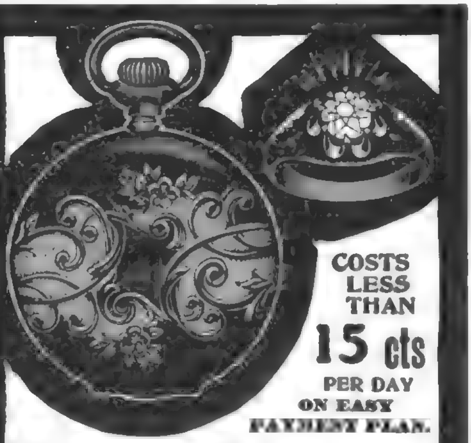

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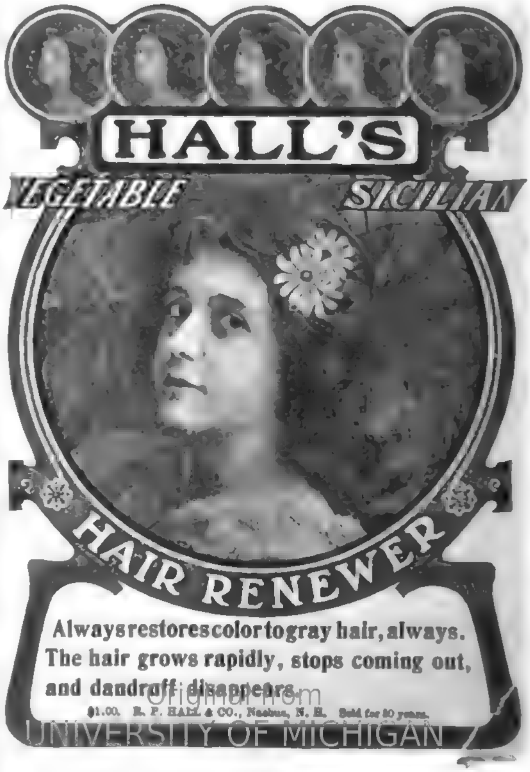

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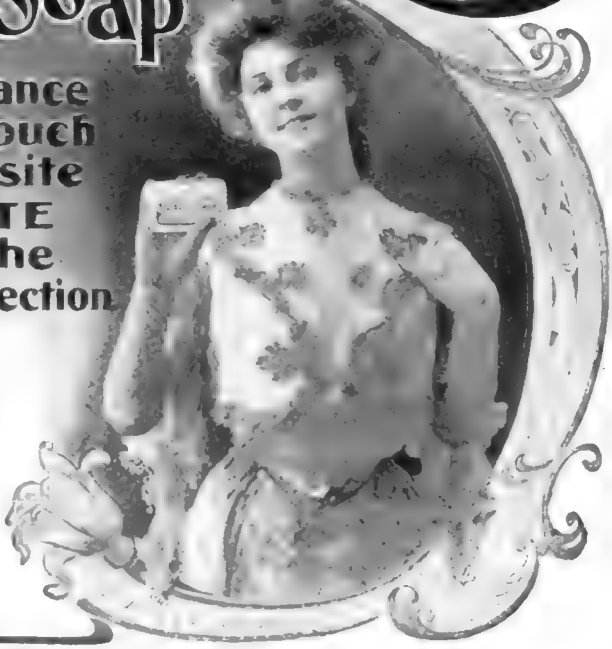

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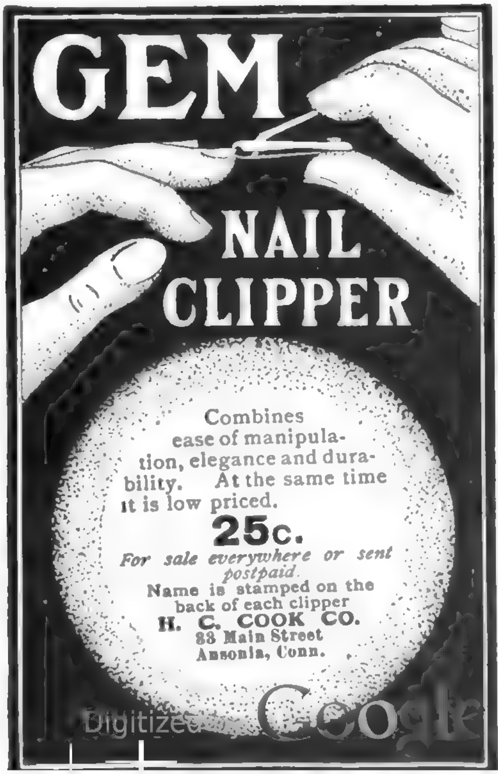

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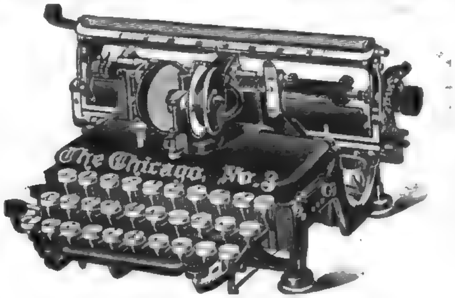

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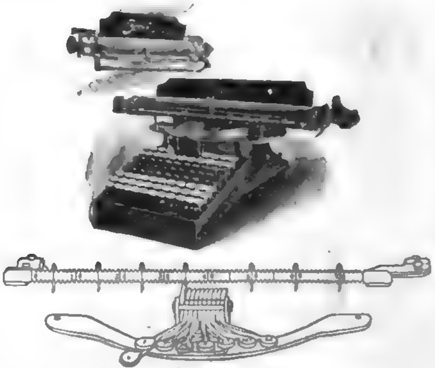

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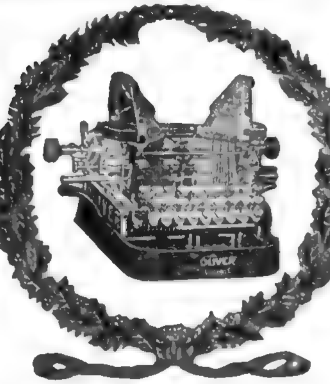

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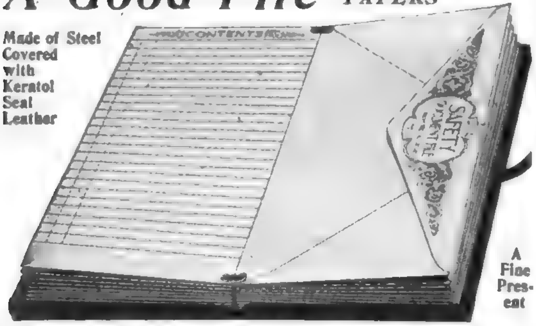

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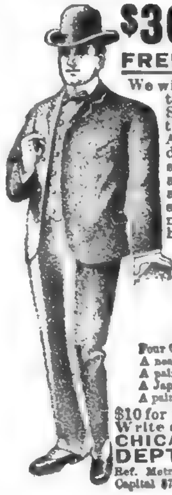

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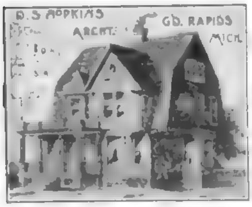
Capital $750,000.00, or any Express Company in Chicago.



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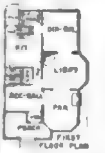

4 cents in Stamps will bring larger view, plans, and 16 design booklet. **Send sketch** of your own ideas, I will perfect estimate, and give cost of full plans. See list of classified books herewith.

Everything considered, $2,800 should build it in average localities, less heating.

Book No. 6	has 56	designs from	$250	to	$1,500
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" " 9	" 80	(12 stables)	3,600	"	10,000
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Views, figured plans, descriptions, and estimates to each

SINGLE BOOK,	$1.00
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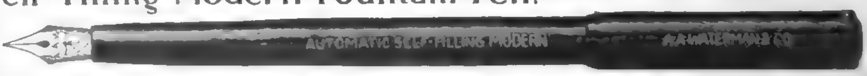
of book or letter is yours if you write with the Automatic Self-Filling "Modern" Fountain Pen.



There's a big gain in time also. A simple twist and it fills itself. One of the many kinds made and guaranteed by

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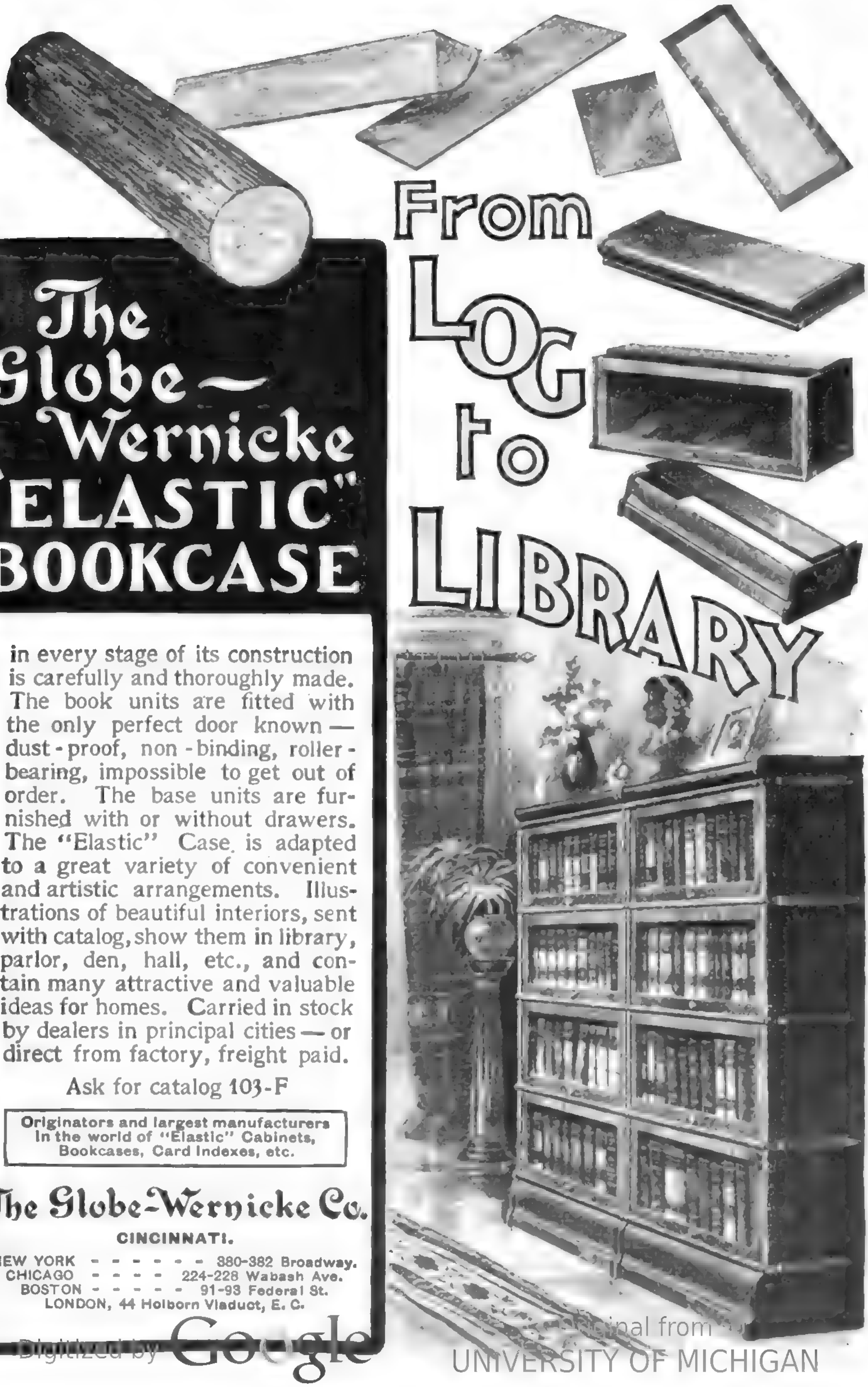

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in every stage of its construction is carefully and thoroughly made. The book units are fitted with the only perfect door known — dust-proof, non-binding, roller-bearing, impossible to get out of order. The base units are furnished with or without drawers. The "Elastic" Case is adapted to a great variety of convenient and artistic arrangements. Illustrations of beautiful interiors, sent with catalog, show them in library, parlor, den, hall, etc., and contain many attractive and valuable ideas for homes. Carried in stock by dealers in principal cities — or direct from factory, freight paid.

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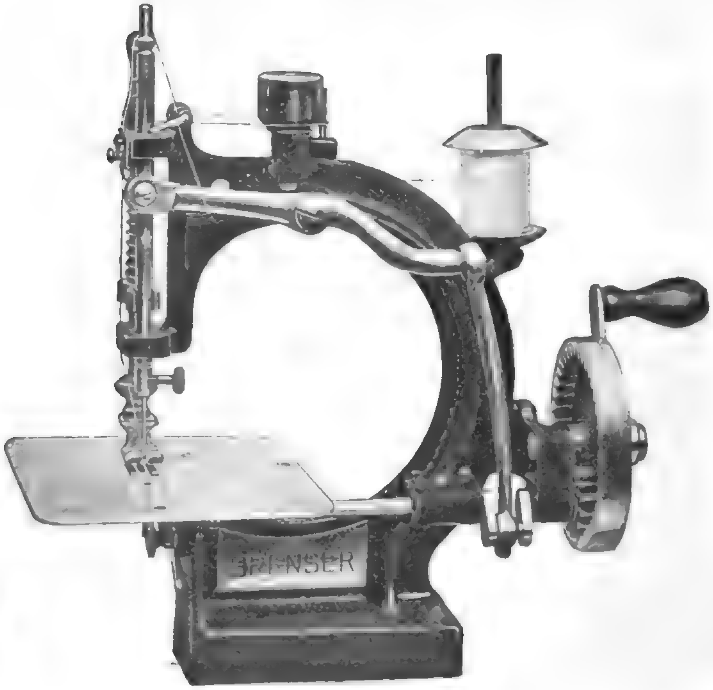

$10 **$10**

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It's something new and most unique
And bound to please the strictest censor;
It grew the fad on the first week,
The talk is of the **Spenser.**

It's light and handy and compact,
By far the greatest toil dispenser;
It is a Twentieth Century fact—
This easy running **Spenser.**

No shuttle that you have to thread!
No need to make thread loose or tenser!
No bobbin to be often fed
Annoys you in the **Spenser.**

The **Spenser** weighs four pounds and is particularly desirable to those wishing a sewing machine that will take up small space and yet be large enough to do all the household sewing. It is strong and durable and thoroughly **guaranteed. Write** for descriptive pamphlet and samples of work or order **at once.** If on **two weeks' trial** you are not satisfied, return the machine and we will refund price paid. Direct all mail orders and correspondence to our main office, Boston, Mass.

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A Syrup for Griddle Cakes—
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Karo
CORN SYRUP

A golden syrup made from golden grain.
Pure and clean.
Highly nutritious.

Sold in 10c, 25c and 50c friction-top tins.

If you cannot get Karo Corn Syrup at your grocer's, please send us a postal giving his name and address.

A book of new receipts by Mrs. Helen Armstrong sent free upon request.

CORN PRODUCTS CO.,
New York and Chicago.

Cheap eggs are as good as cheap lamp-chimneys.

MACBETH.

If you use a wrong chimney, you lose a good deal of both light and comfort, and waste a dollar or two a year a lamp on chimneys.

Do you want the Index? Write me.

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IN KITCHEN UTENSILS
FREEDOM FROM POISON
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The Blue Label on every piece proves our statement.

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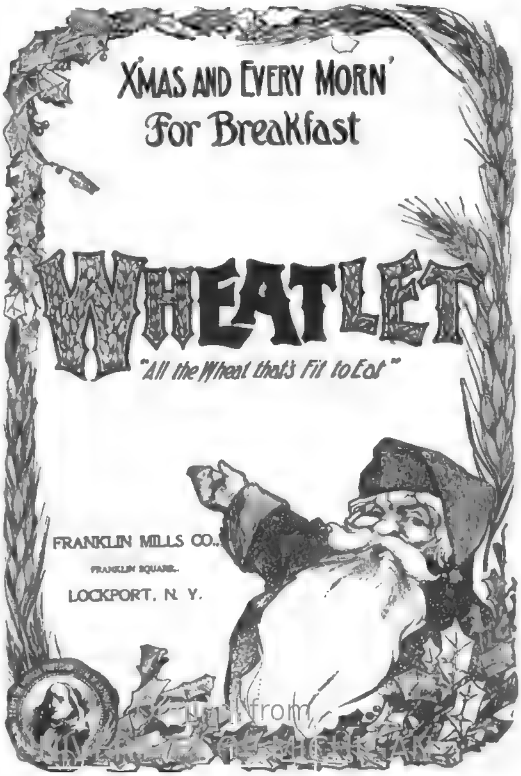
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For Breakfast
WHEATLET
"All the Wheat that's Fit to Eat"
FRANKLIN MILLS CO.,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.
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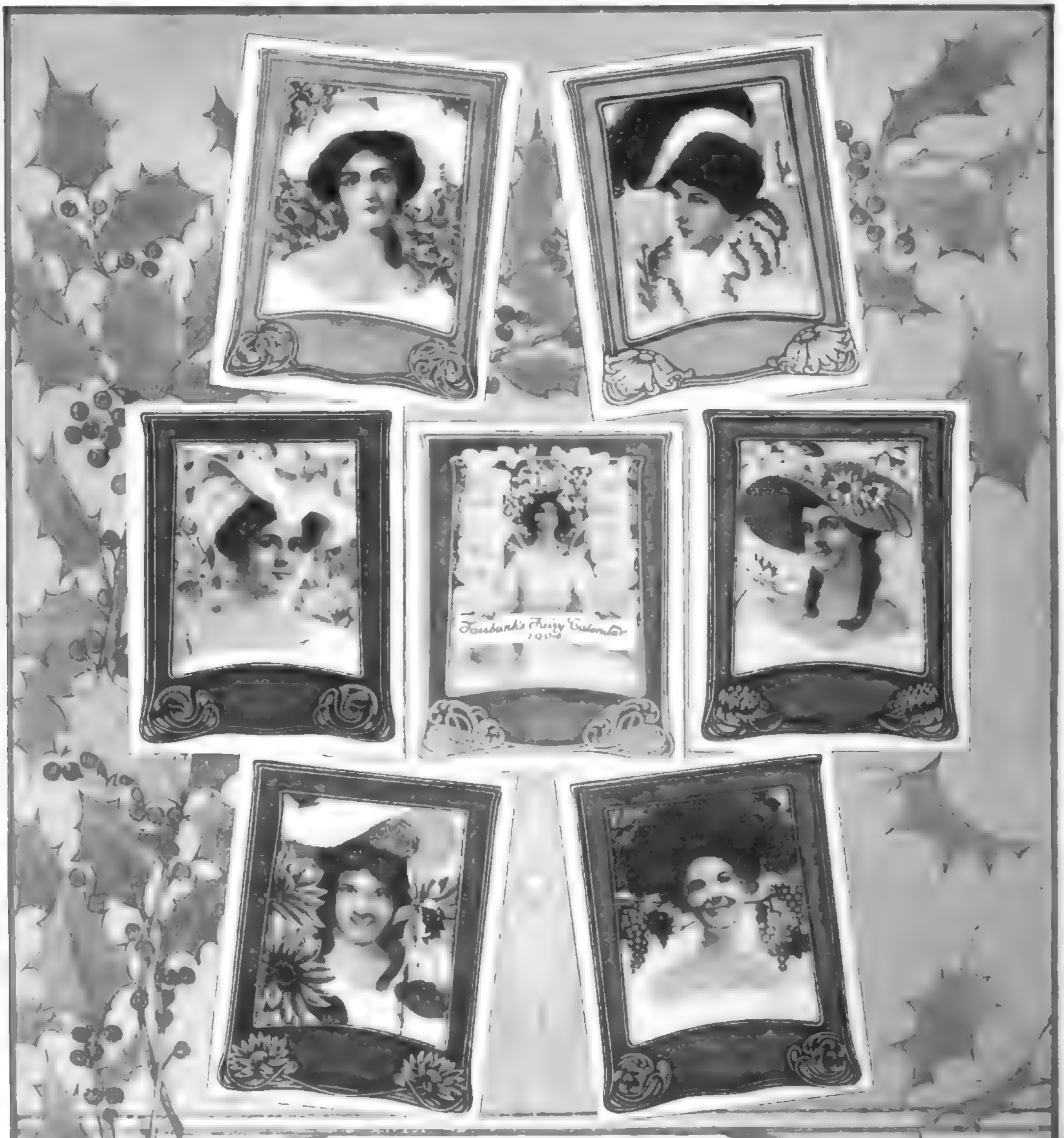

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FOR CHRISTMAS

Nothing more appropriate as a remembrance—everyone wants a calendar and the Fairy Calendar is the most artistic of the year. Send one to each of your friends.

Consists of seven sheets, 10 x 12¾, free from all advertising, the first sheet bearing the year's calendar, and the other six, heads of beautiful women, with a burnt leather border effect and decorations in L'Art Nouveau. Exquisitely lithographed in twelve colors, ready for hanging.

HOW TO GET IT

Send us ten oval box fronts from Fairy Soap, and we will send calendar absolutely free. If you prefer, send us 25 cents in stamps. This is, without doubt, the most liberal calendar offer of the season.

Fairy Soap is the purest and best white soap made for the toilet and bath. It is oval in shape and daintily wrapped in an individual carton. Price 5c.

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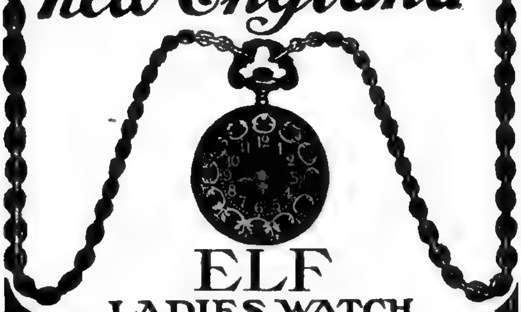
New England



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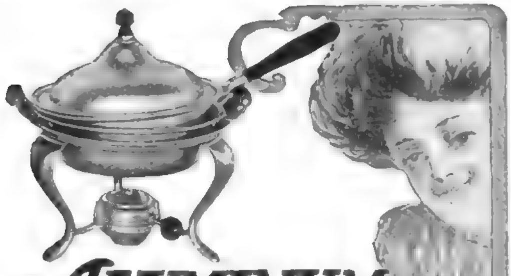
Gun Metal
Heart, Square, Octagon, Round Cases.
Silver
Open Face or Hunting Cases, all designs.
Gold Filled Cases
In all styles, plain and decorated enamels in colors.
Solid Gold Cases
Open Face or Hunting, plain or engraved.
Catalogs and Booklets
sent free on request.
All Our Manufactures Are Fully Guaranteed
For sale by all Jewelers.
The name **New England** is on every watch.

The New England Watch Co.
MAKERS OF THE WATCH COMPLETE.
NEW YORK: 37 and 39 Maiden Lane
CHICAGO: 131-137 Wabash Avenue
SAN FRANCISCO: Claus Spreckels Building.



ALUMINUM
CHAFING DISHES

Handsome as silver and as easily kept bright—Solid metal—More durable than any plated dish, because plating is sure to wear off—Require less heat—Make delightful rare-bits—less tendency to stick—Hygienic—absolutely safe—no compound of aluminum is poisonous—This is not true of other metals—

IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

For $5.00 we will send, prepaid, a three pint chafing dish, fitted with fine rubberoid handle and the best regulating lamp made—Ask your dealer for Alumnium Utensils bearing the T. A. C. U. Co. trade-mark—If he cannot supply them write us for our useful book of information and catalogue.

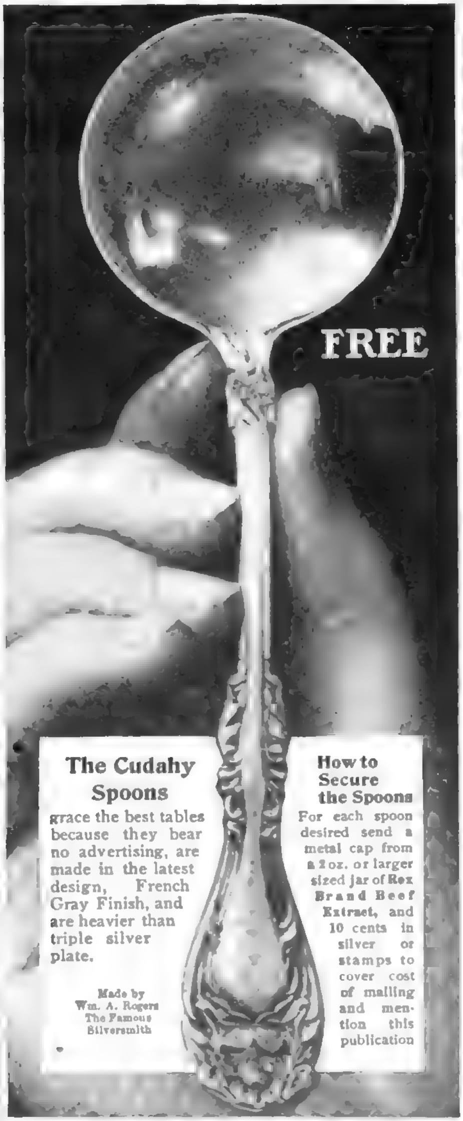
The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
Box D, Pittsburg, Pa.

CUDAHY'S
Rex Brand Beef Extract

"THE TASTE TELLS"

For Soups, Sauces Savory Sundries and **Beef Tea**

Secure a Set of the Famous Cudahy A-1 Silver Plated Bouillon Spoons



The Cudahy Spoons

grace the best tables because they bear no advertising, are made in the latest design, French Gray Finish, and are heavier than triple silver plate.

Made by
Wm. A. Rogers
The Famous
Silversmith

How to Secure the Spoons

For each spoon desired send a metal cap from a 2 oz. or larger sized jar of **Rex Brand Beef Extract**, and 10 cents in silver or stamps to cover cost of mailing and mention this publication

(Do not confuse these splendid spoons with ordinary offers)

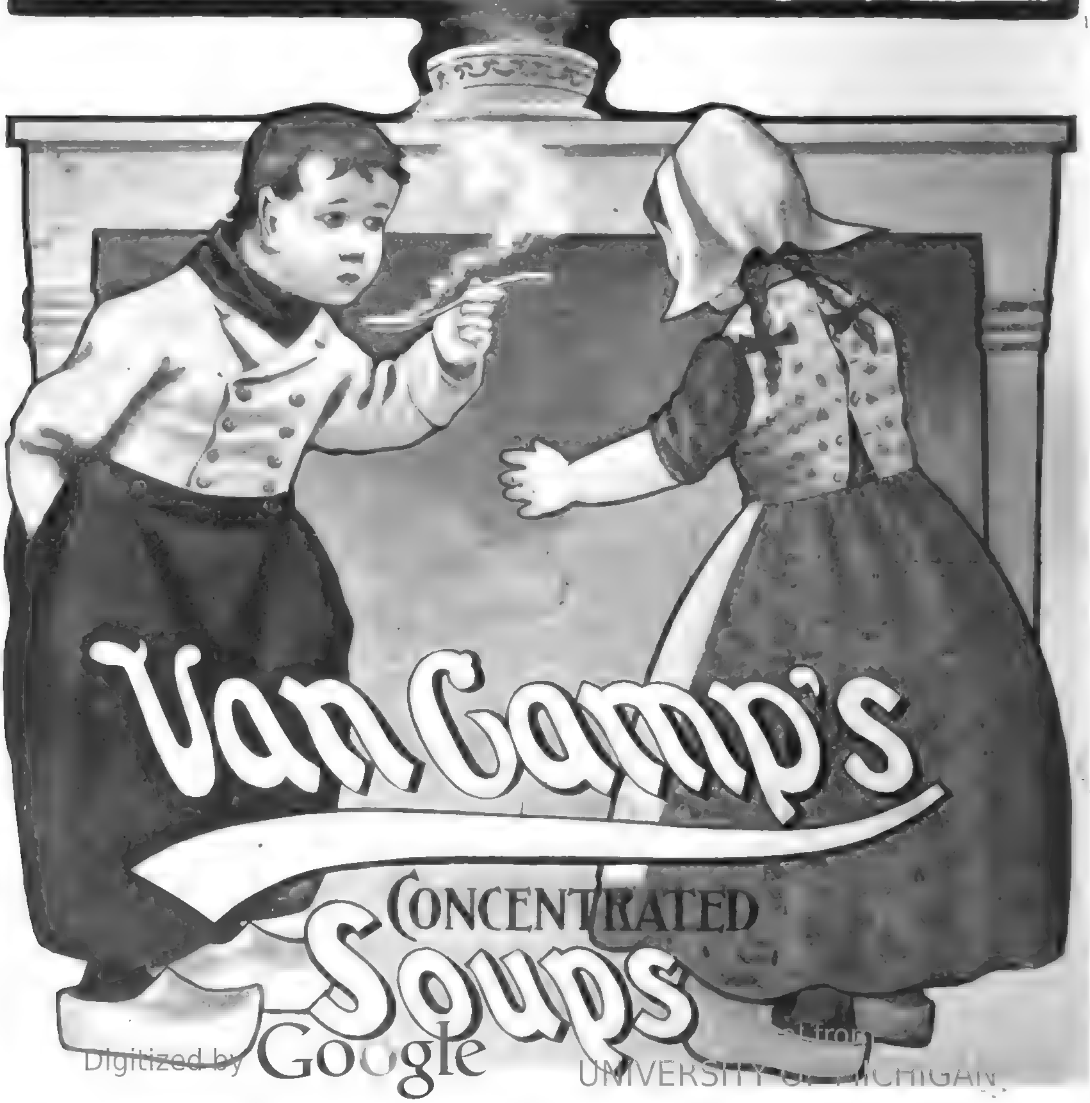
Cudahy's Rex Brand Beef Extract is sold by all druggists and grocers. Address

THE CUDAHY PACKING CO.
Beef Extract Department [illegible] SOUTH OMAHA, NEB.

There is Soup Satisfaction

in every one of the eighteen fancy kinds of Van Camp's Soups, while the money saving is a feature not to be overlooked. At the grocers.

A Ten-cent Can Makes Six Portions—Just Add Hot Water.


Van Camp's
CONCENTRATED
Soups

Digitized from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Be Sunny"

IF EVERYBODY'S breakfast was the same as that I cook each morning for the two million members of The "FORCE" Society, everybody's eyes would be as bright and their spirits as sunny as these "Society" folks I cater for—*if they lived up to their breakfasts!*

A good many people think *all* flaked wheat food is "FORCE."

Grocers say so, sometimes.

Your grocer pays more for "FORCE" than for the imitations—because quality and purity cost more.

They can choose names that sound like "FORCE"—and make foods that look like "FORCE"—but they're *not* "FORCE" by a long shot. The fact that wheat and malt enter into their composition doesn't make them like "FORCE" any more than the stone and lumber in your house make it the same as the house across the way.

"FORCE" forms the morning meal of two million clear-eyed, quiet-nerved people—the members of The "FORCE" Society.

Their day's work is easier than other folks'.

They do not Hurry.

Nor Worry!

They say to the rest of the world each morning,

Be Sunny.

Which reminds me that I've written a book—my first.

It treats of two subjects: how to serve "FORCE" in many ways and how to be sunny—always. It's worth so much I can't charge for it—except a two-cent stamp, which, if you'll send with the coupon below, will entitle you to one copy.

Yours truly,

SUNNY JIM.

(To be continued.)

CUT this Corner Off and Mail it to "SUNNY JIM" Buffalo

E
Dec.

CUT
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off and mail it
with a two-cent
stamp, to-day, to
"SUNNY JIM,"
BUFFALO, U.S.A.

Please send me a copy of your book, "The Gentle Art of Using FORCE," for which I enclose a two-cent stamp.

*Name*____________________

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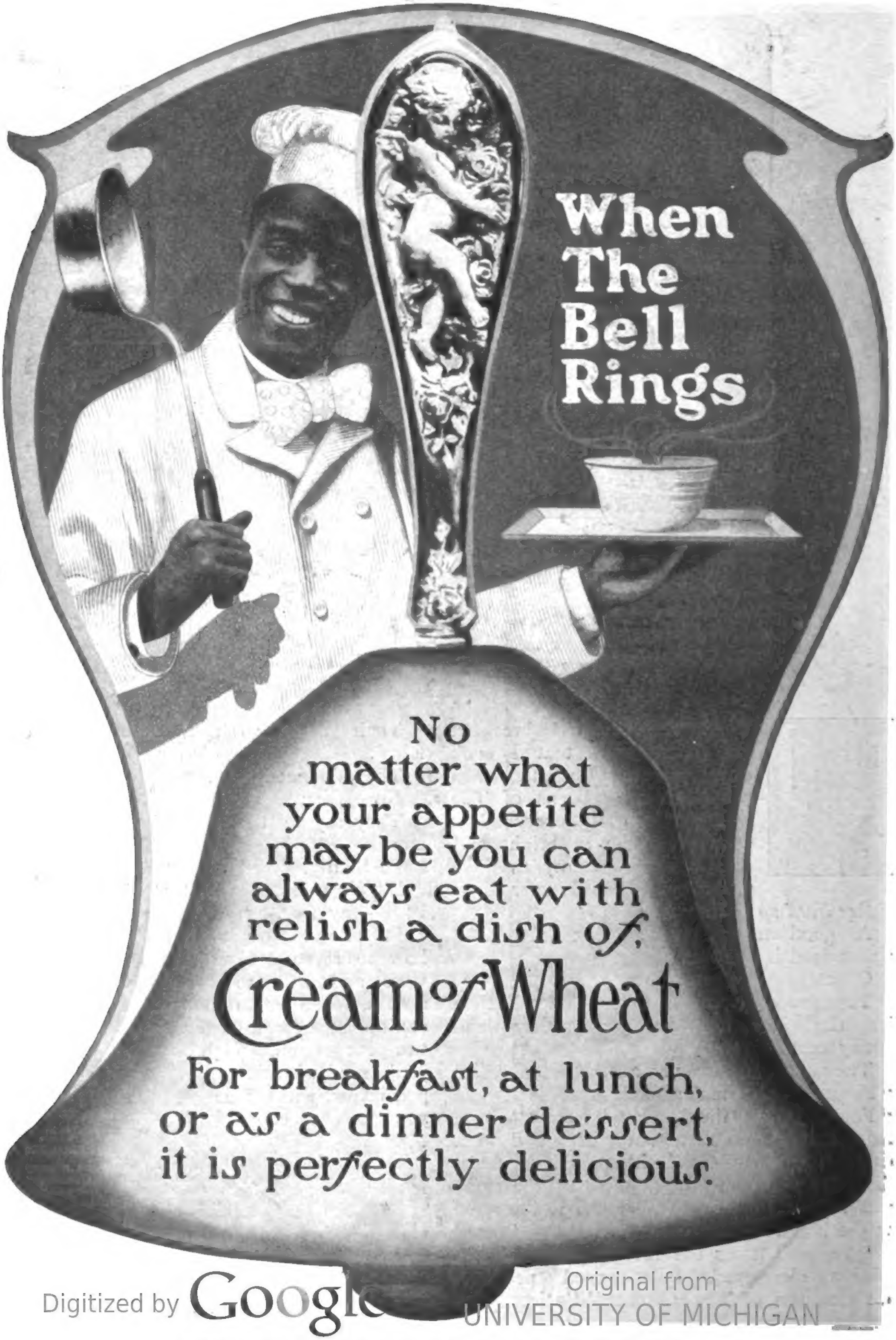


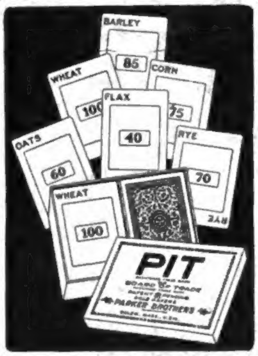
When
The
Bell
Rings

No
matter what
your appetite
may be you can
always eat with
relish a dish of

Cream of Wheat

For breakfast, at lunch,
or as a dinner dessert,
it is perfectly delicious.

PIT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WHEAT
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FLAX
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60
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WHEAT
RYE
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PIT
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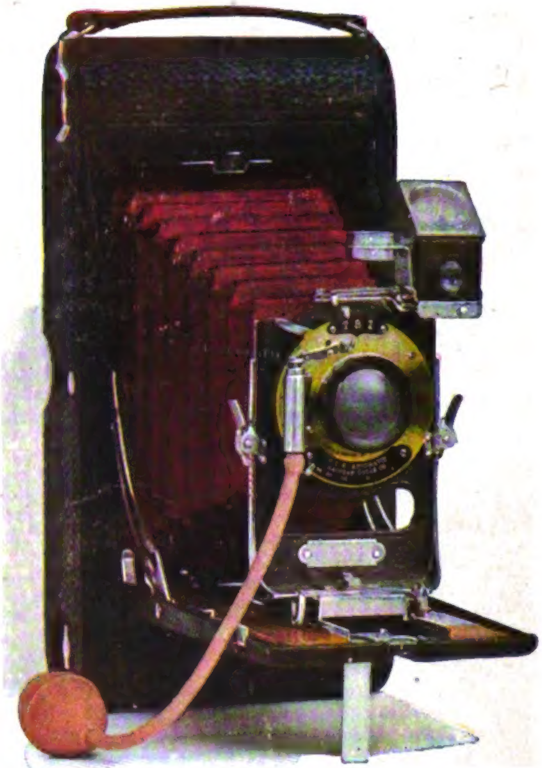
If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.



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In equipment it meets the demands of those who know photography best. In simplicity it is adapted to the novice.

Pictures, 3¼ x 5½ ; price, $20.00.

"Kodakery" means photography with the bother left out, no dark-room, better pictures.

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